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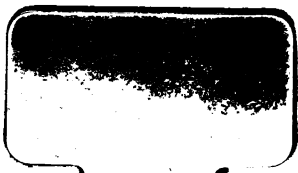
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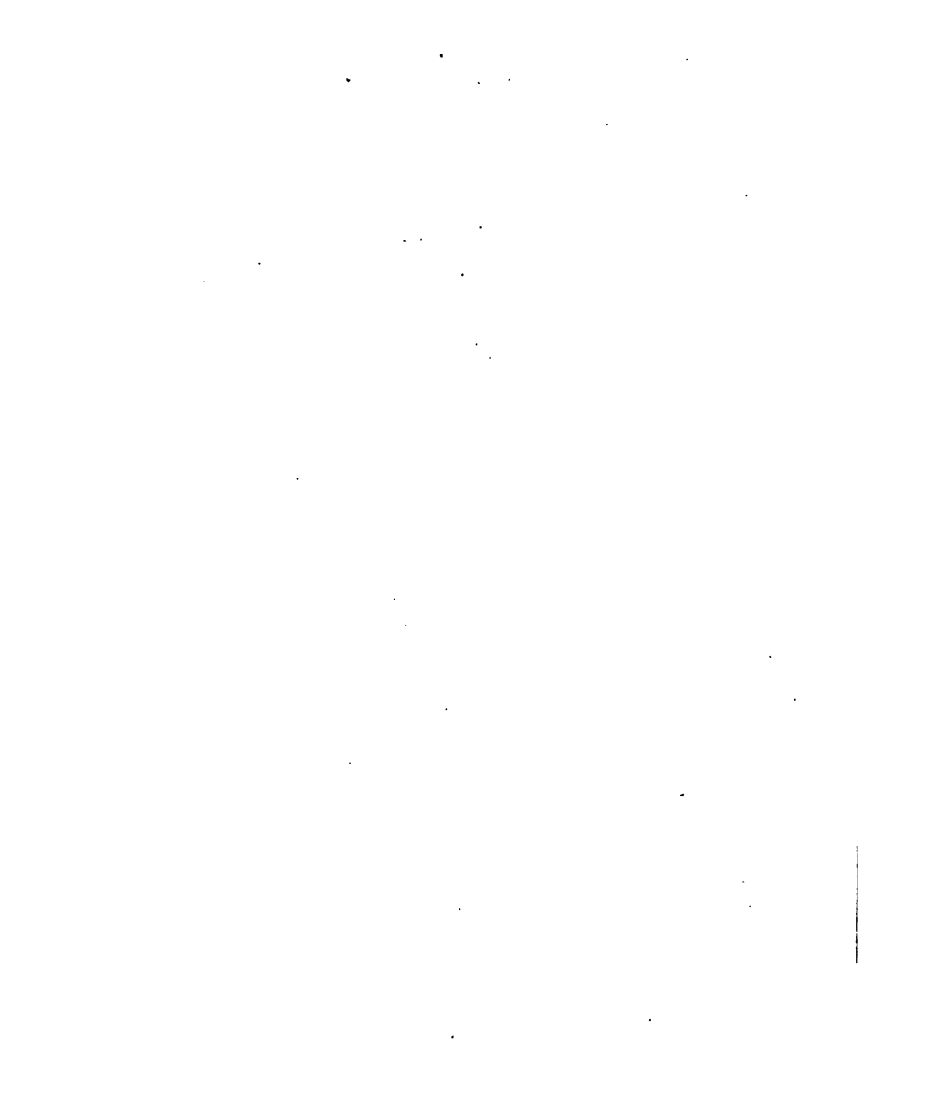


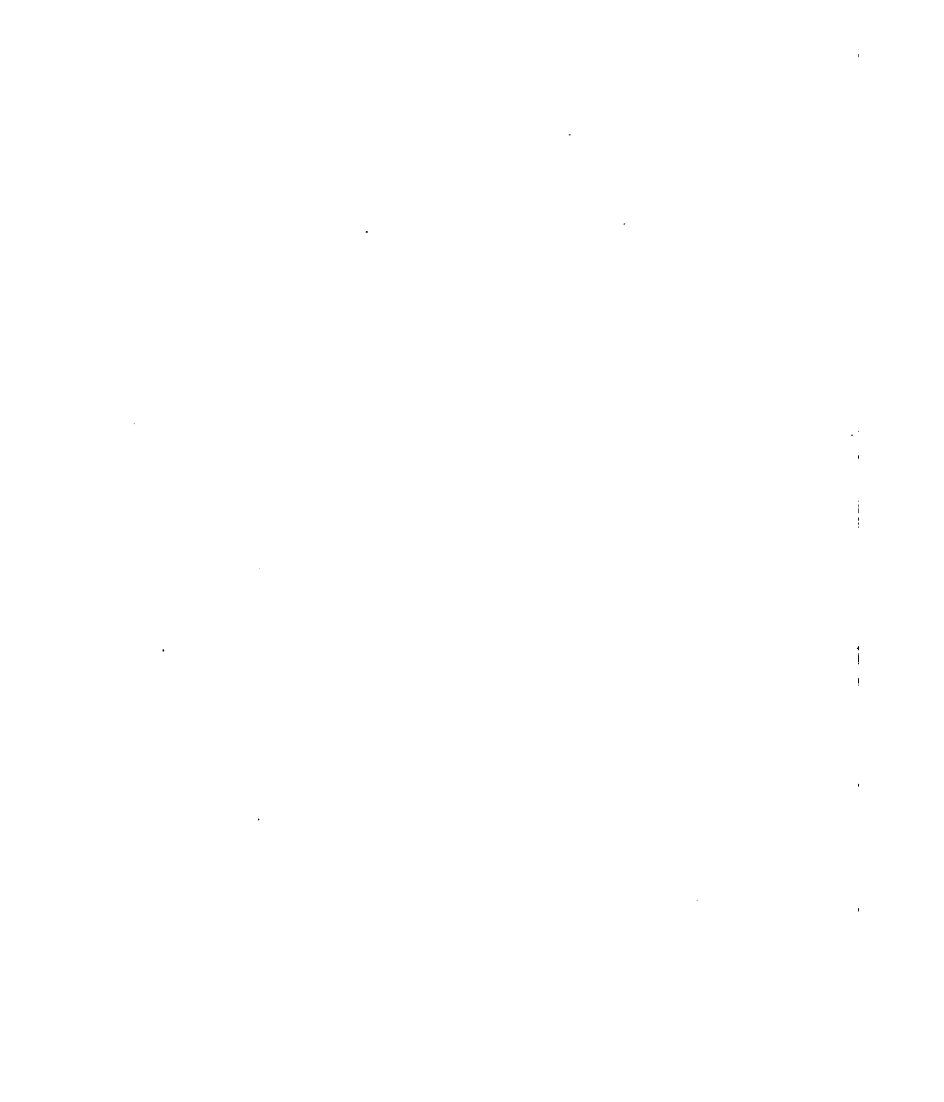


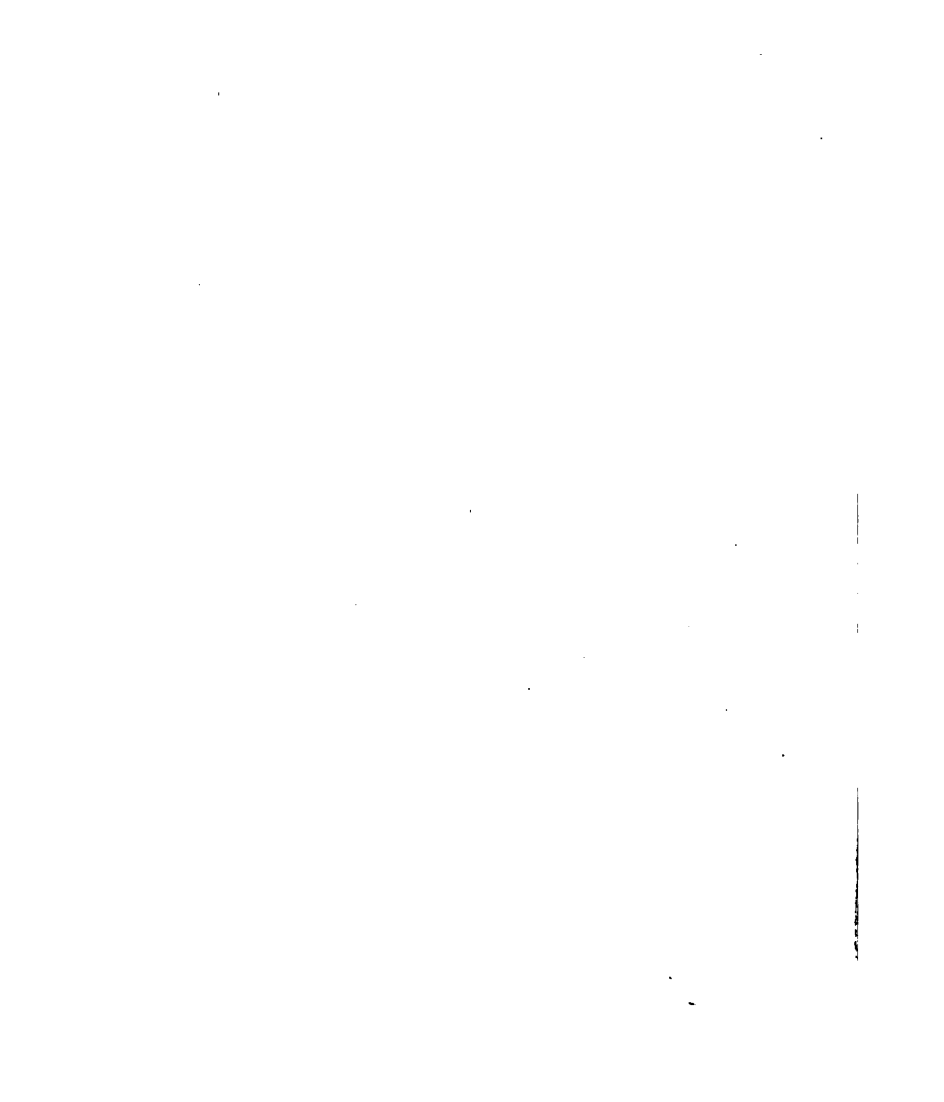
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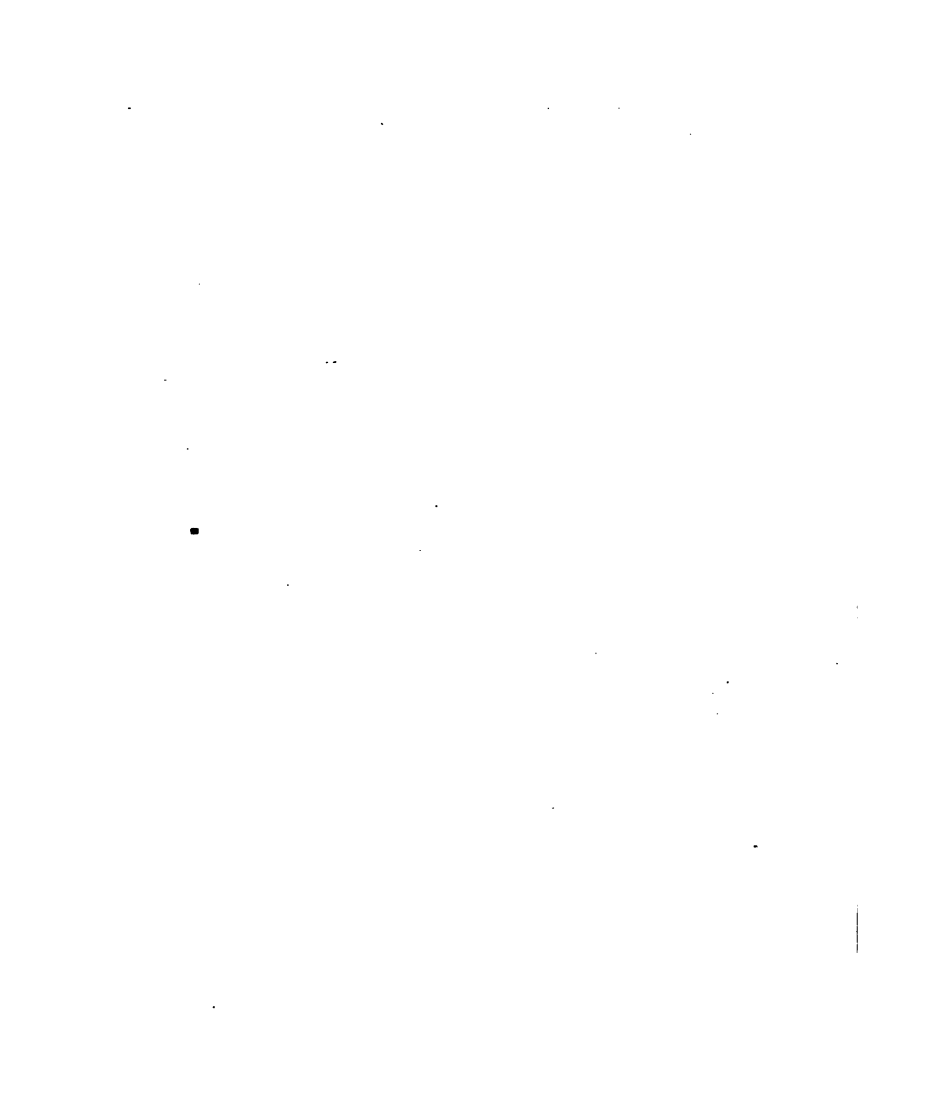














MARTYRS' MEMORIAL, OXFORD.

[See p. 188.]

CHEERING WORDS.

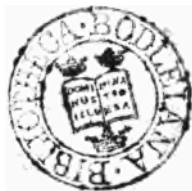
VOLUME IX.

"A Christian's life is laid in the loom of time to a pattern which he does not see, but God does; and his heart is a shuttle. On one side of the loom is sorrow, on the other is joy; and the shuttle struck alternately by each, flies back and forth, carrying the thread, which is white or black, as the pattern needs; and in the end, when God shall lift up the finished garment, and all its changing hues shall glance out, it will then appear that the deep and dark colours were as needful to beauty as the bright and high colours."

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1859.

LONDON:
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SOUTHWARK.





A NEW YEAR'S NOTE FOR 1859.

EIGHT years have nearly passed away since I commenced this unpretending and modest little monthly, entitled 'CHEERING WORDS.' I was in my room one night early in 1850, a silent voice spoke in my mind, '*Cheering Words for seeking souls*!' In one moment, the purpose and the plan appeared to be given me. Some may say, I was too hasty. Perhaps so. I would never attempt to justify myself. I will endeavour to leave that to ONE who understands all hearts; searches all minds; and creates in all whom HE designs to employ, the *will* and the *power* to accomplish his purpose. After eight years service in the production of this small serial—after having suffered the loss of nearly all things—after passing through such ordeals of circumstantial oppressions and discouragements as cause me most deeply every day to sigh—after Satan has roared at me until he is nearly tired—sinners have smitten—and saints have sneered—after I have all but resolved to give in, to write no more, to print no more; but to set out on a missionary tour, leaving myself in the hands of a Righteous disposer of all things, and of all persons—after a deal of self pity, self-condemnation, self-depair—here I am, preserved, and disposed—if grace and strength be given—to continue in this field of labour—if by

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any means, and in any measure I can be useful to any of my fellow-men, who like myself, are looking for a better city, that is, an heavenly one: and fully believing it to be the privilege and the grateful labour of all such favored ones to speak well of HIM who has laid down his life for us, I am more and more concerned, to teach transgressors *His ways*; to see sinners converted unto Him; and to encourage all whose hope is in the Lord alone, still to seek His face; to wait on him in all His appointed means, and to assure them that every observation I have made, and every deliverance I have realized, all go to confirm the declaration of Paul, '*God is faithful who hath called you, who also will do it.*'

What He will do; and for whom He will do it, shall be my future aim to exhibit in the pages of 'CHEERING WORDS:—'—and while I am helped to publish them, I ask my friends to circulate them far and wide. Thousands of the volumes, and back numbers, are yet in hand. I shall be glad to supply them to any who will help to scatter them. With these few words, I close this short note, saying, '*Brethren, Pray for us.*'—I am your's still to serve in the gospel,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

2, Eldon-place, Upper Grange-road, London. S.E.

"THE DAY BEFORE HER DEATH."

A LITTLE GIRL WHO LOVED JESUS.

MR. Christopher Woollacott,—the excellent pastor of Little Wild Street chapel, and the author of several little books which have much endeared his name and writings to the Christian family,—has recently issued,—(through 'the Baptist Tract Society,') a penny Pamphlet,—entitled '*Little Harriet, the Sunday School Child.*' It has a picture of dear little Hattie, in her bed-room, on her knees, in earnest

CHEERING WORDS.

prayer to God. A most affecting, and striking little memoir accompanies this picture; altogether it is such a book as should be given to children when first they begin to read. No doubt the Lord will greatly bless this little messenger to many tender minds.

Little Hattie was born in London, in 1845; in 1857, she sailed to New York; and then she became a sweet little Sunday School child; received grace; believed in Jesus; loved His name, His word, His house, and His people; and then she fell asleep in Jesus; and her happy spirit is gone to swell the blissful song,—‘*Worthy the Lamb.*’ The following paragraphs are taken from Mr. Woollacott’s memoir of this darling little Hattie.

Less than fourteen years brought this dear child to the end of her earthly pilgrimage. Her life and death declare what great things the Holy Spirit can make known even unto babes.

In the winter, after her arrival in America, she took a severe cold, which was followed by rheumatic fever. She had also a troublesome cough, attended occasionally by a slight discharge of blood. Her aunt was alarmed at this; but the medical attendant assured her that his little patient would soon be well again. And it was as he said, for as the spring advanced, Hattie was so much better, that the fears of her friends were quite removed.

But Hattie was an altered child. She was as affectionate and as cheerful as ever; but she was more thoughtful; we had almost said—more womanly. The following extracts from letters written at this time, will explain the nature and the cause of the change. She says, ‘I suppose you have heard of my illness long before this; but I am happy to tell you that I am quite well now. Dear uncle and aunt were so kind to me, that I feel as if I can never be grateful enough for all they have done. I love them dearly, and am exceedingly happy. I am very thankful to God that he has preserved my life, and my

earnest desire is, that I may be enabled to love and serve him. I often pray that he will pardon my sins, and make me his child.' From her aunt's letter, we copy the following:— 'When Hattie first came here, she was much pleased with the little parties to which she was invited; but since her illness she has no wish to go to any of them, preferring the prayer-meetings, to which I often take her. The other day I overheard her in prayer. She did not know that any one heard her but her heavenly Father; and she prayed so simply and sweetly, that it made me weep and rejoice. Be assured that our dear Hattie is a praying child!'

One of the hymns which Hattie loved to sing, is well known to Sunday-school children:

'I think when I read that sweet story of old,

When Jesus was here among men;

How he call'd little children as lambs to his fold,—

I should like to have been with them then.'

Indeed, the fact of his having received little children, was such a proof of his condescension, that the remembrance of it, always seemed to fill her with joy. But another hymn, to which perhaps she gave the preference, indicates the earnest longing of her soul. It is the following:—

'I want to be an angel,

And with the angels stand:

A crown of gold upon my head,

A harp within my hand.'

After singing it one day, she said to her aunt, 'Jesus had a crown of thorns on his head; and the thorns pierced it. His love must have been great indeed, to bear that for such a sinner as I am!'

'The last conversation we had together, was just a week before she died. The doctor had just left, and I had seen from his look, that she was very ill. It was a beautiful summer evening, and we were sitting alone by the open window. I said to her 'Hattie, do you love Jesus now?' She answered me, saying with a sweet smile, 'Yes, indeed I do.' I then asked her, if she believed the Saviour loved her. Her answer was given with evident feeling, 'I know he loves me, I feel he does: indeed, he first loved me.'

Her aunt, also, referring to Hattie, says,—'I asked her whether she thought that God was unkind, in afflicting her.

She immediately said, 'Oh, no; not unkind. Did not the Saviour suffer far more than I have done! He suffered willingly for me; and I feel that sufferings only make me love him more.' At another time, she said, 'I have been trying to think what kind of a place heaven is, and I fancy that it must be too beautiful for us to have any idea of it until we are there. But there is one thing we do know—the Saviour will be there; and that is enough for me.' I said to her just to try her, 'When you get well again, you will not care for those things as you do now.' 'Oh, aunty!' she said, almost reproachfully, 'I see the world to be so empty and vain, that nothing but the pleasures of religion can ever make me happy. I can never cease to prefer them, and I am resolved to serve the Lord.'

She never kept her bed. Her aunt says,—'On the day before her death, she followed me about the house, and would not let me leave her a moment. She seemed as if she could not love me enough. Her breath was short, and her cough was sometimes very troublesome; yet we fancied that she was better, and almost hoped that she would be spared to us a little longer. At night, when I put her to bed, she put her arms round my neck, and in her usual manner said to me—'Dear aunty, I love you very, very dearly.' She slept quietly until six o'clock in the morning; but as soon as she awoke, I observed a change, that told me Hattie was no longer mine. We sent for the doctor, but before he arrived, the dear child just breathed one gentle sigh, and the spirit left its frail tenement to become a bright gem in the crown of Jesus.'

A CHEQUE FOR £1000.

CHEERING WORDS IN THE ORPHAN HOUSES, ON ASHLEY DOWNS, BRISTOL.

Mr. George Muller is one of those highly-favoured servants of the Lord in this our day; to whom has been assigned the great work of erecting and maintaining Homes for Orphan Children. We wish to call attention to this excellent enterprise: this work of faith, this labor of love; this answer to persevering prayer: and therefore, from time to time, we desire to devote a corner of a page, that our readers may be gladdened in seeing how the Lord prospers the work of those who seek to do good in his thrice holy name.



MARTYRS' MEMORIAL, OXFORD.

[See p. 188.]

CHEERING

WORDS.

VOLUME IX.

"A Christian's life is laid in the loom of time to a pattern which he does not see, but God does; and his heart is a shuttle. On one side of the loom is sorrow, on the other is joy; and the shuttle struck alternately by each, flies back and forth, carrying the thread, which is white or black, as the pattern needs; and in the end, when God shall lift up the finished garment, and all its changing hues shall glance out, it will then appear that the deep and dark colours were as needful to beauty as the bright and high colours."

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1859.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CARPENTER'S SON.

LETTER XI.

Παν πρᾶγμα δύο ἔχει λαβὰς.—ΕΡΙCΤ.

UNIQUEQUE RES DUAS HABET ANSAR.

MY DEAR SIR—If you will have more of my life, you must go with me through an episode in it; for that subsequently led me to the road which conducted me to the place I now occupy.

You say, 'he who lives long, and gives an account of himself, has many strange things to relate;' and, hence, you conclude that, there are stranger things in my history than have yet been told. And you are strengthened in this conclusion, by the wide interval between the years '32 and '59; and by, what you are pleased to call the 'wider distinction in social position.'

Having arrived at this conclusion, you beg me to proceed; assuring me that what is already written is 'neither uninteresting nor useless.'

I can assure you, my dear sir, that without such encouragement, my inclination was to write no more. For many things may be thought of, as John Bunyan says of temptations, which produce thankful reflections to ourselves, that are not the most pleasant things to put down for the perusal of others. Yet, if I must give you another letter, I shall do it with the feeling that, 'out of the eater came forth meat, and out of the strong came forth sweetness.' Judges xiv. 14.

At the end of the year 1832, I was again in Canterbury. I had had enough of travel and experience to fit me for undertaking any work in the trade which I followed; and now many openings invited me to settle near my parents, and among my friends, which I had no longer an idea or wish to disregard. I determined to remain in Canterbury, and become an unostentatious workman and scholar. I had tools and books, and youth and health, and an increasing experience of favor with God and man, when an event occurred which removed me for ever from Canterbury,

'And cast me helpless on the wild.'

I was returning from my labour one Saturday evening, when I stopped at a window in Northgate Street, to read a large placard addressed to the

! FREE AND INDEPENDENT ELECTORS OF THE CITY.'

It was the first address of a third and new candidate for the representation of Canterbury in Parliament. Two others had been long in the field, and the nomination was to take place on the following Monday. The address was a strange mixture of politics and religion; of corruption exposed, and truth propounded; but the very strangeness was fascinating, as the following Monday proved, when those gentlemen who had long been known, and had canvassed the electors, had to demand a pole against the overwhelming show of hands held up for the stranger—who proclaimed himself



'SIR WILLIAM PERCY HONEYWOOD COURTENAY.'

Rumour had for some time been busy with a stranger, sojourning at the 'Rose Inn;' but she had announced him as one of the rich Rothschilds, with a benevolence that yearned at every cry of distress, and barrels of gold, which relieved every necessity.

On the nomination day, this stranger presented himself at the balcony of the 'Rose,' and at the Guildhall, dressed in oriental costume of, literally, 'crimson, green and gold;' with a star on his breast; a Damascus sword at his side; a profusion of black graceful locks and beard; an eagle's eyes, and the tongue of Demosthenes.

Courtenay was the favourite; and alone, and in plumpers, nearly reached the numbers which the old members attained only by a coalition, and a splitting of votes, recorded pursuant to previous promises. This result created a great sensation. Every body talked of Courtenay; and I do confess, though no politician, I dreamed of him.

Many things combined to gain him popularity. His noble demeanour; his eloquent harangues; his deference to the Word of God; his reputed munificence; his mysterious appearance; and his repeated declaration that, he had now just returned from Eastern climes, to claim that to which his birth entitled him; from which he had been exiled by prejudice and intrigue; and to which he was sure to arrive, if, on the floor of the House of Commons, he might proclaim his wrongs.

He still continued at the 'Rose;' where, among the numbers who sought favours at his hands, some fishermen's wives, from Whitstable, waited on him, with the sad tale that their husbands had been mistaken for smugglers; and on a certain day, would be examined at Chatham; and they besought him to go and watch the proceedings for these men, and to speak for them as opportunity presented itself. It appears that he did this, and more,—for such was the effect of his appearance before the bench, that the examination was adjourned for a week, when greater legal talents was secured for the prosecution; and the issue of that second meeting was a CHARGE OF PERJURY AGAINST COURTENAY!!

Courtenay was arrested on this charge. The case was heard, and he was committed; bail being refused. A writ of *certiorari* was applied for by his friends; and by the *Habeas Corpus Act* he was removed to the jurisdiction of the King's Bench, and bail taken for his appearance, to answer the charge at Maidstone at the summer assizes.

But what shall I say of his reception in Canterbury, on his return

from London? Cicero's relation of his return to Rome, brings Courtenay's to Canterbury, vividly before my eyes: As Cicero exclaimed: '*A Brandasio usque Roman agmen perpetuum totius Italiae viderem.*' So Courtenay might have said, '*From Boughton unto Canterbury, I saw a perpetual accumulation of the entire country.*'

As Cicero speaks of his arrival, '*Quid effusiones hominum ex oppidis? quid concursus ex agris patrum familias cum conjugibus ac liberis?*' So might Courtenay of the '*POURING FORTH OF men from the towns, and THE CONCOURSE of fathers of families, with their wives and children.*' As Cicero boasted '*Roma me ita recepit; ut non modo omnium generum, statum, ordinum, omnes viri ac mulieres, omnis fortune ac loci; sed etiam mensura ipse videntur, ac tecta urbis, ac templa lsetari.*' So might Courtenay, '*Canterbury so received me, that not only, all men and women of all kinds, ages, orders, of every fortune and place; but, even the very walls, and the roofs of the city, and the temples themselves, appeared to rejoice.*'

But here ends the parallel between these two men in the several cities at which they arrived. For on the following days, instead of meeting, as the senate did, to decree honors to Cicero, the Mayor and Magistrates were convened to hear a charge of swindling against Courtenay! And Courtenay was committed on that charge to the city gaol, and consigned to the stone cells of Westgate!!

Poor Courtenay was confined in this dungeon for some days, until satisfactory bail was accepted. During those days, he was visited only by the magistrate's order; yet he was called on by many and among others by myself. Up to this time I had scarcely seen him; I had never spoken to him; and, shall I prostitute the word by saying, I should not have seen him now, but by an event in providence?

On the second or third day of his incarceration, I met my brother Robert, who had taken so warm an interest in Courtenay's case as to procure an order of admission to the prisoner. Robert regretted his inability to avail himself of the opportunity, and offered me the order, and urged me to visit Courtenay, and speak a word of consolation to him.

I went, and met certainly a remarkable man. Full of gentle dignity; full of gracious sayings; full of open manliness; and yet his situation there—in a naked room, seated on the side of a naked bed-stuff; a captive uncombed; clothed in soiled cashmere garments,—gave you the idea of him of whom it is said, 'in his humiliation

his judgment was taken away ;' or, the opposite one, of the lion deprived of his teeth and his claws.

With regard to the charge of perjury, his soul seemed to revolt with astonishment from it.

'I accused of perjury! SOONER MIGHT MOUNT LEBANON MOVE DOWN THE MEDITERRANEAN THAN SUCH A THING COULD BE!'

With regard to the charge of swindling, he said, 'God takes the wise in their own craftiness! he has suffered me to appear to fall, that those who are not true in heart may fall indeed. Poor Tom is disappointed, and the few bills he may have officiously paid for me, have been made the occasion of this charge by those whom the truth has made my enemies. But, my child, they know not what they do; nor, how gladly I would fold them to my heart and seek their peace.'

I offered my services. And in my next letter, I may tell you where, and in what manner my services were required, and how they were rendered to this extraordinary man, to whom subsequently Baron Parke said, 'It is evident you have deceived your friends or yourself—PERHAPS BOTH.'

O words of heavenly wisdom—'WATCH and PRAY!'

O heavenly minded man, who truly does as he says, (Hab ii. 1,) 'I will stand upon my watch, and set me upon the tower, and will watch to see what he will say unto me, and what I shall answer when I am reproved.'

Our very sympathies may ruin us! Imperceptably they sometimes lead us to a precipice and plunge us into difficulties that no human arm can extricate us from! And yet this gush of sympathy with suffering is not to be condemned. The passion is good, though it frequently blinds us to the danger! wisdom is wanted to direct sympathy, and under the guidance of wisdom we must be thankful through all circumstances that we have a heart that can feel for another.

Jesus was touched with sympathy! his sympathy would have ruined him, but for that wisdom which ordered his way, and that strength which overcame the enemy. Yet to appearance he was the defeated one; the ruined one; the undone victim of his sympathy, with man! he overcame in dying! he conquered by stooping! out of weakness he was made strong, and overcame the strong man armed!

If he vouchsafe wisdom to us in our sympathies, we shall be ever kind, like him, and like him overcome. The devil often in these things thinks evil against us, while God means them for good, as it came to pass with

THE CARPENTER'S SON.

THE BAPTISM OF YOUNG THEODOSIA;
OR
FAITH TRIUMPHING OVER FEELING.

ACROSS the Atlantic, in a popular part of America, there has been published a work entitled '*Theodosia, the Heroine of Faith*,' which has excited the attention of the whole Christian community; and we believe if a cheap edition of it could be given to the British Churches, they would receive it not only with universal pleasure; but with considerable profit and comfort.

A young lady,—named Theodosia Earnest,—who had given her heart and hand to a young gentleman named Percy,—was one day walking out with her brother, and happened to see a Baptist minister baptizing some adult believers in a river. The Scriptures read,—the address given, and the scenes witnessed, so arrested Theodosia's mind, that she had no peace until in like manner she followed her LORD. Her beloved Percy; and her fond mother, both opposed her in desiring to be baptised. Long controversies and consultations ensued; at length, she fully resolved to forsake all, and to obey the Saviour. Mr. Percy threatened to break his vows, if she did; and her mother was by no means pleased with her decision. This was a critical juncture. We here take up the narrative; and hope to give our readers one of the strongest illustrations of the power of a living faith in a sanctified spirit and life as perhaps any that can be produced in the annals of modern times. The scenes which follow are striking,—they are grand in simplicity, in godly sincerity; and in holy earnestness to do the will of Him who died the just for the unjust, that he might bring sinners unto glory. We are highly honoured in being permitted to bring a history so faithful and so delightful before the eyes of our readers. We trust they will all feel it to be their great privilege to circulate, and spread in every direction, this Christ-exalting tale. We simply begin this month, with Theodosia, just as she is approaching the determination to be baptised. Her historian says:

WM left Theodosia in that most distressful condition, in which

duty, struggling with inclination, distracts and rends the mind, with agonizing efforts to decide one way or the other.

With her, this was not a slight or momentary strife. It was the terrible agony of one who struggles for his life. Dearer to her than life was Mr. Percy's love; it was her first love; it was her only love; it was a pure and holy love; it had been sanctioned by her mother's fond approval; it had been sanctified by her formal espousals; the day had been set for the consummation of their happiness; she had fully given up her whole heart to it; it was the great controlling, soul-absorbing passion of her being; all the hopes of life were centered here. To tear such love from out the heart, was to rend the heart itself. Yet she felt it must be done; and God gave her strength to do it. All day long, as we said, she had crouched at her mother's side, or followed her like a shadow. She seemed to feel that something terrible impended her, and that she was safer in her mother's presence. Not one word was spoken by either of them on the one subject which occupied the minds of both. Mrs. Ernest observed, that as the day advanced, her daughter's face became more natural in its expression. The lines of agony began to disappear. The eyes no longer looked so strange and restless; nor did they turn to her, as in the morning, with that beseeching gaze of agony, which almost broke her heart. But still, she noticed that her lips often moved, though she uttered no word; and when she spoke to her about the business of the household, it was some time before answered, and then slowly, and often in such a way as to show that she had not fully comprehended her meaning. Her mind was evidently far away.

About three o'clock she laid down her worsted, and taking up the Testament which lay upon her work-table, turned to the fourteenth chapter of Luke, and read: 'If any man come to me and hate not his father and mother, and wife and children, and brethren and sisters, yea, and his own life also, he cannot be my disciple; and whosoever doth not bear his cross and come after me, cannot be my disciple. For which of you intending to build a tower sitteth not down first and counteth the cost, whether he have sufficient to finish it, lest haply after he hath laid the foundation and is not able to finish it, all that behold it begin to mock him, saying, This man

began to build, but was not able to finish. Or what king going to make war against another king, sitteth not down first, and consulteth whether he be able, with ten thousand, to meet him that cometh against him, with twenty thousand? or else, while yet the other is a great way off, he sendeth an ambassage, and desireth conditions of peace. So likewise whosoever he be of you that forsaketh not all that he hath, he cannot be my disciple.

'Mother,' said she, looking up, and speaking as though her mother had known what she was reading, 'you will not make it necessary for me to forsake *you* too?'

'Why, what do you mean, my daughter?'

'Jesus says here, that if I do not forsake all for him, I cannot be his disciple.'

'Yes, my child, but that has nothing to do with baptism. It means that you must give up all to be religious.'

To be religious, mother, is to *obey Jesus Christ*. 'If ye love me,' he says, 'keep my commandments.' One of the plainest and most positive of those commandments is, 'Believe and be baptised.' Baptism is commanded as much as faith. It makes, indeed, a part of the *same command*. I trust I have believed; but I have never *been baptised*. Even if the sprinkling which I received in my childhood had been baptism, *it was no act of mine*. I have not obeyed: *I—must—do—it!*' She pronounced these last four words slowly, with a slight pause between each of them, as though it cost her heart a pang to speak it, and yet it must be said.

Well, my child, if you must you must.

But, mother, you will not forbid me? You will not make it needful to disobey you as well as to—— But she could not finish the sentence, and left her mother to guess her meaning.

No, my dear child, I will not absolutely *forbid* you. You know what I think about these things. Baptism is not essential to salvation, and I had much rather you would remain were you are. I cannot bear to see you sacrifice all your prospects in life for a mere whim, for I don't see but what one baptism is just as good as another. And if you were not in such distress, I would certainly oppose you, but I see it would be no good; and though it will mortify and distress me, I will not forbid you. And if you

are determined to do it at all hazards, and it will relieve you of a single pang, I will give you my consent."

Thank you mother! you do not know what a load you have taken off my heart. And she buried her face in her mother's lap, and wept aloud for several minutes. Then she arose, wiped her eyes, and went into her own room, and closed the door.

(More next month.)

THE CHRISTIAN'S "LIFE-PRESERVER."

'Call upon me in the day of trouble.'

Sweet words! how full of love and grace,
 Pointing the weary to a place,
 Where youth and life may vent its grief;
 And hearts oppressed may find relief.
 'Tis there the wounded find a balm;
 And lonely ones are safe from harm;
 'Tis where, the widow oft repairs,
 And finds relief from pressing cares;
 'Tis where, no human barrier's reared,
 Where no denial need be feared;
 'Tis where the timid courage find,
 And leave the worst of fears behind;
 'Tis where the offender bows his head,
 When tears of conscious guilt are shed;
 'Tis where the penitent may go,
 Nor fear repulse, or anger know;
 'Tis where the wanderer oft returns,
 When after home his spirit yearns;
 And, 'tis where bounding joys arise,
 When blood the power of guilt defies;
 'Tis where the peer and peasant meet,
 And saints unknown each others greet;
 'Tis where I hope the reader goes,
 'Tis that, through grace, the writer knows;
 Let both unite, and now repair
 And try again the power of PRAYER.

Whittlesa, December 9th, 1858.

D.A.

*** The Volume of "Cheering Words" for 1858, may now be had, bound in fancy covers, price 8d.



Death in Victory!

“He will swallow up death in victory.”—Isaiah xxv. 8.

THE vehement language which is employed in the Bible concerning Death, teaches me three things:—1, that death, in itself, is *very dreadful*. 2nd, that to swallow up death, was the greatest, the hardest, the most wonderful part of the Redeemer's work. 3rd, that he hath so completely, so entirely, so eternally accomplished this, that the saints, when brought into the place where death, hell, and the grave, would for ever crush, and conquer them, carrying them down into misery and woe, that instead of this, they joyfully, triumphantly, adoringly, and confidently sing, ‘*Oh, death! where is thy sting? Oh grave! where is thy victory?*’ Oh, what a good thing, death itself—the greatest curse—is turned into a blessing; and all this, because JESUS CHRIST could say, as he did, and the precious saints of God shall know the truth of that seven-fold saying, with which he ushered in the great commission he gave unto the beloved disciple, John, when in the Isle of Patmos, and which John was to write, and being written, preserved, and handed down to us, we are to read, and hear, and keep, the words of that prophecy, the blessing being thereunto promised. What then were the words? They are these.

VOL. IX.—No. 93.

Price One Halfpenny. Packet (containing 10 copies) 4d.

1.—“I am Alpha and Omega.” That is, the highest and the lowest: Jesus was, and is, and ever will be, the Highest in the glory kingdom; in the gospel kingdom; and in the hearts of his own devoted saints; and down to the lowest he went, when on Him laid the curse, and over his precious soul did roll the waves of wrath divine. Oh! glorious Complex! God and MAN!

2.—“The First and the Last.” As God, he first thought of, and began to rescue us from death and hell; and as “the Judge of all the earth,”—He will divide the sinners from the saints; and close up the awful scene.

3.—“The Beginning and the Ending.” His Spirit begins, his Spirit will end, the work of grace in every ransomed soul; and then he will present them to Himself.

4.—“I am am He that liveth!” The streams of life from his eternal Godhead did at first proceed: and still, in heaven and in the church below, they never cease to rise and run. His life was four streams—Performing; Obeying; Suffering; Glorifying.

5.—“And was dead.” When Jesus died, the moon fled from the farthest point of heaven to clothe and cover the sun; and there was the darkness of death indeed; the veil was rent; the earth trembled; the rocks were split; the graves opened; the heavens in sacred silence sat

When God, the mighty Maker, died,
For man, the creature's sin.

6.—“Behold, I am alive for evermore!”

7.—“And have the keys of hell and of death.” His resurrection and eternal existence: his entire dominion; and universal sway; with all his promises, his purposes, and his power, secure to thee, believer, all that the covenant of grace did give. Oh! think of these things. C. W. B.

PRAYER AND PERSEVERANCE PREVAILING

OR,

THE BAKER BURNT OUT OF HIS BAKEHOUSE,

By the Burning Love of his Christian Brother.

THE letter from whence the following fact is derived has been read with the most thrilling feelings of sympathy and gratitude. The circumstance is of very recent occurrence. It took place in one of our large English towns. We withhold all names; but we hope the preacher referred to, will yet stand in great usefulness, and honor. He has preached in London; and in many parts: and several churches have sought to obtain him as their pastor; but he labours so under the feeling of unfitness, that like Jonah, he runs to Tarshish, in order to flee from the ministry. Nevertheless, many hope the Lord will set him on the walls of Zion in great power. Our correspondent says:

DEAR BROTHER—I am not asleep: my heart, soul, and strength are all alive, and at work for the Lord: "*inasmuch as ye do it unto one of my little ones ye do it unto me,*" saith our Elder Brother; and I cannot help believing him, because he answers my prayers, and blesses my handy work. The Lord is greatly blessing the young man's ministry; he is growing in the kingdom of grace; and in the knowledge of the mind and will of the Holy Ghost, towards the flock of slaughter; the people flock to hear; and are greatly blessed through him. Last Sunday, Mr.—— asked me to get a supply to fill his pulpit. I told him I should get the young man. He said, *I shall be glad if you can get him.* I went to the young man, and told him all baptist pulpits had been closed against him; but now the Lord opened one; and I hoped he would so view it; and come and stand like a man for God. One of the deacons was with me. The young man said, "In the evening of the day he would, and on the week night, but could not leave his baking on the Sunday morning." The deacon answered, "*then we will not*

have you at all: it is no good to have a man in the pulpit who is living in sin; working in the morning of the day, and preaching in the evening of the day." I said, "Stop, brother! consider this! the young man does not profess to be called to get his living by preaching; nor does he say, the Lord has called him to the ministry; but he is quite sure he has called him to bake, to get his living; and to give up baking Sundays he could not get them to come Mondays; and until God stops his baking he has not faith to shut the door." We left the young man that night with a denial. I visited him the next day with authority from the Lord; I told him I had fallen prostrate before the Lord to make him willing, and thought I had an answer: but I said—I am in a great strait seeing he denied to preach. I asked him who gave him customers to bring dinners, who gave him the trade? I said, "your Lord and Master; and will you not work one day for him in his vineyard? Will you not try to comfort his poor flock?" He burst into sobbing; left me; ran up stairs. I left his house, telling his wife, I feared I should hear his house was burnt to the ground. I came home; my wife cried bitterly; she said "I will go: you write to him; and let us fall down on our knees before the Lord: and I will take in the letter, and money to pay for the spoil of one day's baking." She went off; she saw him: he said, "you are come, with hard words from the Lord." She said, "if you cannot trust your Lord, I have brought you a sovereign to pay a man, for loss of your baking; and you dare not refuse to go where the Lord has called you: here are the sheep without a shepherd, and they will be scattered; and you can feed them with the flesh and blood of God, for the Lord has committed it into your charge as an instrument. You come; and stand for God!" He said, "I will; but I will not touch, nor cause to be permitted for you to leave one penny." He came and preached to a full house; the Lord so filled the house with his glory, that he said he never had such a time from the Lord before; the people said, they never was so blessed; one and all; and they came round me ready to eat me up, with broken hearts, and thankfulness; blessing and praising the Lord. In the evening, it was the same; not one but was full of love and praise. The

young preacher said, it was a Lord's-day, indeed, to his own soul ; and he calls me his father David ; he says he will never refuse me any more ; the Wednesday evening was the same ; and last Sunday evening he preached to a great congregation ; and the people said, " call him to the pulpit ! " They called him for six months, and he denied them ; I think they will make a desperate trial to get him, you never saw such an uproar after a man ; and I believe there will be a great change here.

[This is something like Moses and Jeremiah fearing to go : but the will of the Lord must be done : and of this interesting narrative we shall have much more to say. ED.]

" I INTEND TO BE BAPTISED TO-MORROW ! "

OR,

THEODOSIA'S RELIGIOUS RESOLVE.

LAST month we introduced this American young Christian lady to the notice of our readers. By ties the most powerful she was wedded to the fashionable mode of administering the ordinances of the sanctuary. Her affections were rivetted to her mother and to Mr. Percy, her intended partner for life. But when she saw—when she believed—the baptism of believers, by immersion, to be the Saviour's will and way ; when she resolved to follow him in that path, then separations the most painful threatened her. We saw, last month, her mother passively agreed *not* to hinder her ; but her beloved Percy poured contempt upon the Baptists ; and determined to break his vows, if she determined to be decided. She received his letter to that effect ; she received her mother's passive reply. She retires to her chamber. The writer of her history says—

Shall we invisibly follow her there ; see her on her bended knees pour out her soul to God ; hear her cry for help with those inartic-

ulate groanings which the Apostle speaks of? see the resolve take form and substance in her heart; see her arise with that same strange calmness which we observed after she had prayed the day she came up from witnessing the baptism in the river; see her open her little writing-desk, and select a sheet of paper; take her pen and write, 'My Dear Mr. Percy;' then pause, lay down her pen, cover her face with her hands, pressing upon her eye-balls, as if to shut out some terrible vision, while a strong convulsive shudder quivers through her frame? It is past; she uncovers her face; looks up beseechingly to heaven; composes herself; takes up the pen, and writes as follows:

'I received yours on Friday evening. To say that its contents gave me very great pain, would but feebly express the truth. I was not only distressed, but most grievously disappointed; for I had supposed you were as sincere and earnest in your desire to know and do your whole duty in regard to this subject, as I was myself. Your letter undeceived me. I do not complain of it. I am thankful for your expressions of interest in my welfare, and of affection for myself. I will not deny that I had no higher ambition, so far as this world is concerned, than to secure your approbation. But I cannot, *even to please you*, venture to disobey my Saviour. I intend to be baptized to-morrow. I am aware, after what you have said, that by doing so, I shall not only 'mortify and distress' you, but I shall renounce all claim to your love. When you return, therefore, I shall be to you but as one dead. I pray you so to consider me, it will be better for us both. And if you will spare me further pain, I do entreat you never to solicit a renewal of our engagement. It will not give you as much pain to read this as it does me to write it; but I have weighed it well. I say every word deliberately, though sorrowfully. I will not *cease* to pray for you. And will you not sometimes pray for her who *was* your

'THEODOSIA'

This letter she folded, enclosed, sealed, and directed to Mr. Percy's lodging place, and called the old servant, Aunt Chloe, and directed her to take and leave it there.

This done, she returned to her mother, with something almost like a smile of joy upon her face. The peace of God was in her

heart; and if she was not *happy*, she was no longer wretched. With a low, but calm and almost cheerful voice, she told her mother what she had done, and asked her to make suitable preparation for her baptism. At night, she sent a line to uncle Jones, requesting him, if he could, to be present, and another to Mr. Courtney, announcing her intention to ask for baptism. She spent most of the time in her own room, alone, until the hour of rest, and then slept sweetly till morning. When she awoke, her first thought was expressed in the language of the Psalmist—‘I laid me down and slept; and I awoke again, for the Lord preserved me.’ She felt now that she was, in a peculiar sense, in the care of God. She had given all, and had obtained all. She had given up self, and obtained Jesus in all his fulness, and God in all his boundless power and love. Jesus was *her* Saviour; God was *her* God. Yes, the mighty Maker of the worlds, the omnipotent Ruler of the universe, was not only her *God*, but her *Father*. She felt this morning that she might ask what she would. And yet such was the overwhelming conviction in her heart, that her loving Saviour, and her kind Father, knew so infinitely better than herself what she most needed, and what would be really best, that she could only pray, ‘Thy will be done. I leave it all with thee. Do what thou seest best. Give joy or sorrow; give comfort or affliction; give life or death. Thou knowest best; thou doest all things well. I trust myself; my soul and body; my happiness here and hereafter; all I am—all I have; all I feared, all I hoped for; I give all up to thee. Thou only art my portion now; and I am thine—all thine! I *delight* to do thy will, oh, my Beloved! I have now no other love but thee, my Saviour, my Father, my Friend.—Thou art my all—Jesus is mine, and I am his. What can I want beside? Blessed Saviour, may I never leave thee! May I never grieve thee any more! Lord, thou knowest all things; thou knowest that I love thee. Yes, I love thee, and I will keep all thy commandments. Show me thy ways. Thou shalt guide me by thy councils, and afterwards receive me into thy glory. Yes, me—even me, poor, lost, rebellious sinner that I am. Thou wilt love me freely. Thou wilt save me through thine own infinite mercy. Mercy, all mercy! Not for

works of righteousness which we have done, but of his own mercy, he saves us. Jesus, I thank thee! Oh, make me love thee more."

With such incoherent ejaculations of trust, and praise, and prayer, she rose, and prepared for church.

The above extract is from the American edition of "*Theodosia Ernest*." The narrative is faithful and true; and delightfully illustrative of a living faith invested with a knowledge of the truth; and a burning love to HIM who said, "If ye love me keep my commandments." We are certainly most desperately in love with Theodosia's Christian zeal, decision, and Godly deportment, and feel anxious to throw this beautiful portrait of a pure practical Gospel faith and obedience by tens of thousands among our truth-despising Churches. Readers of CHEERING WORDS, do help us! Who can tell what may be done?

(More next month.)

MR. SPURGEON'S FREE GRACE SERMON;

AND HIS AMERICAN TOUR.

MR CHEERING WORDS! I wish to be informed why you have not for some time noticed our beloved Mr. Spurgeon's sermons as you once did? Is it because you fear he has been riding a free-will horse too far? Or is it because there has been nothing of late worthy your notice? If either of these causes have bid you retire from your review of his ministry, I specially entreat you to read most carefully his sermon, entitled "FREE GRACE!" I think it will stir up your heart again; and compel you to give a few "CHEERING WORDS" from the most popular pulpit in all this world.

If you are like an old minister from the country, who, after hearing Mr. Spurgeon the other morning, was asked how he had heard him? Answered—"there are some things about him I cannot understand—he is not discriminating enough for me:" if this

be your case, Mr. Editor, let me implore you to notice *one thing*. Whatever deficiencies or extravagancies there may be in some of Mr. Spurgeon's sermons, there is one element of immense value in them—that is, a testimony boiling hot out of his own great heart descriptive of the amazing grace of God which brought salvation to his own soul—and which has, by its constant and continued flowings, raised him to that high position he now occupies in the kingdom of Christ. Oh, dear Sir, do pray, that from this high pinnacle, he may never fall.

This leads me to observe that a rumour is running through the hosts of his friends, that *America*, and *not* England, will be the ultimate fixed scene of his labours. I ask you, my neighbour, friend, and Christian brother, to announce with much emphasis, that nothing is further from my esteemed pastor's mind. Ha will go to America this coming spring. He believes God calls him there. But he will return,—the heavens permitting—and build his tabernacle, and there devote to his Master and to the chosen tribes of Israel, all the powers of his consecrated mind; and all the years of his divinely appointed life on the earth.

Take from the sermon referred to, the following extract as a sample of the way in which Mr. Spurgeon so frequently speaks of himself; and believe me, your friend and brother,

A LISTENER AND A LEARNER IN ZION.

In No. 233, of "*The New Park Street Pulpit*," Mr. Spurgeon says,

"When meditating upon this text yesterday, the effect it had upon me was one of transport and joy, Oh! I thought, upon what other condition could I have been saved? And I looked back upon my past estate; I saw myself piously trained and educated, but revolting against all that. I saw a mother's tears shed over me in vain, and a father's admonition lost upon me, and yet I found myself saved by grace, and I could only say, 'Lord, I bless thee that it is by grace, for if it had been by merit I had never been saved.' If thou hadst waited till there was something good in me, thou wouldst have waited till I sank into the hopeless per-

dition of hell, for good in me there never would have been, unless thou hadst first put it there. And then I thought immediately, 'Oh! how I could go and preach that to the poor sinner!' Ah! let me try if I cannot. O sinner! you say you dare not come to Christ because you have nothing to recommend you. He does not want anything to recommend you; he will not save you, if you have anything to recommend you, for he says, 'Not for your sakes do I this.' Go to Christ with earrings in your ears, and jewels upon you; wash your face, and array yourself with gold and silver, and go before him and say, 'Lord, save me; I have washed myself and clothed myself; save me!' 'Get you gone! Not for your sakes will I do this.' Go to him again, and say, 'Lord, I have put a rope about my neck, and sackcloth about my lions; see how repentant I am, see how I feel my need; now save me!' 'No,' saith he, 'I would not save you on account of your flaunting robes, and now I will not save you because of your rags; I will save you for nothing about you; if I do save you, it will be from something in my heart, not from anything you feel. Get ye gone!' But if to-day you go to Christ, and say, 'Lord Jesus, there is no reason in the world why I should be saved—there is one in heaven; Lord, I cannot urge any plea, I deserve to be lost, I have no excuse to make for all my sins, no apology to offer; Lord, I deserve it, and there is nothing in me why I should be saved, for if thou wouldst save me I should make but a poor Christian, after all; I fear that my future works will be no honour to thee—I wish they could be, but thy grace must make them good, else they will be still bad. But, Lord, though I have nothing to bring, and nothing to say for myself, I do say this: I have heard that thou hast come into the world to save sinners—O Lord, save me!

'I the chief of sinners am.'

I confess I do not feel this as I ought, I do not mourn over it as I ought; I have no repentance to recommend me; nay, Lord, I have no faith to recommend me either, for I do not believe thy promises as I ought; but oh! I cling to this text. Lord, thou hast said thou wilt not do it for my sake. I thank thee thou hast said that. Thou couldst not do it for my sake, for I have no rea-

son why thou shouldst. Lord, I claim thy gracious promise. 'Be merciful to me, a sinner.'" Ah! you good people, this doctrine does not suit some of you; it is too humbling, is it not? You that have kept your churches regularly, and been to meetings so piously, you that never broke the Sabbath, or never swore an oath, or did anything wrong, this does not suit you. You say it will do very well to preach to harlots, and drunkards and swearers, but it will not suit such good people as we are. Ah! well, this is your text—'I have not come to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' You are 'whole,'—you are; you 'need not a physician, but they that are sick.' Go your way. Christ came not to save such as you are. You think you can save yourselves. Do it, and perish in the doing of it. But I feel that the same gospel that suits a harlot suits me, and that that free grace which saved Saul of Tarsus must save me, else I am never saved. Come, let us all go together. We are all guilty—some more, some less, but all hopelessly guilty. Let us go together to the footstool of his mercy, and though we dare not look up, let us lie there in the dust, and sigh out again, 'Lord have mercy upon us, for Jesus died.'

'Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bidst me come to thee,
O Lamb of God, I come, I come.'

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CARPENTER'S SON.

LETTER XII.

ἡ γὰρ Ἀφροσύνη τοῖς ἀνθρώποις Σφίγξ ἐστίν.

NAM AMENTIA SPHINX EST HOMINIBUS.

—*Tabula Cebetis.*

THE end of Courtenay is a matter of sad history, of history written in blood! But at the time I met him, and during my acquaintance with him, he seemed a harmless man; a man without money, and under clouds from which those who felt for him, hoped he would come forth as the clear shining sun after rain.

It is of my acquaintance with him then that I have to write, and I shall write but little more than is necessary to connect my own history.

It might be a stroke of economical policy, or, it might be, as I always understood that, one of his sureties wishing to be clear of his bond, Courtenay, on his discharge from Westgate Gaol found it convenient to accept an asylum with widow Grundy, in Northgate.

I believe it was almost as soon as he reached the widow's house, that I was requested to call upon him, and when I did so, he begged me to undertake the superintendence of a small weekly paper, called "The British Lion," which he had commenced a few weeks before.

I undertook this work, and in the discharge of it, I remember going to him in the night for matter to finish an article of the paper which was to appear the next morning. When he was aroused from his deep repose, and informed of the need, he asked me to give him his desk. Then having arranged that on his knees, and having the paper ready, he desired to know the last word of the subject on which he had been writing, and had left unfinished, then he continued it till he thought he had written enough; when ceasing, as without a "regard or concern," he was suddenly wrapped as before in sleep.

Courtenay had been a close inmate of the widow's for a fortnight; then at the invitation of my commiserating mother in our house another fortnight; at the close of which period, he removed one Saturday night to a spot in Boughton, which he named Paradise, and took up his residence with a family that seemed made up of happy spirits.

It was soon after this remove, that the "British Lion" ceased to roar. Courtenay not being visible, the gentleman, on whose premises the types and press had been placed, one morning padlocked the door and claimed the property. He said Courtenay had given the whole to him, and he had sold the plant. This gentleman was *then* a young swell, a Coach-builder and an Alderman's son, but —

In the paradisaical spot at Boughton, Courtenay did not long

remain. It was soon determined, I knew not by whose will, that he and I should travel into Devonshire to inspect, if not to take possession of, the estate of Powderham.

Great secrecy always attended our movements; and therefore late one evening, we set out from Paradise across the fields to Faversham, where we found a coach awaiting us, which conveyed us from that place, and on the road as far as Sittingbourne; whence the mail, that I used to watch trotting into London, trotted us up.

It has often been a marvel, how Courtenay moved about, and went through so much without a banker. No one could ever learn where the money came from which must have been expended. Courtenay had friends! Not great and mighty in wealth or influence, but in attachment. They had in their simplicity, nailed their colors to the mast of a ship which they believed had been too much weather beaten, and they endeavoured to get this ship into harbour; and they did it with disinterested benevolence to a fellow-creature.

I will only take my brother Robert as a sample of the rest. He, like many, defended the honour of Courtenay, and spent his money to clear his fame. Soon after I undertook the management of "The British Lion," the Barrack master of the place applied to me for the repayment of £10 which he said had been lent by him to Courtenay on the morning, the fatal morning, he set off for Chatham. My brother heard of this demand, and urged me to pay it; and he gave me the ten golden sovereigns to do it. Courtenay while I knew him, never borrowed money, and I never knew him to be the possessor of a penny.

Sir William and I went into Devonshire by one of the splendid packets from London. One day, over the dinner table, a gentleman voyager aspersed the character of Lord Courtenay and Sir William took up the matter, and silenced the detractor with all the warmth of a defender of his father. He afterwards said to me, "I am his son, my child, I can tell you that!"

This was the thing we wished him to prove; and therefore though I was delighted with Exeter, and our walk through Daw-

lish and Teignmouth to Torquay; I was more delighted with the ride back to Star Cross one misty morning by the mail, because then I was preparing myself for the great event of the journey, A VISIT TO POWDERHAM CASTLE.

It is so long since, and my thoughts were so occupied by the presence and pretensions of my strange companion that I meditated too little upon the beauty of the scenery then to interest you with any description of it now:

We passed through the village and through the Lodge gate, without meeting any obstructions. We reached the mansion, which looked down upon the outstretched scenery, and we stood and gazed up at the mansion. After a while, Courtenay said, "I shall never enter that place, but as its acknowledged heir."

Will you not enter it now?

No! But you shall!

And then, ringing the bell, he desired the matron who answered it to show me the house,

Show this gentleman the Castle.

Yes, Sir.

I questioned the lady as to the person outside. She was reserved, but said, she had seen him there once before. We passed through the hall and the picture gallery, and some rooms, and then, with a less sanguine spirit, I rejoined the unknown with whom I was associated. We then strolled through the park, went to the elevated part of it, looked out from the Belvidere, and saw the steamer that was to convey us back to London in the Topsham harbour, we took the nearest way to it, and soon after steamed thence in it to the city of the world.

The time now for the great trials was drawing near. The one at Canterbury on the swindling charge came first, and Courtney was there. The grand Jury threw out the bill, and the hopes of his friends ran high, that every other charge would prove as shadowy. Three weeks later Courtenay surrendered himself to take his trial on the charge of perjury.

The evidence for the prosecution proved, that tubs were picked up on such a day by the Revenue Cutter, and that these tubs were

thrown out of a "hovelling" boat called the *Robin Hood*, off the Kent Coast, near Dover.

The evidence given by the prisoner during the examination, was that, he being at Dover on the day named, saw these tubs "bobbing up and down," and that they did not come out of the *Robin Hood*.

The evidence of the Vicar of Boughton, the Rev. Mr. Wright, was that on the day, and at the time of the capture, when the prisoner swore he was on the coast at Dover, prisoner was in reality in his church. He noticed his presence there particularly, and particularly noticed that it was Sexagesima Sunday.

The evidence of this witness decided the case, sustained the charge of perjury, and Courtenay was convicted.

The learned judge seemed desirous that the prisoner should feel the sentence.

"In cases of perjury, (said he,) the law gives to the court a great latitude, i.e. from three months imprisonment, to seven years transportation and three months imprisonment. In this case it will be inflicted to the extent of the law. The sentence of the Court on you, William Courtenay, is—that you be imprisoned three months in the County Gaol of Maidstone, and that at the expiration of that period you be transported to some penal settlement at His Majesty's pleasure, for the term of seven years.

"And do not think (continued the Judge,) that abroad you will be able to do as some foolishly imagine. You will have to labor, in gangs of felons on the roads in chains, and subject to severe punishment on the least infraction of the stringent rules." It is not necessary to say how great a wound this was to the minds of many then, which time, and circumstances, and mercies have healed now. Nor is it necessary to write much more of Courtenay; it was reported in the papers that he evinced a resignation that was worthy of a better fate, and I can testify that I always found him resigned. I visited him frequently, at Maidstone. He was allowed to wear his own clothes. His hair or beard were not touched, and he was supplied from Paradise with all he required. At the expiration of the three months, he was not transported, but he

was removed to Barming Heath Asylum, where the same privileges were allowed him, and the same family ministered to him.

In that Asylum I last saw Courtenay, October 1833, when on my way to begin life afresh in London. I had parted with my books, my tools, and my interest in the country, and I entered London as one that had escaped from the enchanted ground, having lost all but life, and some hope that even this would work together for good. When I arrived in London, I addressed a letter to those warm friends at Paradise, and friends so dear to me, in which I gave my reasons for believing that Courtenay was laboring under delusions. The answer I received was that Courtenay alone could convince them my statements were true. Four years later, when he had become again an inmate of their house, and friendship such as theirs' required a slight reciprocity in the way of confidence, he convinced them by leaving that peaceful roof, and entering upon that lawless course, which with some small exceptions, has been truthfully set forth in 'Chambers' Miscellany,' under the title 'Religious Impostures,' where Courtenay's last days and tragic end may be read under the name of John Nicholls Thom.

I have thus waded through this morass most unpleasantly indeed, and most unprofitably to you I am sure; yet it was necessary, as I said, if I wrote at all, and now by my sympathy with a wild man, I was uprooted and thrown into London at twenty five years of age, more destitute than when I entered it at twenty; but still though I deserved only the rod, God supported

THE CARPENTER'S SON.

A new edition of that most remarkable discourse by Mr. B. B. Wale, (Minister of Providence Chapel, London-street, Reading), entitled, "THE CLOUD OF WITNESSES," is now publishing by G. J. Stevenson, 54, Paternoster Row; and may be had of all booksellers.

Mr. Bloomfield's new work, entitled, "A VOICE FROM THE PULPIT," may be had in the same way.

Letters to Theophilus; by Mr. James Wells. The first volume may now be had of Mr. Holmes, 76, St. Paul's Church Yard.

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"DO YOU KNOW JESUS?"

OR,

DR. TYNG'S ACCOUNT OF THE FEARFUL AFFLICTION

YET

Happy Death of His Son.

THE Book Society, Paternoster Row, has issued a nice little Volume, called, *The Child of Prayer*. It presents to our view a young minister—full of zeal, love, and labour, suddenly taken down from his work into the grave. We shall draw a few lines from it. Our first is Dr. Tyng's introductory address, in which you may behold a venerable father's heart bleeding over the corpse of a son beloved with all the spiritual, natural, and ministerial affection that it is possible for one man to have to another. Look, Christian reader, into these extracts as we shall gather them out; and you will see how strong, how all-sufficient the Grace of God is:—and you may find some evidence whereby to judge of the answer you must give to the question at the head of this paper, "Do you know Jesus?"

Dr. Tyng, of New York, ("ah!" you say, "an American, is he?" Yes! he is an American, and we hope a man of God too; but that we leave for subsequent papers to decide; if such a question can here be decided. Dr. Tyng,) says:

The 18th day of April, 1858, was the appointed anniversary of the Sunday Schools of St. George's Church, in New York, and this

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Price One Halfpenny. Packet (containing 10 copies) 4d.

passage of Scripture had been selected by me, as the topic for my address to the multitude of children gathered on that day. I wished to bring before them the general subject of the privilege of prayer for children, and the great blessedness of being a child of prayer, little imagining what an illustration I was to have of the whole important theme, before that appointed day should come.

But God was pleased to arrest my work on that occasion, by summoning me to the bed-side of my dear first-born son, suddenly withdrawn from all his earthly work, to testify for God in his last conflict in the flesh. The nature of the suffering which had laid him aside, I shall refer to subsequently. But the Sabbath which I had hoped thus joyfully to pass with the gathered children of my flock, was passed in the ministrations of paternal love to my suffering child. There was I to witness the blessedness of which I had desired to speak, and to learn, as I had never before known, what it was to give a darling son, so precious and so desired, wholly unto the Lord. Blessed be my gracious God, that He has enabled me, in the fulness of his grace, to make the free-will offering, and to bear in peace and thankfulness, what I should hardly have ventured to hope in anticipation I could bear at all.

The succeeding Sabbath, the 25th of April, I had long before engaged to pass with my son in the ministry, for his own church in Philadelphia ; and I was looking forward to this day of communion with him among his people, with all the delight with which his visits and my presence with him were ever anticipated. How little could I imagine that on that very day I was to stand in his place, to preach in commemoration of his own departure ! My loved one gone, and his father's desolated heart trying to speak of him to a gathered multitude who loved and venerated him ! Little could I have dared to hope that I could perform a task like that. Yet there I was, and God did carry me through the overwhelming duty, and did not suffer me to sink crushed beneath the load. Both morning and evening I was permitted to stand and speak for Christ, and to speak of my dear boy, with a heart bleeding with sorrow, and yet rejoicing with gratitude. I felt the divine call sounding within my heart, and God gave me grace to obey it. I seemed to hear His voice speaking to me from the moment I heard of the

sorrow he had endured, as to Ezekiel, xxiv. 16: 'Son of man, behold I take away from thee the desire of thine eyes with a stroke; yet neither shalt thou mourn nor weep; neither shall thy tears run down. Forbear to cry, make no mourning for the dead; bind the tire of thy head upon thee, and put on thy shoes upon thy feet; and cover not thy lips, and eat not the bread of men.' In reply to this solemn word of dispensation and duty, my poor heart was permitted to take hold of the blessed word of the same Lord, Psalm lxxi. 16—18: 'I will go in the strength of the Lord God: I will make mention of Thy righteousness, even of thine only. O God, Thou hast taught me from my youth: and hitherto have I declared Thy wondrous works. Now also when I am old and grey-headed, O God, forsake me not, until I have showed Thy strength unto this generation, and Thy power to every one that is to come.' These two passages of Holy Scripture have been unceasingly in my mind in their connexion, the one to admonish, the other to encourage me, in all the succeeding hours from the arrival of the first intelligence. God be praised for the power and blessedness of His Holy Word. Thus have I been strengthened in the day of my trial.

Thus, briefly, we introduce this love-unfolding tale of life and death, so illustrative of the hymn which begins,

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

You will see this more fully next month.

"I AM YOUR FATHER! YOUR HEAVENLY FATHER!"

When such words as these are spoken by the Lord himself into the heart of a poor seeking sinner, then they are 'CHEERING WORDS' indeed. The mental, the spiritual, and the moral, effects produced by the living words of God as spoken into the mind by a Divine power, are beyond all description. An illustration of this fact is given by the Editor of the *Gospel Magazine*—the Rev. D. A. Doudney, in reviewing that weighty and most blessed book, written by James Grant Esq., entitled

'**GOD IS LOVE!**' This work (published in London by Darton and Co.) has proved a source of very great comfort to many of the Lord's people. The following is a most precious testimony indeed. The extract is from a letter, published in *The Gospel Magazine*, relating a deeply touching incident caused by the perusal of '**GOD IS LOVE.**' The writer (a lady) says—

"Your review of the book, '**GOD IS LOVE; or, Glimpses of the Father's Infinite Affection for His People,**' brings a circumstance to my mind that may prove useful to relate, as a word of encouragement to the author in his work and labour of love, and to your Christian readers, in furthering its circulation. I was cast into company last month with an aged lady, who, taking up a book that lay on her table, said, '**this is the *third* copy I have bought of this book, and I mean to recommend it to everybody. It is called, '**GOD IS LOVE.**' On being asked why she liked it, she said, '**Because it explained to me why I love God. It opened up to me that God elected me, because he loved me, and that is the reason I love him. I never saw this so plainly till I read that book. Now,**' continued the old lady, '**that may seem a great thing to get out of the book; but I have got something better still.**' To know what was better than that, excited the question directly, '**What more did you get?**' '**I was deeply interested in the book,**' she said, '**but for all I am an old woman, eighty-four, and have been what the world calls decidedly pious for many years, and I really do hope honestly seeking Jesus, yet I could never look up to God and say, My Father! I often wondered would God let me die in this state; and many, many prayers have I put up to God about this very thing. But one day, while I was reading this book, I came to the words, '**My Heavenly Father;**' and as I read them a light seemed to dart into my mind, and with it such a lovely, such a beautiful feeling; it seemed to say, '**I am your Father—your heavenly Father.**' I put down the book. I fell upon my knees; I felt as if I could weep my life away with joy and gladness, and all I could say, over and over again, was, '**My heavenly Father—my own dear Father.**'"****

[A companion volume to '**God is Love,**' by the same author, entitled: '**THE COMFORTER,**' is now just issued. We shall call attention to it soon.—Ed.]

ANOTHER PRODIGAL BROUGHT HOME;

OR,

ALFRED ASHEY IN ONE OF THE DUNGEONS OF LONDON.

It was in the dark days of November last, that we gave Alfred Ashby's account of '*The Rescue*' of a poor degraded husband, father, and fellow-mortal from one of the most miserable conditions into which sin, and ungodliness can guide us. We promised to follow Alfred up in his Missionary tour through the dens of our great metropolis: and shall notice one more, at least, of his singular exploits among the abandoned and profligate people—thousands of whom are swept away by the cold hand of death, without one ray of Gospel light; perhaps without one single heart breaking cry to God for mercy. We rejoice to know that a new and neat edition of '*The Two Lights*'—the volume from whence our extracts have been made, has been issued; we are equally pleased to be able to inform our readers that Alfred's perseverance in a good way and work has been crowned with success. He is now one of our most popular writers; and a minister as respectable as any of that section of which he forms a noble and most intelligent part.

To go with "CHEERING WORDS" into the abodes of sin and sorrow—and to be able to speak kindly, and charitably to the poor, the halt, and the maimed which we meet in our way, is, certainly, a species of benevolence as pure and as praiseworthy as anything that one man can exercise toward another. With this conviction, and believing that very few of the best of our race ever charitably consider the condition of their poor despised neighbours we willingly exhibit every instance of practical and effectual benevolence which comes under our notice.

Look well at Alfred's manner of procedure: then "GO AND DO LIKEWISE." The writer of "*The Two Lights*"—says—

We cannot enter into the details of Alfred's four years' experience in his benevolent work—for during that time he remained in it—but one or two additional facts will, doubtless, prove interesting. On one occasion, when he had been about six months exploring the dark regions to which he wished to carry the light of revelation, he entered a low lodging-house—one of those dens of impurity, and meeting-places of thieves, already alluded to. Between thirty and forty persons, of both sexes were present, all comparatively young, with the exception of a hoary-headed transgressor, whose oaths and blasphemy was awful to hear. Some were lying on the cold, damp floor, asleep; some were drinking and smoking; one or two youngsters were fighting in a dark corner, and several were pinching, hitting, and provoking the old man, that they might enjoy the pleasure of hearing his awful curses. One or two of them knew Alfred, and remembered two or three little acts of kindness which he had done for them. They recognised him, and in their peculiar language—a slang which he really had to learn, as the missionary has to learn the language of the country he desires to benefit—told who he was, and the object of his visit. When they heard that he had come to read the Bible, there was a shout of uproarious merriment.

All sorts of indescribable noises were made. Braying, cackling, crowing, the cackling of geese, and the sounds of other animals, would have convinced a blind man that one had led him into a farm yard. Accustomed to such scenes, Alfred stood quietly, waiting an opportunity of saying something which might arrest their attention. When the first act of mimicry had closed, he said,

'You seem very merry, my lads! I like to see people happy. But come now, is it *real*?'

'Tis!' cried two or three voices.

'Taint!' shouted the great majority—'taint, 'taint!'

'Tis! 'tis!' violently responded the first speakers.

Here there was some danger of a battle between them to decide the question, whether their seeming happiness was real or counterfeit.

'Hark, my lads!' cried Alfred, 'if you fight you'll spoil your fun. I would rather hear another concert of donkeys, cocks, and geese, than see a fight between brothers. Now let me decide this.'

'No parson here!' shouted the old man, with a terrific imprecation.

'I'm not a parson,' said Ashby; but I want to decide this'—

'Toss for it?' suggested one.

"No, not that way, my young friend. Let us 'divide the house.' Those who say its real, go to the right, and those who say it isn't, take the left." By this manœuvre Ashby hoped to keep them quiet for a minute or two, and to gain their attention to the great object of his visit. No sooner had he proposed the thing than, with a tumultuous shout, the 'house divided.' Five only went to the right; the rest—excepting two poor girls, who managed to sleep side by side all the time, and the old man—who would not stir from his position, but kept staring at the strange visitor, and muttering to himself—took the left.

'Now,' said Alfred, 'it appears, by the great majority, that your mirth was not very sincere. I thought as much; but then, of course, as I might be mistaken, I wanted you to speak for yourselves. There are five of you, I see, really happy. You five don't want to change your present way of life, don't want to better yourselves.' There was a whisper among the five. 'Hold master, please!' cried one of them. 'If you come it so, we alter our verdict. The jury are agreed. Guilty!' As he uttered the last word the poor fellows all crossed the room to the left side. The old man moved not from his place, but his mutterings increased in rapidity, and a half-suppressed oath occasionally escaped his lips.

In our April number we shall see the Prodigal brought home.

"THE OBEDIENCE OF LOVE!"

OR,

THEODOSIA ERNEST FOLLOWING CHRIST.

On page 28, last month, we saw *The Heroine of Faith* in her retirement with her God; and we heard her pleading at the Mercy Seat, before she went forth in a loving obedience to put on Christ, in the Ordinance of Baptism. We have told our readers, of the

rending of her heart in her giving up the earthly idol of her affections, because he despised the New Testament Test of a Gospel obedience:—We have opened up the tender and trying scenes through which she passed with her venerated mother:—We shall now just furnish one other slight view of her movements—it is her going forth—forsaking *all*; and forsaking *every one*; and cleaving close unto Jesus—to the Truth—to His Obedient Church—and honestly and really “*denying herself*,” taking up the Cross; and venturing only upon HIM who is the *Lamb of God*: and of whose disciples John spake, when he said—“*These are they which follow the Lamb*” WHITHERSOEVER HE GOETH!”

Now, then, let us say three things; and then we pause to observe the patient endurance of Theodosia:—

First—we know some will throw contempt upon this narrative—as Mr. Percy (Theodosia’s espoused one) did upon the ordinance of Baptism. We pity them.

Secondly—this narrative is a sterling and genuine record of FACTS; and is one of a most sacred and sublime character: we certainly, altogether, never read one more pure or more precious.

Thirdly—in bringing this thrilling narrative across the Atlantic, and from a high-priced American work, (the price of the two volumes being twelve shillings,) down into the half-penny numbers of CHEERING WORDS, we are certainly rendering service to those dear saints of our God that never could otherwise see it. We ask our friends, therefore, to aid our circulation. Take a packet of these CHEERING WORDS when you travel or walk, and give them away: good will be done.

Turn now, to the 28th page of last number; and then read as follows:—

“It was strange how the news had got abroad, yet it had spread like wild-fire through the town, that Miss Theodosia Ernest would that morning apply for baptism. At an early hour the school-house was crowded to its utmost capacity and before the services commenced, even the windows and the doors, and every place was occupied from which one could hope to catch a glimpse at what was going on within, or hear a word of what was said.

The church bells began to ring. Mrs. Earnest had all the morning been distracted between affection for her lovely child which

prompted her to go the school house, and pride which urged her to go and sit in her own pew as though nothing had happened. Curiosity to see and hear what Theodosia would do and say, and what sort of people these Baptists were, joined with affection in pleading for the school-house—and a sort of definite dread of what Mr. Johnson might say came to the help of pride. And, it may be, there was something like a mistaken sense of religious duty which spake on that side also. However this may be, the first few strokes of the costly and solemn-sounding bell which had been accustomed to call her to church seemed suddenly to decide her.

I want you to understand, Theodosia,' said she, 'that though I do not forbid, yet I do not altogether approve of what you are about to do, and I cannot sanction any such proceedings by my presence. I don't know what Mr. Johnson would think of me, if I should forsake our dear church to wander about after these new comers.' This was a new disappointment to the sensitive child. She greatly relied on her mother's presence to sustain her in the untried scenes through which she was about to pass. She had also hoped that uncle Jones would call and go with her, but he had not come, and she was *alone*. Yet she was *not alone*, for she looked up as her mother was speaking, and in her heart said again, 'Not my will, but thine be done!'—And the Spirit replied, 'Fear not, for I am *with thee*; and be not dismayed, for I am thy God?' 'When my father and my mother forsake me the Lord will take me up.' I do not say that she felt no natural misgivings, no modest shrinking from going alone into a house filled with strangers, with the consciousness that every eye was on her, and every heart full of curiosity to see how she would look, what she would do, and what she would say; but she thought much less of this than my reader would naturally suppose. The peace of God was in her heart, and it gave to her mind and her manner a quiet yet determined calmness, and a collectedness of thought and perfect self-possession which was surprising even to herself.

She set out therefore, *alone*; for Edwin had not returned from Sabbath-School. Two or three times the mother turned and looked after her as she went, and wished she *could* consistently, and without displeasing Mr. Johnson, have gone with the dear child.

(To be continued.)

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CARPENTER'S SON:

LETTER XIII.

“Beset with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand,
Saviour divine, diffuse thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.”

MY DEAR SIR—Now I shall feel more at liberty in continuing these letters. The dark mountains are past, and a fairer field opens before me as I retrace the steps of my youth.

What a glorious thing is youth! with all its buoyancy and aspirations, with all its energy and determination, with all its prospects of usefulness and happiness. It is like a giant running his race, waxing stronger and stronger, as the course still onward and upward brightens, as the steeper heights are gained. But how different, when you feel youth forsaking you, and the race not begun! To see time leaving you, and leaving you in a wilderness; and not only leaving you there, but leaving you pierced through with many sorrows, and constrained to justify his severest deed. “Oh, Time, Time! 'tis fit that thou shouldst strike thy murderer to the heart!” I saw all this, and I trembled, but I could not despair. I tried to bring all my trouble over me again, but it was not to be found; rather my spirit would leap up to God in the words of a hymn, which we used to sing in our prayer meetings at King Street Chapel, in earlier days,

“From Thee, the overflowing spring,
My soul shall drink a fresh supply,
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop and die.”

For years, I did feel the influence of my folly in consorting with a spirit that was not according to God's spirit, but seldom could I feel otherwise than that God was a rock and his work was perfect; (Deut. xxxii. 4.) and that, what God had done for me, was done for ever. (Eccles. iii. 14.) For generally, if I tried to despond, the vision and the mercy of Kennington fields, would present

themselves radiant, and blissful, so that though "remembering mine affliction, and my misery, the wormwood and the gall; my soul hath them still in remembrance, and is humbled within me. Thus I re-call to my mind, therefore have I hope." Lam. iii. 18, 21. I say the transactions of that memorable morning were ever present when trouble was near, and therefore I had hope.

"How high a privilege 'tis to know,
Our sins are all forgiven,
To bear about this pledge below,
This special grant of heaven."

It would be lying against my right, if I told you anything less than this supported me; and it would be keeping back the truth, if I did not declare that the gifts of that morning, were the jewels which Little-faith had and which even bold thieves could not rob him of.

But, now you wish to know how I got on in things pertaining to this life. Well, you shall know this also. I took lodgings at No. 8, St. George's Road, near the Elephant and Castle, and there, I remained fourteen months. I look at that house as I pass it, always with grateful emotions. How low I sunk there, and how graciously I was raised up, are themes which still demand and afford songs in the house of my pilgrimage. I had come to London this time to find a settlement for life; and I had determined to take the first thing, and anything I could obtain, and work at it for that purpose.

It was the hop season, and my friend in the Borough was busy, and I was appointed by him, an under-warehouse clerk. My business was to receive orders at the counting house, and at the warehouses, to get hops sampled, pressed, and weighed out or in, and render an account of these matters to the chiefs.

It was a new and pleasant thing to me, and I should have enjoyed a permanency in the trade well enough; but as spring came on, business fell off, and my supernumerary services were not required.

I was then unemployed for some time. I answered advertisements, and sometimes had my expectations raised; but otherwise, the result was nothing.

I was just now speaking in admiration of youth. Were I to attempt to descant on friendship, I should exceed myself.

‘Friendship, I owe thee much!’

There never was a day that I had not a friend! In all my mutations, and wanderings, some friendly spirit has ever been springing up, in places the most unlikely, yet welcome, and as pleasant as the gourd to Jonah. I have often wondered at the goodness of God, in this particular; for I have observed it constantly, and found it uniformly in action; so that I acknowledge no other power than his, in bringing it to pass.

“Friendship is the sweetner of life,
And solder of society.”

And God, who welds hearts together, dissolves the union, that man may not trust in man; but he causes the hearts of others to flow together; that man may trust in him at all times, and ever find him a refuge near; and man a ministering spirit, with a message of mercy.

Well then, though I have often been destitute, in this particular, I never was desolate. About this time, my friend Nathan Jones, whom I mentioned in Letter viii.; proposed that I should enter the Borough Road Normal School, to graduate for a school-master.

I cannot forget passing by, and gazing upon the building of that institution, the first summer I spent in London, in 1828. I wondered what kind of Students were nurtured there, and for what parts of the world; and my ideas were winged more by the word ‘Foreign’ than that of ‘British,’ as I read in the wire window-blind its designation,

‘BRITISH AND FOREIGN SCHOOL SOCIETY.’

So that when it was suggested that I should become a student there, my thoughts ran upon languages which I did not even know the names of; and in my ignorance and sloth, I clung to my country and my tongue, and as if there had been a lion in the way, respectfully declined the honor.

It was all well. Adversity is a hard school, but fools can learn in no other. Another friend procured me work at my trade in

Drury Lane, in the autumn of 1834. Here I was soon flattered with the prospects of being made foreman of the works; a having a settled post and good wages. There was however a temptation, and a snare with these things, which made me anxious, which made me hesitate. I was particularly uneasy one Sunday, which I was passing as usual at Camberwell, with this prospect.

It was impressed on my mind, that I ought to halt rather than proceed in this business. I was filled with this idea, and shaken with an agitation in my stomach the following morning, as I resumed my work in Drury Lane. That morning, the gas pipes were disinterred; and as I stood over them, I was soon inflated to a painful degree with the mephitic odours. The next minute from my mouth, as water from a town pump, came with a rush the purple flood. I asked for warm water, and as I attempted to drink it, another rush of crimson blood threw it back. Hot brandy and water was then administered, and still the stream flowed on. I recollect the terror of the by-standers, who hurried me to a druggist's shop at the corner of the street; the anxiety of the apothecary, who himself hurried for a coach, as soon as he had enquired and learned the distance of my lodgings. True, before he went he gave me some castor oil and peppermint, telling me that would stop the hemorrhage, but when he came back and found his surgery deluged; his face was whiter than the ceiling, he was afraid I should die on his hands; and he himself went with me, ordering the coachman to drive to Middlesex Hospital, where he said a board of Physicians was then in session. The result was, I was soon placed in a bed in Peppy's ward, and a card in front of the bedstead, intimated my ailment arose from 'inhaling Carburetted Hydrogen Gas.'

Thus was I cared for, receiving every attention; and God's blessing so prospered the means used, that on Wednesday I begged to be discharged. On the following morning, I was well enough to express my gratitude to the board, for the benefits there received; and at noon I left the hospital, and walked to my friend, George Pond's house, in the Strand, and from thence in the evening to No. 8, St. George's Road, having been absent from home four days.

Independant of my debilitated state. I thought the suspension

of my labours by so alarming an accident, a sufficient warning to leave that employment, and having been unsuccessful in every endeavour to obtain anything else, I, in December, listened with great attention, when my dear friend, Mr. Jones, seriously proposed that I should now enter the School Institution.

Mr. Nathan Jones had in the kindest manner enlisted the interest of an influential gentleman, who introduced me to the school room, where I had an opportunity of ascertaining the nature and mode of education there imparted.

Under the direction of my friends, I drew up an application to the Committee for admission to the school. Mr. Nathan Jones and his friends first signed it, then Mr. I. Beeman, and several of his friends, and now also, a vote of thanks from the committee, Superintendent and Teachers of my Sunday School at King Street Chapel, which had been spontaneously accorded, and sent after me when I first left Canterbury, was a valuable testimonial. I was introduced to committee of the British and Foreign School Society, and was examined by William Allen, of Plough Court, and was admitted. On the sixth of January, 1835, I went into residence, and began the curriculum of a British Teacher of that day.

I immediately felt that I was in my proper sphere, and with much thankfulness, I applied myself assiduously to my labors in the school by day and continuously to my studies to qualify myself to those labors.

Not more than six weeks had elapsed, when one evening I was summoned to the presence of Mr. Henry Dann, the Secretary. He asked me if I could take charge of a school. I replied in the affirmative.

But could you manage a school of two or three hundred boys?

Yes, Sir!

Do you think you could reduce a dis-organized school of that number to order?

I should have no hesitation in trying to do so.

Very well. We wish you to take charge of such a school. It is a very important one. The master has been for some time ill, and the school needs much tact, energy, and prudence. I think you may be entrusted with it, and to-morrow morning you must go to

the North London British School, Clerkenwell, and do your best, and I wish you success. You will return here every evening."

I conducted that school to the satisfaction of all parties. After some weeks passed there, I was thought worthy to be sent to Ly-mington, in Hampshire, to organise a school on the British system, while the master sent up from that place, spent three months at the training institution in the Borough Road. I returned from Ly-mington with high testimonials, only to await now an opening for a good school for myself.

This school system had been grasped by me at once, and my mind opened to instruction and in imparting it to others, I progressed rapidly myself; and that which was true in my case, I afterwards realised in my monitors, and indeed, here is the secret and efficiency of Moriforial system, a system which I have never seen surpassed.

It was towards the close of the month of July that the Secretary, who came from Nottingham where his father at that time was Coroner, told me I had been appointed to a school in that important town.

'It was a new school opened only at the beginning of that year by a very talented teacher; it was in a prosperous condition, and watched over by an earnest Committee. The health of the present teacher was not good, and he was now only awaiting the arrival of his successor to vacate his post. I had been selected after much consideration, and he believed the expectations of the friends of the school would not be disappointed.'

I left the Borough Road School for Nottingham by coach on the morning of the 3rd of August, 1835. On that day, the Committee of that noble Institution sent forth with many tokens of its regard as a certificated enunciator of its principles, and a demonstrator of its system,

THE CARPENTER'S SON.

THE BAPTISM OF THEODOSIA ERNEST IN AMERICA;
AND THE BAPTISM OF EDWARD SAMUEL A CONVERTED ISRAELITE,
IN LONDON.

The above powerful paper (illustrative of facts the most intelligent and interesting,) is given in the EARTHEN VESSEL AND CHRISTIAN RECORD for March, 1857, price 2d. London: Partridge & Co., 84, Paternoster Row. Robert Banks and Co., 182, Dover Road, S. E.

A MOTHER'S CHEERING THOUGHTS

OVER THE GRAVE OF HER INFANT CHILD.

The race is run, the spirit has fled,
My babe is numbered with the dead;
Yet though on earth she's now no
more,

She is not lost, but gone before.

My darling babe has passed away,
Up to the realms of endless day;
Her stay with us on earth is o'er,
She is not lost, but gone before.

A little while she lingered here;
Her presence did her parents cheer;
Then Jordan's flood she crossed o'er,
She is not dead, but gone before.

With Jesus now she is at rest,
Folded for ever to his breast;
Sorrow and pain she'll know no
more,

She is not lost, but gone before.

In yonder glorious realms of light,
Methinks I see her spirit bright;
Before the throne the Lamb adore,
She is not lost, but gone before.

With Seraphim, and Cherubim,
Sweetly she joins the solemn hymn;
Her God and Saviour to adore,
She is not lost, but gone before.

Blest be the Saviour, who did give
His life, that little onea might live;
And praise his name for evermore,
They are not lost, but gone before.

The blow to us indeed is great,
We feel as if our hearts would break;
Yet though we see our child no more,
She is not lost, but gone before.

Oh, may we meekly bow to Thee,
Who hath in thy all-wise decree,
Blighted our hopes for evermore,
In one not lost, but gone before.

Keen are the pangs, oh, Lord, we feel,
Yet Jesus, thou, our wounds can
heal,

And bid us weep for one, no more,
Who is not lost, but gone before.

Bid us now by faith to rise,
And view beyond the azure skies

The blood-washed throng, who all
adore
The Lamb, with her that's gone be-
fore.

From her mother's arms thou call'dst
away,

Up to the realms of endless day,
To dwell with thee for evermore,
My child, she is but gone before.

One sabbath morn she went to rest;
With saints and angels now she's
blest:

Has reach'd in peace the blissful shore,
She is not lost, but gone before.

Then join my soul and sing the love,
That took from thee thy harmless
dove;

Send angels from yon radiant shore
To take her home, she's gone before.

And now she's numbered with the
dead,

Up to her native skies she's fled;
The cross for her the Saviour bore,
She is not lost, but gone before.

Low in the dust her body lies,
Yet at the last great day shall rise;
Her dust the Saviour watches o'er,
She is not lost, but gone before.

Soon, my babe, I hope to meet,
And cast my crown at Jesus' feet;
Oh! may I reach yon heavenly shore,
And find thou art but gone before.

Ah! very soon and we must die!
But, if the Saviour then is nigh,
He'll lead us safely Jordan o'er,
To meet the ransomed one before.

Oh! prepare us, dearest Lord!
Wash us in thy precious blood!
And, at last, when time is o'er,
Receive us Lord, to part no more.

Then we'll shout, the Lord victo-
rious!

Hallelujah! thou art glorious!
Join in praise the heavenly host!
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost!

—lon, February, 1859.

K. HOLLIS.



The Prodigal Brought Home ;

OR,

ALFRED ASHBY IN ONE OF THE DUNGEONS OF
LONDON.

ON page 43, we looked at, and listened to, Alfred Ashby, while he began to call up the attention of his audience (in one of the dungeon lodging houses of London) to something higher and happier than the mere degrading and soul-destroying pursuits of a wretched vagrant's life. It is not long since we found Alfred endeavouring to condole a poor woman, whose only son—William Jones—had turned out wickedly, and had run from home. In this, dungeon, where Alfred is now surrounded, by a herd of abandoned characters, he finds, and takes home, poor William Jones. See how he does it. After he had gained their attention, he said :

“I want to read to you a very curious story which I am sure you will like to hear. It will only take about ten minutes, and I suppose none of you are particularly engaged at present. All who wish me to read the story, hold up their right hands.” It was done. All were held up.

“Very well,” said Alfred, “seeing you have agreed, I rely upon your honor that you will not interrupt me during reading, but I shall be happy to answer any question you may put to me afterwards.”

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He then opened his pocket Bible, and read very slowly and distinctly the inimitable parable of the Prodigal Son. They were all attentive while he read. Afterwards, several questions, some of them not a little singular, were put to him. By a few sensible and kind remarks he tried to answer their questions—asked if any of them who had parents living, wished to return to them, or if any would go to a Ragged School, or work for their bread if employment could be procured? Various answers were given to these questions. One said,

“Why, sir, we are all thieves. Who will employ us?”

“I know you are, my poor fellows,” said Ashby, “And a sinful and miserable life it is. But, surely, you wish to reform, and I know there are kind gentlemen who would give you employment, if you would only promise to work, and live honestly.”

Some of them said they would, affirming their sincerity with an oath.

Hearing this, Ashby said, “But there is one difficulty which I can’t remove. You can though, if you like.”

They asked what that was. “Why,” he replied, “the gentlemen who might try to find employment for you won’t believe you in your sincerity if you swear to it. They will take your plain word, but not your oath.”

This remark had a strange effect upon them. They whispered to one another, and seemed under the influence of a new idea. Alfred glanced towards the old man, and saw that the remark agitated him deeply, obviously increasing the torrent of his imprecations. That he might give them time to think over this gentle, and, therefore, powerful rebuke, he remained silent for a short time, and then said—“Now I want you all to do like that poor fellow in the story I have read to you, to return to your Father—to return, I mean, to your heavenly Father, the merciful and gracious God. Will you?” There was no reply; but there was deep silence.

“By-the-bye,” said Ashby, “some time ago I lodged with a worthy couple, the father and mother of one boy. They were plain, honest, hard-working people. They were very fond of their only son, and they toiled hard in the hope of giving him a better education than they got when they were young. But he had left

them, and gone they knew not where. His poor mother was very sad about it. I had no employment myself at the time—indeed, I was very poor, and should sometimes have wanted bread but for her kindness. How happy she would be to see her son—her prodigal son—again! I cannot reward her for her kindness, but I should be very glad to find him and bring him home to her. Perhaps some of you can help me in this matter.” They all readily agreed to this, and of course asked the name of the lad. Ashby feared that his name would be of little value by way of leading to discovery, as each of them, doubtless, had a number of names, and, perhaps, none of them the right one.

Nevertheless, he could but try, and he said, “do any of you know a lad of the name of William Jones?” This name seemed strange to them all; but as Ashby mentioned it, he rapidly glanced at those lads present who were apparently about the age of the youth in question. But the look was fruitless. He might be among them, and yet shew no sign. The dexterity with which such persons can assume different appearances, and conceal by their countenance the real feelings of their minds, is astonishing. They are adepts in hypocrisy, so much so, that even the police are sometimes baffled in their efforts to identify them. Still, Alfred thought he saw a slight change of colour on the face of one of the lads, when he described the grief of the mother; and, when he named the wanderer, that lad dropped, as if unconsciously, a short pipe he had in his hand. All this, however, might be nothing of consequence. The Scripture Reader bade his strange audience farewell, saying, that he would make inquiry for something in the shape of honest labour for any of them who might be willing to accept it, and that he would return to them in three days. Winding his way through the dark and dangerous courts towards the public thoroughfare, and just when he had caught sight of it, some one touched his arm. Looking round, he saw a young man, who said, hastily,

“Please, sir, will you speak a word to me?”

“Certainly,” said Alfred. What is it?”

“Are you sure that William Jones’s parents would take him in if he ventured to go back?”

“Quite sure,” replied Ashby, startled, and still more so from the

fact that he recognized in the speaker the lad who had dropped the tobacco-pipe. "But what makes you ask? Do you know him?"

"Yes, I do sir, too well. I am William Jones."

"Strange! Well, this is a great pleasure to me, and if you will return home it will be a still greater joy to your parents."

"I will, if you go with me, and if they promise to say nothing of the past."

"I will go with you, and I undertake to make that promise in their name." On the following evening there sat together, in the house where Alfred had lodged for several months, the father, the mother, the returned prodigal, and the Scripture Reader. An evening of unusual happiness was closed by Alfred's reading the fifteenth chapter of Luke's gospel, and offering earnest prayer. Alfred knelt, the parents knelt, and, last of all, the restored one knelt also—and he has often knelt since, for he is "a new creature in Christ Jesus."

THE BAPTIST PREACHER.

THE NARRATIVE OF THEODOSIA ERNEST,

CONTINUED.

WALKING by herself—alone, yet not alone,—we left the Heroine of faith, last month, going, for the first time, to the poor little Baptist Chapel. We shall now just take a peep at her, as she listens to the preacher. A new character is introduced this month, in the person of Mr. Courtney. Of him we shall have much to say, when time and space permit. Theodosia arrives at the Chapel. Her historian says:

Mr. Courtney had taken it for granted that uncle Jones or some of the family would accompany her, and when he saw her coming by herself, he hastened to meet her, and conducted her to a seat.

The preacher was not the same who had been there before, but a stranger who had providentially been sent to fill his place. He was a man about forty years of age, rather below than above the ordinary size; his complexion dark, his hair slightly silvered with

grey, and the top of his head almost bald.—His eyes, and indeed the whole expression of his face were somewhat peculiar. He seemed to have been long in feeble health, and his face was marked with lines of suffering. Its habitual expression was one of *sad and sorrowful resignation*. The casual observer saw in it no evidence of lefty genius, or of even extraordinary talent—and yet he was an extraordinary man. Though he had but slight acquaintance with the technicalities of logic, he was a clear and powerful reasoner. Though he knew little of the scholastic theories of theology, he was wonderfully familiar with the teachings of Jesus and the Apostles. Though he professed no acquaintance with the metaphysical subtleties of mental philosophy, he knew full well how to convince the understanding and move upon the hearts of his hearers. He was not familiar with the ancient classics, yet his style was pure and strong, and not entirely void of elegance. His tones and gestures were not formed by any rules of oratory, yet he was sometimes very eloquent.—When he first rose, there was a slight rusticity in his manner, and something in his dress which for a single moment struck Theodosia unpleasantly—but there was, also, such an air of trusting meekness, that this impression was removed almost as soon as made. His text was John xv. 14—“Ye are my friends, if ye do whatsoever I command you.” And the main object of his sermon was to shew the vast difference which springs from hope, or grows up from fear, and the willing and *true* obedience of the Gospel which is produced by *love*. It was a deep, heart-searching discourse, and must have left on every attentive hearer’s mind the sad conviction that genuine Gospel obedience is much more rare than is commonly imagined.—We cannot follow him through all his argument; but we may not omit one portion of it. “The obedience of *love*,” said he, “makes no division of Christ’s commandments into essential and non-essential. ‘Ye are my friends if ye do *whatsoever* I command you,’ whether *you* think it important or not. We know that we love him when we have respect unto *all* his commandments. The obedience of *hope* says, how much *must I do* to be permitted to enter heaven? The obedience of *fear* asks, what may I omit to do, and yet escape from hell? The obedience of *love* simply enquires, ‘Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?’ It does not ask, what *must* I do, but what *can* I do to

show my love to Jesus? It does not ask how far I *can venture to disobey*, and keep my hope of heaven? How far off can I follow Jesus, and yet not be disowned of him? Oh, never, never! He who will obey Christ no farther than he may fancy is *essential to salvation*, has never obeyed him at all. Love of self, not love of Christ, is his controlling motive. He is striving not to *please* his Saviour, but to *secure his own personal happiness*. Love teaches a different way. Love *delights* to do his will. Love delights to do *all* his will. Love never asks, what is *essential to salvation*, but what did Jesus Christ *command*? Love never asks, how little may I do, but how much can I do? If he *command's*, that is reason enough. He is no loving child who will obey his father only in those things which he must do, or be disowned and disinherited. He is no loving child who will do all he dare to grieve a doting parent whom he believes will pardon all, and love him though he grieves him. He who truly loves him will obey his slightest desires as well as his most peremptory commands. He who truly loves will study to know all his will, and in his very heart delight to do it—not to avoid disinheritance—not to secure his estate—not to enjoy his father's bounty, either present or prospective—but simply because the father wishes, asks it, or commands it.

(More to come.)

SONNET

Christ is our hope! and tho' we oft times groan
 Beneath the pressures of this mortal vest;
 Yet shall these pent-in souls ere long find rest:—
 Soon shall we stand before yon awful throne
 Of earth's dread Judge, firm and unmov'd; no frown
 Will pierce our hearts:—secure we stand in one,
 Who in his mind look'd through the map of time,
 And saw us wallowing in the depths of crime:
 He in his love (too vast to be express'd!)
 Did pity; (for he knew God's strict behest.)
 Yea offer'd to redeem from such a state
 Us for himself, and bear the ponderous weight
 Of our deserts: nor did he fail;—on Calvary's Tree
 He paid the price in death! and rising set us free. PARVUS.

A CHEERING SIGHT.
BAPTISING AT THE SURREY TABERNACLE.

ON Wednesday evening, the second of March, 1859, many hundreds of persons were to be seen flocking into that sacred place in the Borough Road, where Mr. James Wells preaches the Gospel to thousands of people. On the evening in question, he baptized forty-five persons; and in the following extract, which we give from the address he delivered on that occasion, it would appear, that the whole forty-five were penitent believers in the Lord Jesus Christ. The address having been published, the following extract is from a printed copy. In the early part of that address, Mr. Wells said—

“You will find in all the Scriptures, if we take the four Gospels, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistles, you will find in all these that the persons baptized were partakers of the Holy Ghost: that they were real Christians. Take for instance, in the first place Matthew iii. there “They were Baptized in Jordan, confessing their sins;” they knew what they were as sinners. If you ask, to what extent they knew what they were as sinners? the answer is that as this ordinance sets forth the death and resurrection of Christ, and therefore the substitutional work of Christ, for he died not for himself, the Messiah was not cut off for himself, he was cut off for sinners; therefore, when it is said, “they were confessing their sins,” the meaning is, that they were sensible of their need of that which is indicated by this ordinance; they were sensible of their need of a substitute; and that substitute is the Lord Jesus Christ; “He bare our sins in his own body on the tree.” That is one feature of the character. And every one of the candidates coming forward this evening, have given proof that they do feel their need of the Lord Jesus Christ; and that they do see forgiveness in the death and resurrection of the Lord Jesus Christ; and if they see no more than this, if they feel no more than this, if they are brought thus far, and only thus far, on the heavenly road, they are in the right path, in that way in which by degrees there will yet be unfolded to them the breadth, and length, and depth, and height of the love of God, that passeth knowledge. And you

will find that in the same chapter, where those who were baptized, were baptized confessing their sins; in that same chapter, it is indicated that the same persons were the children of Abraham spiritually, that they were persons of the same faith, and brought into the bond of the same immutable covenant. I will appeal to the candidates, as well as to the assembly at large, upon this point; and there is not one out of the forty-five candidates now before us, who has not been brought to receive, in the love of it too, the testimony of God's immutable covenant: "He swore by himself, because he could swear by no greater,"—they are therefore brought into the bond of the same covenant as was Abraham; and therefore, are the children of Abraham. Therefore the first feature of the character of those who have any right to be baptized, is that conviction of sin, that brings them down to the Saviour's feet, brings them into the bond of God's covenant. But then to be brought thus to the Saviour's feet, and to be brought to receive the truth of God's immutable covenant in the love of it, and to be beyond doubt or fear, assured of interest in it, are two distinct things.

Surely, under the heavens, no scene could be more delightful! There we were gathered together, so densely crowded, that not another could get in. There stood the honored pastor of the church—the minister of the place, with his deacons, and elders, and candidates around him. Thousands of glassy eye-balls were rolling over the different features of the service; while the preacher poured out a stream of hot and holy truth, illustrative of the good beginnings and gradual growings of the grace of God. Our thirsty souls would ever pray that all who did that night put on the Lord Jesus Christ, by baptism, may never be permitted to cast a shade upon the beauties of that glorious scene.

"THE PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST."

By T. W. MEDHURST, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

I HAVE just witnessed the preciousness of Jesus' blood, as realized in the experience of one of Zion's children. Being sent for to visit a young woman very ill with consumption, I went and found her very low in body, but peaceful and happy in soul;

taking her by the hand, I said, "My dear sister, you seem very ill in body; how is it with your soul?" Never shall I forget her joyous expression of countenance, as she replied, "happy, happy." "Where is your happiness found?" "In the precious blood of Christ!" "How long have you felt its preciousness?" "About two years; but more particularly after hearing you preach, Sir!" I then said, "did you merit this blood?" She answered, "Oh, no, I wandered far, very far from God, but he sent his own Son after me, who brought my soul out of darkness."

Calling on our sister two days after, I said, "I am sorry I could not come to see you before, but I have been prevented." "Ah," she replied, "man often disappoints, but God never, he is always faithful, and ever present." Referring to her father, who had excused himself from visiting her, by pleading inability to meet the expenses of travelling, she said, "If he had asked God for the money, I am sure he would have given it to him; but never mind, my heavenly Father is present with me, I need not want any one else, he is all in all." Some time after this visit, Satan was permitted to assault her soul with violent temptations, concerning which she remarked, "Satan is a coward, he knew I was weak, and so took the advantage; but the Spirit enabled me to withstand, it was hard work at the time, but 'tis over now, thanks be unto God." I said, "Are you afraid of death?" She replied, "No," death has no terror since my Jesus died, I long to depart and be with him."

Dear reader, what know you of that "precious blood," the power of which our dear sister so fully realized? Have you felt its preciousness to your soul? If you have, be encouraged, for you shall ever find its efficacy the same, its virtue is inexhaustible, its reality is ever sure; it was shed for all the chosen, and all the chosen shall participate in its security, and blessedness; to impart peace, purge the conscience, enlighten the understanding, repulse the adversary, and smooth the dying pillow. Rejoice, for heaven awaits you, and all the blood-washed company! Victory is certain! for Jesus our Covenant Head, has conquered, and through him, we shall be more than conquerors. To those who see no beauty in Christ, I would quote the words of the Psalmist, "The wicked shall be turned into hell, with all the nations who forget God."

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CARPENTER'S SON.

LETTER XIV.

—
“ My God, I would not wish to see
My fate with curious eyes ;
What gloomy lines are writ for me,
Or what bright scenes may rise.”

MY DEAR SIR,—I have been thankful, and am thankful, that I can say with the Apostle, ‘I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed unto him against that day.’ (2 Tim. i. 12.) Yet I am not unconcerned about, nor unconscious of, tokens for good. I have just received a letter from a gentleman at an educational establishment in Bonn, on the Rhine, whom I left at the Borough Road School, when I set out for Nottingham. That gentleman gave me a good report of Nottingham, and caused me to feel that in going thither, I was going to a home. And I was so convinced of this, that I was not dismayed by adverse tokens, such as

1st. The carriage that bore me that morning from the Borough to the City, came suddenly to a stand, by its wheel flying off, when I was thrown from the box, but without injury.

2nd. As I travelled that day on the top of the stage coach, I was seized with cramps in my stomach, which threatened to cut short my journey.

3rd. Instead of being welcomed by the master whom I was to replace in the school, no other appearance could have been less welcome to him.

I have often entered Nottingham since, and looked upon the lights which then marked the approach to that flourishing town ; and I again think of the hope which animated me, when a timid little stranger, I reached it in 1835 ; and again, I thank God from the ground of my heart for his marvellous loving-kindness to that little stranger.

I stopped that night, where the coach stopped, at the May Pole Inn ; and the next morning, after breakfast, having looked over the fine Market Place, and enquired the way to Canal Street, I came in sight of the School about 10.30 a.m.

In "Orange's History of Nottingham," published in 1840, this notice of that school occurs: 'British School, Canal Street, is a large spacious building, capable of containing 600 scholars, and erected principally through the benevolent exertions of William Roworth, Esq., Mayor, and is supported by voluntary contributions. The cost of the erection was £1,478. 17s. of which £550 was defrayed by Government. The lower room which is entered at the east end by two doors is appropriated to the boys. Mr. John _____, Master."

I entered that morning by the north door of the two 'at the east end,' and the intruder's eye soon met the quick restless enquiring one of the active teacher. I said, 'I was there to succeed him, and from what I had heard, I presumed that intelligence was agreeable to him. But while I spoke so, I could see I had never been the cause of so much pain to any one before.'

The fact was, he was a clever teacher; the school had opened prosperously, he had been successful in organizing the numbers and training the monitors; the results had drawn forth commendation, and the little man was not strong enough to be temperate in this particular. He had a large share of the love of approbation in his composition, and to have full draughts of this, he had resigned three months before I came.

It was mortifying to him that the resignation had been accepted. He had hoped it would have drawn forth protestations; that the Committee would have intreated him to consider the consequences, and avert the destruction of the school by withdrawing it. But there was a saving clause in the acceptance, upon which he had reposed, until I appeared that morning: viz. 'that he be at liberty to leave the school as soon as a proper successor be obtained.' Now he thought no 'proper successor' could be found; that the Committee in London would say so, and the Committee in Nottingham maintain its dignity, and the master too by silence on the subject. Alas, for him! He was dealing with men of business, they worked while he dreamed, and now he was without an excuse, and without a school. I comprehended all this without his confession, and then hastened to present my credentials in the proper quarter, and being received, was informed that I had been expect-

ed the night before. If was at a "Friend's" house, the Secretary of the schools, and there I was told I might remain until I could obtain suitable lodgings, and there I remained a month, and the "Friends" there were a comfort to me, and have been friends to this day.

The master had been sheltered in that house, and fed at that "Friend's" table all the months he had been in Nottingham, and therefore *there* I met him that day at noon; and before the week was out, it was arranged that I should take possession of the school on Monday.

Now bearing in mind what I have stated, you will not be surprised to hear that in leaving the place the *quondam* master evinced much reluctance. He deferred his departure from day to day, and from week to week, coming frequently into the school 'to sing one more hymn, and to take another farewell;' and this to the entire unsettling of the sufficiently unsettled minds of the scholars. And when at length he did so, I found from parents, that his visits had been paid to them also, assuring them that "his absence would be but a short one, and that though his system required some relaxation, he should have no rest until he returned." The result was, all my endeavours in the school were unsatisfactory. Insubordination was rife within, and the punishment it elicited, was the subject of loud complaint without, so that my continuance there was a burden almost too heavy for me to bear. It was the day of adversity, but I was not permitted to faint. I was on a rough sea, wind and tide against me, but there was no back door of escape, and only by perseverance, could I hope for safety. Though on one side I was thrust at sore, on the other I was supported and encouraged, and triumphed. Difficulties there, as they often do, became stepping stones to distinction.

In the Summer of 1836, it was announced that Lieutenant Fabian, the travelling agent and Inspector for the British School Society, had arrived and would visit my school.

When the generally-dreaded man entered the school with its supporters, a glance would have told you that he was disposed to exact much, and not be amiable if a fault could be detected.

A monitor was to exhibit the order of the school, by putting the boys through the various drill exercises then practised.

Next,—A class was selected by him to be examined in spelling, with etymologies, prefixes, postfixes and illustrations.

Third,—A reading class in Scripture, as a starting point to test their biblical knowledge.

Fourthly,—Slate and mental arithmetic were rigorously enquired into.

Fifth,—Geometry and mathematical science.

Sixth,—Geographical and astronomical questions were put, and

Lastly,—Selecting boys he orders one to draw a map of England; another, the map of Palestine; and another the map of Europe. These boys immediately fell to on the stone floor, and without copy, sketch with chalk correctly and quickly their respective maps, with the distinguished features and places of each, to the increasing astonishment of those collected around them.

I hope some remarks in these letters may supply suggestive hints to edification. I will try to apply this about maps as a practical one in your children's education. It is a fine attainment to be able in any place, and be ready at any time, to delineate a country. It is easily attained by children, and as readily drawn as a word is written. Both are gained in the same way: by repeated efforts until they become natural and easy. This is the method.

Hang up your map. Arrange your pupils in a semi-circle, in front of it, with slates and pencils. Direct their attention to the western outline, and let them practise on it until they can draw it without a copy. Then the northern boundary; then the eastern, lastly, the southern. Afterwards take the rivers, next the mountains, then the cities, the scenes distinguished by great events, and so on, as progress is made.

The imitative power is soon developed in children; the hand assists the eye, and the united effort makes the impression on the brain the deeper. And where there are several children standing at the same time, imitating the same figure, an innocent emulation is awakened, and a perseverance is engendered which will issue in comparative perfection.

But to return. From that day of inspection, I had the confidence of the Committee, and unrestricted control of the school. The Bible was read daily from the desk; comments given, lessons drawn, exhortations pressed home, and applications made. And

these things by the blessing of God superseded the necessity of any corporal punishment, when once authority had been established.

In that school was seen the power of moral influence. It was ruled by love. That school was a mighty blessing to the neighbourhood, and to me also. I have met with many of my pupils since under pleasing circumstances. I will give a few instances.

In the year 1847, I was standing with a friend at the Melton station. Our attention was drawn to a young man working the telegraph, to which he had been summoned by the tinkling of a bell.

We drew near to watch the movements of this new mode of communication. We ventured some questions, addressed to the intelligent youth. He answered them with so much modesty and judgment that I was charmed. I asked him 'Whence he came?'

'From Nottingham.'

'What school did you go to there?'

'Canal street school, sir.'

'May I ask your name?'

'William Marriott.'

It was my little mental calculator of that day referred to above, and the chief of a large class that would have done honour to any school.

At a subsequent date, on making an enquiry at the Archdeacon's office, the Clerk addressed me by name. On expressing a desire to know how he had an advantage of me which I did not possess with regard to him, he told me he was a scholar in Canal Street School. Ah! And he was the boy of all others most ready in Scriptural Knowledge, and my best monitor in that department on that same day.

I once received into that school a big youth, introduced by a note from a gentleman, who commended him especially to my notice on account of his deplorable condition. He had fallen from a roof while acting as slater's labourer; he had lost one leg, and nearly, or quite one eye; he was without father, and his mother was poor. When a child, his education had not been cared much for, and now nearing manhood he was unfitted for labour.

I encouraged the big boy, and kindled hope in his bosom. I placed him by himself, and in every way assisted his ready effort,

now directed to an object. I had told him, with hope struggling against hope, that he should be a school-master. He laboured hard, he gathered knowledge, he was punctual, he became a great help to me in the government of the school. He felt his power; and his necessities and desires made him anxious to do something for himself. He became a source of anxiety to me, because I knew not how to fulfil the hope I myself had raised, and which he had now qualified himself to expect.

About this time a gentleman applied to me for a senior monitor to open and organize, and carry on, a little school, on the British system at Beeston, until they could obtain a master, willing to come on the small salary they could give. Here was a fine opening for my *protégé* ! But there were difficulties and objections which tossed us up and down on the sickening waves of uncertainty. At length, when nearly all hope had been resigned, Mr. ——— came one Tuesday morning, and it was then arranged that on the following Monday, T——— should open the school at Beeston, if he could come dressed as a master. Ah, that was the difficulty then. His clothes were so worn, greased, and unsightly that it grieved me to contemplate him in them.

As I paced the school, praying for some way to serve the lad, and fulfil my word; as my spirit sank within me, a gentleman who had never visited the school in my time, entered, and looked around. He was a gentle spirit, commissioned on an errand of mercy. T——— was on duty in a distant part of the school; his voice was now and then heard commanding "silence," otherwise he looked like a sparrow alone.

"If we may compare great things by small."

The wealthy banker said, "Who is that young man?"

I mentioned the circumstances under which he came, and his diligence; not adverting to the peculiarity of his situation at that moment. Before Mr. Henry Smith, for it was he, left the school, he said, "I should like to do something for that young man. . . . I should like to give him a suit of clothes."

You may be sure I was thankful.

The tailor was sent, the clothes came, the Beeston school was opened. T——— grew in knowledge and favour; and when last I

saw him, and heard of him, he was a flourishing National School-master, married and respected. He has been in that same school now sixteen years.

I tell you this, my dear Sir, as I have told you many similar things, to the intent that we may again realize the fact, "The Lord preserveth the strangers; He relieveth the fatherless and the widow." Psalm cxlvi. 9. And because I know the tender mercies of the Lord are a pleasant theme to you, as they are ever a grateful and a pleasant one to

THE CARPENTER'S SON.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

NO. II.

ON Monday, March 7th, 1859, we held a pleasant meeting in Zion Chapel, Anse Street, Plaistow. There was a crowded audience. I was requested to preside. In the midst of the crowd, I was perched behind a table, and stuck upon a stool in order that all might see, as well as hear me. That cheerful and pleasant brother in the gospel, J. E. Cracknell, opened the meeting by pouring forth a fervent prayer for the heavenly blessing. The present minister, Mr. Hardwicke, gave a long and truthful address upon Love; then brother Cracknell reviewed the history of this cause. He began it in a cottage, by reading, praying, and speaking. The Lord added unto them; they had now a nice chapel; and all things appeared to indicate that the name of the city still is, "*The Lord is there!*" John Stammers, and his good wife Priscilla, with their excellent Superintendent, friend Staines, bear the office of elders and deacons well; and the hope is entertained that a good gospel church may yet flourish in Plaistow Marsh. It is one of the sweetest pleasures on earth, to see the gospel kingdom spreading its delightful influence in the dark parts of the earth. A young man, of the name of Watts, also addressed the meeting; and appeared full of an evangelical spirit. He belongs to Mr. Bowles's Church at Poplar; and bids fair to make a good VILLAGE PREACHER.

There is a place, not far from Aldersholt Camp, called Hungary Hill; on this Mount stands Bethel Chapel; in that chapel, Thomas Drake preaches the Gospel of Christ. He was a publican, and a sinner; but, the amazing grace of God effectually called, changed, convinced, and converted him to God. He now stands as a bold and successful VILLAGE PREACHER; as a devoted Pastor; and a real friend to all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth. We hope the work of grace as wrought in his soul, will some day be given in full. Such miracles of mercy should not be hidden.



The Village Preacher's Notes.

'The Lord hath comforted His people: He hath redeemed Jerusalem.' Isaiah lii. 9.

The last note I made in CHEERING WORDS, was of the meeting in Plaistow Marsh: I will now take a brief review of some of the little visits I have made since; and of some of the words I have heard, as fulfilling in measure that delightful prophecy, '*the Lord hath made bare his holy arm in the eyes of all nations; and all the earth shall see the salvation of our God.*'

The sixteenth of March, I journeyed to that sweet village, called *Down* in Kent. The good minister, my honest, humble, and most tender-hearted brother *Carter*, met me with his poney and chaise, and drove me to *Hope Cottage*; the residence of himself, his excellent spouse, and devoted daughter. *Down* stands on a nice little hill; it is a pretty place: the old Church, and its many hundred-year old Yew-tree presents a scene of antiquity and rural beauty rarely equalled. In that village stands the Baptist Chapel, where for many years brother *Carter*, has preached the Gospel in purity, in patience, and with many tears and prayers. He has never been what is termed '*a popular man*:' he has not always been what some would call a prosperous man; but every one in the parish, (and all round the neighbourhood) knows '*Master Carter is a Good Man!*' He has walked uprightly before the people, by God's grace, for a long period; as a minister, and as a Christian, he is most

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deservably esteemed. It is cheering in this careless world, now and then to find a man whose *life*—in its main course—is a witness to the truth of the gospel he preaches and professes. I went to his chapel: I have been there before: it was filled with a most attentive audience: and we spent an evening in preaching that gospel which is ordained of heaven to be the power of God unto salvation. Reader! forsake not the house of prayer:—despise not the gospel of Christ: never persecute the followers of the Lamb. They are the excellent of the earth.

Another small spot, wherein are found a few believers who have, for years, fought manfully for the truth as it is in Christ, is Wooburn Green, in Buckinghamshire. This little place is a valley, almost surrounded by hills; giving it the appearance of a basin. The Green is a fine open space; around it stand the villas, the cottages, the paper mills, the inns, the shops; and two or three places of worship. In the aristocratic corner you may see 'ENON-LE-BAPTIST CHAPEL:' as unique a building as you could wish to find. CORNELIUS SLIM was once the devoted pastor of the church. The last settled minister was WILLIAM WILSON; as sincere a Christian as you are like to meet in these days. But one day William thought his work was done at Wooburn; and some good people at Riseley wished him to come and preach the gospel to them: so William and his worthy wife removed; and very happy we hope, they are; but the widowed church at Wooburn is left for a while. We had a refreshing season there at the last quarterly meeting in March. On Easter Monday, our esteemed brother, Edward Samuel, preached there, and immersed in water, a sister in the Lord. John Linsey, of Trowbridge, is about to take his stand there for a month; and if the Lord will make use of him to feed the living; and to awaken the dead; it will be a joyful revival for Wooburn. Happy as man can be, this side of heaven, have I been many times among the people there. My old friends, the deacon, Howard and his wife—have, for years, borne the ark of the covenant upon their shoulders. They will not lose their reward. Travelling early one morning to Chatham, where, in Enon Chapel, I spoke twice on March 27th, I had these words upon my mind—'*And great shall be the peace of thy children.*' I put myself close up in the corner of a carriage; and there I mused silently on the words,

looking, first, into the term '*Children*;' their heavenly birth; their experimental training; their obedience to the faith; and their relationship to *Christ*, their elder brother; and their everlasting Friend. Secondly, at the *Peace* which shall be given them, when all the cares and sorrows of time shall be left behind. It was a blessed day, and the friends were kind to

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

[If the "Village Preacher's Notes" are useful, I can give plenty more—ED.]

S P R I N G .

'So lo! the winter is past; the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come,' &c.

Canticles ii. 11, 12.

See the tender green blade shooting through the rich soil;

It shall recompence the husbandman's toil.

But my desolate soul seems to grow only reeds,

Or brambles, or thistles, or cankerous weeds.

So the orchards with newly formed blossoms abound,

Odoriferous perfumes exhaling around.

Ah! where are my blossoms? shall they always be found

To be blighted—to perish, and fall to the ground?

Hark! hark to the linnet—the skylark—the thrush;

Their mellifluous notes, how they put to the blush

My poor unmelodious efforts to raise

To the God of my mercies an anthem of praise.

But listen again—'tis my Saviour I hear;

"Poor disconsolate soul, bid adieu to thy fear;

My heart's blood has bought thee, I share all thy pains;

I will bring thee at last to the rest that remains.

Rochampton Street, Pimlico.

P.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CARPENTER'S SON.

LETTER XV.

"Now, as on rising ground I stand,
 Reviewing what is past,
 I see that love and wisdom planned,
 My path from first to last."

MARCH 9th, 1859.

MY DEAR SIR—It is twenty-one years this day, since my beloved mother's death, and sweet is her memory still!

"Forget her! No! Can life's short years,
 The deep impression wear away?
 She still before my mind appears
 Abroad, at home, by night, by day."

But I shall not speak of her henceforth, for nearer and nearer comes the moment when mother and son shall, without fear of removal and without a veil between, reunite

"To bless the sacred name,
 Of him who sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb."

From the time of my mother's decease, I have looked up more than before. I have been more a stranger upon earth since her removal from it. God was pleased by that stroke, to snap cords which bound me down. I have been since, like a bird on the wing; weary-winged at times, but still, with youth renewed like the eagles, I mount up with wings as eagles, and my eyes behold afar off.

Before I quit the subject, which this day recalls most forcibly, I shall afford myself the pleasure of transcribing my mother's last letter to me, and probably the last she ever penned. I saw her soon after the receipt of this letter for the last time on earth, and from that day, I have desired in any way to see her again, but the sight is deferred until *we* together bow before the throne as the *redeemed* from among men, and obtain joy and gladness as the *ransomed* of the Lord.

"Canterbury, February 8th, 1838.

TO MY BELOVED SON JOHN AND HIS DEAR EMMA.—Through the goodness of the Lord, I have made the attempt to write a few lines, to say, I received your dear letter, which I have so ardently longed

for, that I might but see your hand writing, and read of your welfare once more.

"All came safe to hand this morning. Words are too weak to speak forth the feelings to all my friends, both in London, yourself and my dear children at home, who have shewn all tenderness and affection to me.

"I am told this day, that Charles has written you, informing you how ill I am. Now I hope he has not made out worse than I am. It is very evident to me, the Lord is taking down my tabernacle on earth, but whether it is to stand for a short time longer, is only known to the Lord, who has the keys of death and hell. Oh, that I may be found in him! And the manner and the time be the Lord's! We thank you for remembering us in your prayers, and oh, that the Lord will enable you to pray for my soul's happy deliverance.

"My dear children, I may never write to you more, but, hear me now! Nothing ever gave me a greater pleasure than to hear of my children walking in the truth; and I never repent of any thing so much than that, I have not honoured my God more, and lived up to my great privileges. But bless his holy name, he has never left me totally to myself, and he has been my constant provider. Now my dear John, farewell for the present; perhaps I may sometime write again; for sometimes I flatter myself I shall live a little longer. I am so happy to hear you are so comfortable with your Emma. That is as it should be. May your happiness increase more and more.

"My dear daughter—I cannot close this letter without one line of love and affection to you, and to bless the Lord for the union of feeling and affection between you and my dear son. May you be very long happy, enjoying the blessing of the Lord to rest on all your pursuits, both spiritual and temporal, and enjoying uninterrupted happiness between yourselves, is the prayer of your affectionate mother,
K.'

"All send their love."

From this letter, my dear sir, you learn that I was a 'Benedict' before my mother died. I was married at St. Peter's Church, Nottingham, October 3rd, 1837. In the providence of God, I was led to enter into that state with a 'prudent wife.' (Prov. xix. 14.) She has been the mother of all my children. She has been the sharer of my subsequent wanderings, and she is the partaker of (such as they are,) my present honors.

My mother's prayer has been granted. The blessing of the Lord has rested on all our pursuits, and we to this day enjoy uninterrupted happiness.

My pursuits at the time of my marriage were school and literary studies. The Greek and Hebrew languages were intensely cultivated by me at that time. I will tell you how I was induced to attempt Greek.

Before I left London, I had purchased 'Oswald's Etymological Dictionary.' That book shows the roots of our derived words in the character of the original language from whence they are derived, and there I first acquired the knowledge of some Greek letters, as I taught my boys the source of such words as Geography, Chronology, Astronomy and Botany. But as I looked upon the alphabet, there were many of the "Capitals" which 'puzzled' me. Then some of the small letters had two or three forms, and some of these even altered their shape, as they were medial or final. Thus, I continued to look from time to time, hesitating to do what I knew must be done, before I could overcome these difficulties. About that time, I, one fine spring afternoon, was walking with my earliest Nottingham friends, J. K. D. and G. P. in the Trent meadows, purpled with their indigenous crocuses all bathed in sunlight, and myself then as joyous as nature was. Mr. D. was speaking of books, and asked our friend P. what book at that time occupied his reading hours? Mr. P. replied, he was reading *The Epistles of John in Greek*. I immediately drew back with terror to hide my confusion. I was dumb with fear, lest they should speak to me of Greek. How completely ashamed was I of my procrastinating habits. I had wasted opportunities, which, if improved would have enabled me to have joined in their conversation with pleasure. I was actually ill; and as soon as I could I withdrew from the company of my friends, and, as I was a bachelor, hastened to my lodgings in Houndsgate. I had bought before that day 'Parkhurst's Greek Lexicon to the New Testament.' The Grammar is bound up with the Lexicon, and there I turned to the alphabet and faced it this time with resolution. I copied the alphabet, and I did it again and again, until I could do it without the book, as in my last letter, I said my boys drew their maps from habit and memory.

After this victory over myself, I entered upon the well known

Ἐν ἀρχῇ ἦν ὁ Λόγος. John i. 1.

and began to learn the declension of Nouns.

From the first real effort, I was repaid with pleasure surpassing the labor, in the power to trace an English word derived from Greek to its source, and to understand its component parts in their original form, as economy from οἶκος, a house and νόμος a law; economy. The regulation of a house.

But much more was to be done, and now I look back with thankfulness that God brought me into acquaintance with a Christian lady, named Mary Chambers; one able to lead me, and whom I was willing to follow. This lady was blind, but very learned in the classics and mathematics, and one who enjoyed her treasures most, when others would participate thereof.

With Miss Chambers, then, I read the Epistle to the Hebrews, which she knew *memoritor*, and which she kept in memory by repetition. The first chapter I have never forgotten. We went through that chapter, until I could enjoy the euphoniousness of the language, where scarcely a word of it was understood.

The sweet, earnest voice of Miss Chambers still rings in my ears, as I think of the care which she manifested in teaching me the principal parts of the verbs as they presented themselves in our first lesson.

ΠΟΛΥΤΕΡΩΣ καὶ πολυτρόπως ὥλαι ὁ Θεὸς λαλήσας κ.τ.λ. Heb. i. 1. λαλήσας (having spoken) is called the 1st aorist participle. It is formed from

Present.	Contracted,	1st Future.
λαλεω	λαλῶ	λαλήσω

The 1st Aorist Indicative is formed from the 1st Future, by changing the ω (o mega) into α (alpha) and prefixing the augment ε (epsilon): thus 1st. Future λαλήσω, changed to λαλήσα, then prefix the augment ε and you have ελακῆσα. Now run through the moods to the participle:

1st. aor. Indicative. Imper. Optative. Subj. Infinite. Participle. ελακῆσα. λαλήσων. λαλήσαιμι. λαλήσω. λαμῆσαι. λαλήσας.

There you have the word!

As soon as I understood the use and beauty of this method, I thirsted for a larger enjoyment still of this mellifluous tongue as it is said of Cato the elder, "Cato major Græcas literas senex didicit, quas avidè arripuit quasi diurnam sitim explere cupiens."

And the Grammar and Lexicon accompanied my readings. I might with pleasure to myself, continue my recollections of progress, but that is not my object. What I have mentioned is done in grateful memory of friends whom God gave, and that I may encourage others to taste the pleasures which the Greek Testament affords: with this word of caution. 'What God hath joined together let no man put asunder.' Prayer and labour must go together, diligence in business with fervent prayer. 'If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God.' Jas. i. 5. 'Then whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.' Eccles. ix. 10.

"Bene orasse est bene studuisse."

I had purposed to enter upon another subject in this letter, but I will close with a literary mite thrown into the treasury, from which I have drawn so much.

I have put the Greek Prepositions as they govern the cases of nouns into easy rhyme with the hope of assisting your young people in this important part of speech; and I think it will be profitable to illustrate each word according to its limited or extended range by instances, but this interesting labor, I will leave for those who desire to profit by my hint.

ὃ δὲ λέγω, τοῦτό σοι διδάμι. Acts iii. 6.

The prepositions in the Greek language are only eighteen, and are divided into three classes.

The first class governs one case

'Απρί, ἀπό, ἐκ, and πρό,

Govern the genitive you know.

'Εν and σύν the dative rule,

Εἰς, or ἐς, the fourth controul.

The second class governs two cases.

Διά, κατά, ὑπέρ, each

The second and fourth cases reach;

'Ανά to the fourth and third

Is an authoritative word.

The third class governs Three cases.

Μετά, παρά, πρὸς, ὑπέρ,
'Αμφί, περί, ἐπί, δο
For three cases power receive,
Genit. Dat. Accusative.
τῷ θεῷ δοξα

FROM THE CARPENTER'S SON.

EBENEZER ERSKINE AND HIS CHILD.

'Upon the 7th day of December, 1730, my dear, sweet, and pleasant child, Isabel Erskine, died of the small-pox. I remember that a day or two before the child fell sick, she was in my closet. She and I being alone, I took her on my knee and dandled her, and she was very fond of me, took me round the neck and kissed me; which engaged my heart very much. But my love and affection to the child filled me with a strong desire to have Christ formed in her soul, and thereupon I began to commend Christ to her. The Lord helped me to speak of Christ to her in such words as were suitable to her capacity, to which she seemed very attentive. Particularly, I told her, I remember, that she would die, and that it would be better to die and go to heaven where Christ is, and where she would meet with her dear mother, than to be here; at which words the dear child gave a broad look in my face, as if she had been taken with the thing. I bless the Lord, who put it in my heart and mouth to converse with her at that time. I hope the Lord entered into her heart with what I said to her. She died pleasantly, without any visible pang or throes; her soul, I hope, being carried by angels into Abraham's bosom.

'I take it kindly that the Lord comes to my family to gather lilies, wherewith to garnish the upper sanctuary, 'For of such is the kingdom of heaven.' And oh! it sometimes affords me a pleasing prospect to think that I have so much *plenitudo* in heaven before me, and that when I enter the gates of glory, I shall not only be welcomed by the whole general assembly of saints and angels, but wife and my four pleasant babes will, in a particular manner, welcome me to the regions of glory, and I shall join in the hallelujahs of the higher house which shall never have an end.'

GRACE TRIUMPHANT,
A MEMORIAL TO THE
CONVERSION AND DEATH OF JANE PITTS,
A Character well known in the Towns of Plymouth, Dock, and
Stonehouse.

O'er heaven's gate, a motto stands engrav'd,—
 'Let sin alone be damn'd, but sinners sav'd;'
 And o'er the gate of hell's dark dismal cave,
 'Jesus the purchase of his blood will have.'

WHERE Tamer's torrent to the ocean ran,
 There liv'd a wretch who feared not God nor man :—
 Whose worthless name in life's fair volume stood,
 Mark'd as a trophy of redeeming blood.
 Of human kind, the very curse and scum ;
 Hopeless in this, and in that world to come.
 With God himself, an open war she wag'd,
 Nor heaven nor hell a single thought engag'd.
 Deaf as the adder to the charming sounds
 Of mercy, through a Saviour' bleeding wounds;
 And blind to wisdom as th' encarned mole,
 She stumbled on, and sinned without control :
 When night's dim mantle veil'd the cheerful sun,
 And man from toil to his repose was gone,
 Throughout the town methinks I see her rove,
 As if by hell's infernal legions drove :
 And oft invoke heaven's dreadful ire to fall,
 With horrid cry " Damnation on her soul."
 Or with intoxicating vapours dead,
 Her limbs are o'er the filthy kennel spread,
 Without one friendly hand or pitying eye,
 Till he the good Samaritan came by,
 Bound up her bleeding wounds, his love to shew,
 And o'er the wretch his spotless mantle threw ;
 Said, with a look of love the most divine,
 'This day I bid thee live, for thou art mine.'
 O love ! beyond the Seraph's piercing eye,
 Where heights are lost and depths unfathom'd lie !
 And length, and breadth, alike are known no more ;
 A sea without a brim, a bottom, back, or shore.

Ye advocates for human merit, try
If ought like this the grace of God could buy ;
And blush to think that such a thought from hell,
Should for a moment in your bosom dwell.
Say, was it chance, or God's unerring skill.
His everlasting councils to fulfil,
That caused her feet to that dear spot to move,
Where friends should pass, who spoke of Jesu's love ;
That sound, though soft, was louder heard by far,
Within her soul, than all the din of war ;
And did at once her heart to pieces knock,
Though harder than the adamant rock ;
Then was an heart of living flesh bestow'd,
The first new covenant promise made by God.
Now down her cheeks in tears of sorrow roll
The deep contritions of her wounded soul :
Those very eyes, that once abused their sight,
Did now to heaven lift up their wat'ry light :
And that same tongue, that once blasphem'd amain,
For mercy call'd, through Jesu's blood and pain.
Amazing change ! from death to life restor'd
Such was thy all-creating fiat, Lord,
Who out of nothing called the pond'rous earth,
And gave to universal nature birth !
The work was thine ! 'tis wond'rous in our eyes—
Be thine the pow'r, the glory, and the praise.
This was th' auspicious day of God's great grace,
Sure, by decree, to all the ransom'd race,
When Jesus did his mighty arm display,
And grace, victorious, crown'd the glorious day.
Then the bright host their hallelujahs sung,
Till heaven's concave with shouts of triumph rung ;
And grace was first and last in every song.
With holy, heavenly love each bosom glow'd,
For all to grace ten thousand talents ow'd,
Harmoniously their loud hosannas raise,
And hym'd the Father, Son, and Spirit, thus :—
Not unto us, O Lord not unto us,
But to thy name be all the glory due !
Great Three in One, eternal ages through !
Hell heard the joyful acclamations made,
And murmurs fill'd the dire infernal shade.

That one so vile, so foul, so black as she,
 Both justifi'd and glorifi'd, should be !
 Now meet for glory, by the second birth,
 It pleas'd the sov'reign Lord of earth
 To call her hence, to that pure world of bliss
 To love, and praise, and see him as he is.
 But ere the summons came to leave the clay—
 Of matchless grace, oh ! what a full display,—
 'Twas her delight of Jesus now to tell,
 Whose blood could save so vile a wretch from hell :
 'On this foundation sure, (she said) I'll roll
 My naked guilty, filthy, sinful soul.'
 To one, a papist, near her dying bed,
 She stretch'd her clay-cold trembling hands, and said,
 On Jesus rest, for other hope there's none,
 His blood the sinner's ransom paid alone ;
 Make him the rock, your everlasting stay,
 And cast your idols, beads, and priest away.'
 Her race was run. She dropp'd the mortal load,
 And took her flight to glory and to God.

No fun'ral dirge was o'er her ashes sung,
 Mortals were mute, but not th' angelic throng—
 They sung responsive round the eternal throne,
 The wondrous deeds Almighty Love had done.
 For grace to accomplish nothing is too hard,
 It Saul unhors'd ; and Lidia's heart unbarr'd,
 Sav'd vile Manassa too, that ruffian bold,
 In divination ; blood, and murders old ;
 And with a look of everlasting love,
 From Mary's breast a seven-fold demon drove.
 And, oh ! the wonders of its power to tell !
 Poor Jane of Scotland, from the jaws of hell,
 Sav'd as the dying thief, by grace alone.
 Who left the gibbet for an heavenly throne.

At Jesu's feet her crown she humbly lays,
 For ever lost in wonder, love and, praise.
 No faith foreseen, or works, or duties done,
 Which thousands rest their soul's immortal on,
 In whole, or part, the wondrous grace procur'd,
 God to himself the glory all secur'd.

PRAYER.

PRAYER is a haven to the shipwrecked mariner, an anchor unto them that are sinking in the waves, a staff to the limbs that totter, a mine of jewels to the poor, a security to the rich, a healer of disease, and a guardian of health. Prayer, at once secures the continuance of our blessings, and dissipates the cloud of our calamities. I speak of Prayer as a *means* to a certain end. Prayer also, is an all-efficient panoply, a treasure undiminished, a mine which never is exhausted, a sky unobscured by clouds, a haven unruffled by the storm, it is the root, the fountain, and the mother of a thousand blessings. I speak not of the prayer that is cold and feeble, heartless and lifeless, and devoid of energy; I speak of that which is the child of a contrite spirit, the offspring of a soul converted, born in a blaze of unutterable inspiration, and winged, like lightening, for the skies. The potency of prayer hath subdued the strength of fire; it hath bridled the rage of lions, hushed anarchy to rest, extinguished wars, appeased the elements, expelled demons, burst the chains of death, expanded the gates of heaven, assuaged diseases, repelled frauds, rescued cities from destruction, changed prisons into palaces; it hath stayed the sun in its course, and arrested the progress of the thunderbolt; in a word, it hath destroyed whatever is an enemy to man. I again repeat, that I speak not of the prayer engendered by the lips, but of that which ascends from the recesses of the heart—the prayer of faith and love. Assuredly, there is nothing more potent than prayer, yea, there is nothing comparable to it. A monarch vested in gorgeous habiliments is far less illustrious than a kneeling suppliant, ennobled and adorned by communion with his God. Consider how august a privilege it is, when angels are present and throng around, and with breathless attention listen to the petition of the suppliant; when Cherubim and Seraphim encircle with their blaze the throne; that a mortal may approach with unrestrained confidence, and converse with heaven's dread Sovereign.

CHATTERER.

THE BRUISED REED NOT BROKEN.

I ENTERED the little room. It was clean and tidy, with a bed in one corner farthest from the fire, by the side of which, in an old arm-chair, sat an idiot girl about seventeen years of age. She was

dressed neatly, and looked happy, though ill. Her mother, a respectable-looking woman, was by her side. I took an offered chair, and drawing near the girl, asked how she was. She replied, 'Sick.' 'And what have you in your lap?' pointing to a book which lay there. She opened it, and with an expression of delight I shall not soon forget, reached it to me. It was the New Testament. 'Do you love the Lord, my dear child?' 'Oh yes,' she replied, though with great difficulty: 'Jesus is good.' 'He is good, my poor child; what a mercy for you that he has enabled you to know it!' 'Oh yes,' she repeated again; 'Jesus is good. Mr. Maclay good man; Mr. Maclay tell poor Ellen of Jesus.' I turned inquiringly to her mother, who told me her simple, affecting story. She had a year or two back been convinced that she was a sinner, and her distress of mind in consequence was so great that it brought on the illness (paralysis) with which she is now affected. Her intellect, feeble from her birth, is now nearly gone, and she is able to understand little else but that 'Jesus is good, and loves poor Ellen;' and this is her constant cry. She is always reading her New Testament, which, with a hymn book, is her constant companion. She was very attentive to all I said of the Lord, and listened with great eagerness. I read to her a hymn she gave me, and then, looking earnestly in my face, she said, pausing between each word, '*In—my—Father's—house—are—many—mansions.*' As she could with difficulty speak, I repeated to her the following verses. But oh, what an expression of joy and delight did she manifest! Her whole body was convulsed, and her ecstasy seemed too much for her poor shattered frame to bear. She spread both her hands before her face, while tears of joy stood in her eyes. As soon as she could speak, 'Jesus is good; Jesus loves Ellen,' were the words which seemed most fully to express her whole heart. So great was her agitation, and so incessantly and rapidly were these words repeated, I was compelled to lay my hands gently upon her, and soothe her to silence. When I left her humble abode, I thought, 'There dwells an heir of glory, a joint-heir with Christ, in a cellar-kitchen, rich in faith!' Oh, how true the precious word of God: 'God hath chosen the foolish things of the world, and weak things of the world, and base things of the world, and things which are despised, and things which are not, that no flesh shall glory in his presence.'

From Mrs. Winslow's Life.

NO HOPE! WHO CAN TELL!

DEAR FRIEND,—It has been on my mind for some time to write you a line, but I am such a poor thing, I do not know, how to write, and I often think no one will notice me, if I do. I often feel not fit to live, nor fit to die. Oh, how true are Job's words in my case, "of few days, and full of trouble." Ah! Full of trouble. Sometimes it seems more than I can bear. At one time, about ten years ago, I was sull of trouble, in every sense of the word. In providence, in health of body, and fearing there was no help for me. In this state I went to the Chapel where I attend, and there was a stranger to preach that night. He read for his text, 'I would seek unto God, and unto God would I commit my cause.' (Job. v. 8.) Oh how I tried to pray immediately, that I might seek unto God, for I well knew no other hand could deliver me; and the preacher so traced out my path, that I did in my own soul say, that's me; I am that character; surely there is hope for me; and the dear Lord so confirmed it in appearing in such a wonderful way in providence, and set me free, mark, only for a time. The preacher was that dear man of God, Mr. Roff.

At another time I was ill, and driven to my wits' end, to know how to pay my way. I went into the field, and lay on the ground on my face, and wished I could pray; as I lay there, these words came into my mind, "For the oppression of the poor, for the sighing of the needy, now will I arise saith the Lord." Oh, thought I, surely I am poor indeed; poor in providence, not knowing what I should do, there seemed starvation before us; poor in health, for I was then very bad with the gravel, as well as consumptive; poor in spiritual matters, which was by far the greatest poverty, as it leaves the others as nothing when compared with that. Ah! my friend, it is trouble indeed when brought into it. I said, "Lord, I am poor, I am oppressed; do undertake for me; do arise for me;" and I seemed to get up with a "who can tell" hope that he would arise and set me at liberty; and in two or three days after, I met a person who wanted to know how I was in health, and how I was getting on, for he had found me in trouble once before, when my landlord was determined to have his rent, and I had no money to pay it with; and at this time my wife had gone to bed quite ill, and

my little boy too ; and as soon as the landlord was gone, I tried to pray to the Lord to appear for us, for I had no where else to go. In less than an hour a gentleman came in ; (he was almost a stranger) and asked how I was, and I suppose could see I was in trouble ; so he asked me what trouble I was in. I said I was afraid of being turned out by my landlord. He said, I will lend you this sovereign ; I am glad I called on you, I was going another way, only I seemed turned in my mind to call to see you ; I know the Lord has sent me ; and wishing me many blessings, said good bye. I said, Is not this the Lord's hand ? Oh, that I could praise his holy name !

Soon after this, I met him again, and after enquiring about us, he said, I was thinking if I lent you 20 or 30 shillings, it would help you to trade with. This seemed to overcome me, I could scarcely speak ; he said, I will call to-morrow, good bye.

The next day came, but he did not call ; this tried me ; Ah, thought I, he fancied from my stammering way that I was deceiving him, and I concluded he would have no more to do with me ; but it was a wet day, which encouraged me a little. He came the day after and brought me three sovereigns more, which I was to pay at a convenient time, saying I might have the use of it for a year or two. Oh that I could thank the Lord for his goodness toward me and mine. It was at this time, and with this money that I came down to pay you, and a few other little debts, that lay very heavy on my mind, and this seemed the way I ought to act : pay first my debts ; and as I was on my journey coming down to see you, I kept praying to the Lord with these words, "Lord, go before me ; Lord, go before me." I did not notice the fields much, but these words were continually in my mind, "Lord, do go before me ; Lord, do go before me ;" and when I came to your house, behold, you had gathered some money for me, to my great surprise. So I felt sure the Lord laid these words on my mind, for he says, 'I will be enquired of, to do these things for them.' I could mention many more troubles, and many kind providences, in raising me up many friends in times of need, so I must raise my Ebenezer, "hither to the Lord hath helped us." Hoping this may find you all well as it leaves us,

A. WORSFOLD.

Note. The writer of the above letter died at Deptford, on the 23rd July, 1868, aged 33 Years ; leaving a widow and two little children.

W.B.



MR. SPURGEON'S REPORT
OF
THE DEAD MEN,
AND THE DO-NOTHINGS IN OUR CHURCHES.

I was at Plaistow anniversary the other day; and after the services were over, we sat down to wait awhile until the train came to take us to London. Among the company, was our friend Raynart, a useful itinerant preacher; and having no work to do himself on the previous Sunday morning, he had been to the Music Hall, to hear Mr Spurgeon. He considered Mr. Spurgeon was most wonderfully improved; in fact he was marching fast on towards being the greatest man, as a gospel preacher, that ever was known. Well! I felt cheered. Because I have always hoped Mr. Spurgeon would prove himself a genuine, a God-sent, and an extensively useful minister of Jesus Christ; although the *extreme opposites* in doctrine and sentiment now and then issuing from the same man, have staggered me for awhile. But as many have said, '*He is a young man, and he must have time to grow and to get ripe.*' By thousands it is hoped that a new covenant ripeness for gospel usefulness and for a glorious inheritance, will be found with the projector of the Levathan Tabernacle. In the same week, two elderly dames called on me to furnish some information respecting a poor female professor of the gospel; and when this was done, Mr. Spurgeon and his sermons were introduced. Had I seen

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such and such a discourse? If I had not, I ought to do so. Well, I obeyed. I turned into Mr. Payne's (the publishing warehouse, near the gate of the Dover-road—a depository peculiarly excellent for variety, neatness, and civility) and there I purchased one or two of these extraordinary Sermons; the next morning I arose and read them. Criticisms of sermons in CHEERING WORDS would be out of place; and I am not disposed to find fault where I am not forced too. I was not made to give sour words, but sweet and wholesome words. Therefore all I shall say is this:—I think the following a most exact description of a large majority of our parsons, people, and worshipping places in these days, I do indeed. Why, bless my heart alive! to hear most men preach and pray, you would be ready to suppose that satan was gone into a dead sleep; sin had become a nonentity, and that all the people had now become so pious that all that is necessary is either to tell them how safe they are for heaven; or, if they are not so, how easy that safety is to be obtained. Yes! it is a fact—a dead and dreadful fact; for now, instead of men preaching with earnestness and energy—instead of publishing the truth in faithfulness, freeness, and with all their souls in the work; they have either turned their pulpits into fashionable band-boxes, or into polite drug-shops where the most refined opiates are administered with a soft and delicate hand. Such being the case, I do like Spurgeon for this one thing. He has knocked up a dust—he has gathered together the people—he has made a most tremendous noise—he has done good to some, and he has told the old professing church her faults plump to her face. And who can tell what will come of all this?

The following are Mr. Spurgeon's own words:

“As I look around on many of the churches, yea, on many members of my own church, I am apt to fear that they are not God's children at all because they have nothing of this holy violence. Have ye ever read Coleridge's *Ancient Mar*

inner? I dare say you have thought it one of the strongest imaginations ever put together, especially that part where the old mariner represents the corpses of all the dead men rising up,—all of them dead, yet rising up to manage the ship; dead men pulling the ropes, dead men steering, dead men spreading the sails. I thought what a strange idea that was. But do you know I have lived to see that true: I have seen it done. I have gone into churches and I have seen a dead man in the pulpit, and a dead man as a deacon, and a dead man holding the plate at the door, and dead men sitting to hear. You say, 'Strange!' but I have. I have gone into societies, and I have seen it all going on so regularly. These dead men, you know, never overstep the bounds of prudence,—not they: they have not life enough for that. They always pull the rope orderly, 'as it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be, world without end, Amen.' And the dead man in the pulpit, is he not most regular and precise? He systematically draws his handkerchief from his pocket, and uses it at the regular period, in the middle of the sermon. He would not think of violating a single rubric that has been laid down by his old-fashioned church. Well, I have seen these churches—I know where to point them out—and have seen dead men doing everything. 'No,' says one, 'you can't mean it?' Yes, I do, the men were spiritually dead. I have seen the minister preaching, without a particle of life, a sermon, which is only fresh in the sense in which a fish is fresh when it has been packed in ice. I have seen the people sit, and they have listened as if they had been a group of statues—the chiselled marble would have been as much affected by the sermon as they. I have seen the deacons go about their business just as orderly, and with as much precision as if they had been mere automats, and not men with hearts and souls at all. Do you think God will ever bless a church that is like that? Are we ever to take the kingdom of heaven with a troop of dead men? Never! We want living ministers, living hearers, living deacons, living elders, and until we have

such men who have got the very fire of life burning in their souls, who have got tongues of life, and eyes of life, and souls of life, we shall never see the kingdom of heaven taken by storm. 'For the kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force.'

[The foregoing may not be considered very '*Cheering*,' but they are truthful, powerful, and stirring words. I pray the Lord to throw them—(like hot living coals of heavenly fire,) into the midst of the thousands of cold, dead, and formal professors and pretenders—who are dreaming of some kind of heaven—but who feel not the need of God's salvation; nor do they understand that mysterious violence whereby the oppressed take the kingdom.]

[Another fearful feature of the delusive spirit of our '*Christian Times*' is this—that multitudes *assent* to the doctrine that the Church of Christ is a *working*, an evangelizing, an enterprising community, but these *mere assenters* leave others to do the work. Here is a description of them from Mr. Spurgeon. He says:—]

'Fight the Lord's battles.' If you are the soldiers of the heavenly King, 'To arms! to arms!' 'Fight the Lord's battles.'

Here I would observe, that there are some people who are very fond of looking on and not fighting. Perhaps five out of every six of our church do little but look on. You go to see them, and you say, 'Well, what is your church doing?' 'Well, we bless God, we are doing a great deal; we have a Sabbath-school, with so many children; our minister preaches so many times, and so many members have been added to the church. The sick are visited; the poor are relieved.' And you stop them, and say, 'Well, friend, I am glad to hear that you are doing so much; but which work is it that you take? Do you teach in the Sabbath-school?' 'No.' 'Do you preach in the street?' 'No.' 'Do you visit the sick?' 'No.' 'Do you assist in the discipline of the church?' 'No.' 'Do you contribute to the poor?' 'No. Yet I

thought you said you were doing so much. Stand out, sir, if you please; you are doing nothing at all. Be ashamed! Your Master does not say, 'Look on at the Lord's battles,' but 'Fight' them. 'Ah,' says one, 'but then you know, I contribute towards the support of the minister; he has to do that.' Oh! I see, you have made a mistake; you thought that you belonged to the English government, and not to Christ's government. You have been paying for a substitute, have you? You are not going to fight in person; you are paying to keep a substitute to fight for you. Ah, ye have made a great mistake here. Christ will have all his soldiers fight. Why, I am not kept to do the fighting for you: I will endeavour to encourage you, and nerve you to the battle; but as to doing your duty, no, I thank you. The Romanist may believe that his priest does the work for him; I do not believe any such thing in my case, nor in the case of your minister. Christ did not serve you by proxy, and you cannot serve him by proxy. 'No, 'he his own self bare our sins in his own body,' and you must work for Christ in your own body, your own self, with your own heart and with your own hands. I do hate that religion which another man can do for you. Depend upon it, it is good for nothing. True religion is a personal thing. O soldiers of the heavenly King, leave not your lieutenants and your officers to fight alone. Come on with us; we wave our swords in front. Come, comrades, on! We are ready to mount the wall, or lead the forlorn hope. Will you desert us? Come up the ladder with us. Let us show the enemy what Christian blood can do, and at the sword's point let us drive our foes before us. If you leave us to do all, it will be undone; we want all to do something, all to be labouring for Christ. Here, then, is the exhortation to each individual Christian—'Fight the Lord's battles.'

[Before leaving this subject, I add one word—there is a numerous host of men springing up prepared to their best: but a good drill sergeant is wanting—a little discipline would fit hundreds for fighting well with the sword of the Spirit. Let us who love the truth, unite!]

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CARPENTER'S SON.

LETTER XVI.

'Blessed be the Lord : for he hath shewed me his marvellous kindness in a strong city.' Ps. xxxi. 2].

MY DEAR SIR—Soon after my settlement in Nottingham, I was invited occasionally to occupy pulpits in small adjacent places. I well remember preaching one afternoon at Radford, from the words which stand as a motto to this letter.

God's kindness to me had been marvellous. He had shown this especially in a strong city, where I might have been crushed. And I blessed him for that kindness in glowing terms.

I showed from the Psalm that he who could so praise God, had prayed to him in great necessity :—(Verses 1 to 3.)

And that because of—

I. The net privily laid (4.) This net, fabricated by the devil from the nervous fears of those who in their wish to go right, often go wrong ; as Peter in the Hall ; and I, in Canterbury. The reproaches and lies which give to fear and shame strength to overcome feeble believers.

II. The trouble of soul and body into which these things bring sensible sinners, (9, 10.) The desolate and broken state to which this trouble reduces them, (12.)

III. The blessing then craved, (16.) The goodness displayed, (19.) The security vouchsafed, (20.) Hence the praise in the text, (21.) From the exhortations which close the Psalm, I was so enthusiastic, in speaking of God's preservation of his people, and the literal fulfilment of his promise to those who trust him fully, that I feared afterwards I had said too much. I trembled, lest I should be put to confusion before them to whom I had boasted of such minute providential care, as to make it 'marvellous ;' and I continued to fear until the following 'marvellous kindness' confirmed me in my confidence of boasting.

At the time of our marriage, my wife and I were both equally averse to debt. But my wife, calculating with the greatest certainty upon forty pounds which was her share of a Mortgage, already,

CHERRING WORDS.

er about to be paid into the hands of a deceased uncle's executors, had ventured upon a few extras at the Draper's, and at the Furnishing Ironmonger's. I had contracted a debt of about ten pounds.

On an appointed day, I repaired to receive the mortgage money, which, after deductions made by the Uncle Executors, whether fairly or unfairly, I never did stop to reckon, amounted to £13 Os. 2½d. The Uncle who paid me the money gave me what he called a farthing over; 'But,' said he, 'It is the last farthing you will have from me.' Well I took home this fragmentary portion of the forty pounds to my wife, who liquidated her little responsibilities with it; but mine remained, and I was now without any resources.

By this time I had made some inroad upon Hebrew reading, which I studied hard at home, during the winter evenings of 1837 and '38. My dear Miss Chambers, with whom I had read Greek, had a great desire for the לשון הקודש 'Leshon Hakkodesh,' as the Jews call the sacred tongue; and every afternoon before I returned to my own habitation, I repaired to her house, then on the 'High Pavement,' to read Hebrew to her. Now this good Lady had frequently said to me, 'Mr John, do you want any money?' But honied and enticing as the question was, I had always stoutly answered 'No! Miss Chambers, I do not!'

One afternoon however, I had been thinking that Christmas was near; I had been married three months; the forty pounds had taken wings, and if my knives, *et ceteras*, were not soon paid for, I should feel ashamed to see Mr. Buttrum, my creditor. These thoughts were so heavy on my mind, that I felt, I really did want some money. I hoped Miss Chambers would ask the question that day, and if she did I resolved to accept a loan. But how could I expect she would, as I had refused her kindness so frequently before? We met. We had read our portion. We were about to part, and no intimation about money, when suddenly turning towards me her sightless eyes, alas! she said, 'Oh, Mr. John, do you want any money? As I have some, and you can have it.' I borrowed ten pounds. And I assured her that she could have it again at any time she wanted it. I felt so confident about the repayment, because I was confident God had interposed for me in the present

instance. And as it came in answer to prayer as it came providentially; I looked at that moment for the same hand to supply it from some other quarter when it was required. Time rolled on. No mention was made of the money. But as I was a daily visitor to my creditor, I often pondered upon the rash assurance I had volunteered, 'You shall have the ten pounds, Miss Chambers, on any day that you may ask for it.'

Easter Monday arrived. It was a holiday in our schools. There were no pence coming in on that day. The purse was empty, and the cupboard nearly bare. On that day however, I repaired in the morning to my literary friend, to read in the law of the Lord. It was on the 15th April, and she had lately removed from the Pavement, to Park Street, yet no removes ever interrupted our sacred studies. But he who groans under the burden of debt, and knows the liability to be asked for it, will understand my feelings that morning better than I can describe them. The lesson was again over. The conversation flagged. The hat was in the hand for departure, when my dear friend, after taking a pinch of snuff, and shrugging her shoulders as she only did when she was about to say something she had rather not say, exclaimed, 'Oh, Mr. John, will it be convenient for you to let me have that money?' It was but a mement. A groan struggled through my conflicting emotions, and unheard and unseen ascended. The upward glancing of the eye followed it. (See Nehem. ii., last clause of 4th verse,) and I replied, 'Miss Chambers, you shall have it to-day.'

'Oh Mr. John! any time this week will do.'

'Miss Chambers, when you were so kind as to lend me the money, I told you, you could have it at any time, and you shall have it to-day.'

She felt grieved, lest I should feel it an inconvenience; and I, though I did not see how, felt assured I should return it that day, according to my word.

I had a walk of more than a mile into the country to my home, My first house, as a family man, was on Sherwood Hill. All the way home there were nothing but groans, and cries, and intreaties, that God, the God of all power and might, would appear for me, and bring me out of this strait! Yes, there were a few confused ideas of the value of some small silver spoons, and perhaps a silver

watch; but, even all my portable valuables seemed nothing to the amazing sum of TEN POUNDS!

I reached home. My wife was still in town, and I awaited her arrival. I had no idea still *how*, but I did believe the money would be paid. My wife returned about 1 p.m. I told her my trouble; and, O unbelievers! 'Though a man declare it unto you, you will be unbelievers still in a special and particular Providence, but 'the humble shall hear thereof and be glad.' My wife said, 'I have the money, and you shall pay it to-day. My mother received from London this morning, her share of some personality, and she gave me TEN POUNDS. *Go and pay it.*'

I did so gladly, I returned immediately to Nottingham, and as I went I sung,

"Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take,
The clouds ye so much dread,
Are big with merries, and shall break
With blessings on your head."

I never had a doubt that the whole chain of events connected with this case was the Lord's doing. He remembered me in my low estate, and endeared his mercy to me. And I write this, and shall write others more solemn than this, not because I think them singular, or confined to me, but that having received such benefits from God, I may not forget them, nor fail to ascribe praise to the Author of them. And I write them with this view also, that I, and even my dear children, may not be exalted above measure; but my great object after all is this, that others may hear and fear and know, 'He will fulfil the desire of them that fear him! He also will hear their cry and will save them. Psalm cxiv. 19.

I shall fill up my sheet, for the little ones, with three verses which I composed in my school days, at Nottingham; I have heard them sung by many sweet voices; and when I come again to see you, if not surprised, I shall be delighted to hear them again.

THE BRITISH SCHOOL SONG.

Tune—'The Canadian Boat Song.'

Softly, as from aerial hills,
On the bosom of nature dew distils;

CHEERING WORDS.

So borne on the breeze from shores above,
Fall heavenly dews of grace and love.
Rain, FATHER, rain these blessings down
On children's minds, for the sake of thy Son !

Why should we still in sin delight !
Its pleasures are treacherous snares and blight.
Wisdom instructs, and joy's refined,
Sweetly refresh the opening mind.
Teach ! JESUS, teach, and make us wise,
The evil to shun, the good to prize.

Life passes ! soon our mother earth,
Shall hide our heads, and the scenes of our mirth ;
SPIRIT of heaven hear our prayer,
And grant us a happy entrance there ;
Breathe ! SPIRIT, breathe ! our hearts renew,
Thy favors we share, our souls are thy due.

THE PRECIOUSNESS OF THE PROMISE ON THE PILLOW OF DEATH.

The exalted ecstasies of some happy souls, in the arms of death, are set forth very sweetly in Macgowan's '*Death ; a Vision :*' a new edition having just been issued from the press of J. Billing, of Guildford, Surrey. The narrative of "*Fidelia*" we only commence in this number. It will furnish some excellent thoughts for Christians. It begins thus :—

He led me away from this to another, but mean apartment, and as we entered, he said, ' Now, Novitio, prepare yourself for seeing the wondrous works of the Almighty.'

I wondered what miracle I was now to behold, but ere long I beheld a miracle of grace ; a poor woman and three small children were the humble inhabitants of this despicable hut ; and, as I learned from my guide, the poor but tender mother, whose name was Fidelia, had been confined to her bed by a deathly disorder for the space of six weeks or upwards, and by this time she seemed

almost conquered by the fatal enemy to nature, though she still retained the perfect use of her reason, and still was capable of speaking to her visitants.

At the time of our going into her mean apartment, some few of her friendly acquaintance, some of them meanly, others of them better attired, were come to visit her, desirous to perform the best offices of Christian friendship, expecting that her departure from earth was at hand, one of whom who stood by her bedside spoke to her thus : ' My dear friend, Fidelia, I see your body is very low, and in all appearance the hour of your departure is approaching near, but if strength will permit, I should be glad to know how it is with you in your soul ? for I have sometimes known the soul to be most healthful and vigorous, when the outward man has been in the very arms of DEATH.'

To whom I thought Fidelia replied : ' O my friend ! we have a kind and compassionate Lord ; his comforts to me, a poor unworthy creature, are neither few nor small. I may well say he feedeth me with His grace, and all His paths drop fatness to me. O my friends, my root is in the best soil, and the dew lies all night upon my branches. O ! let me ever be thankful for that sweet and transporting day on which I found freedom of soul to rely upon Christ alone for salvation, as he is held forth in the gospel. Blessed be God for that freedom to call the Redeemer my own, and to look on him in an appropriating way. O the sweetness of the remembrance of it ! It weighs me down with the delightful weight of humbling love : electing, redeeming, and regenerating love, commended itself by the sweetest and most persuasive eloquence unto my heart, and still it is the more endearing, because of its discriminating nature. O ! it is unspeakable ! O the heights and depths ! O divine love ! Why is it that I, a poor, unworthy, hell-deserving sinner, should be found thy favoured object ? Amazing and miraculous grace ! that ever the great salvation of the adorable Jesus hath laid hold on me, and preached itself into my very heart, although I am the basest of all the human creation ; behold ! I see the wise, the moral, the rich, and the noble, standing at a distance from the great salvation, are strangers to the pardoning mercy of God, whilst I, the most unworthy of all, am fed with the comforts of his love. It is thy dying O thou omnipotent Saviour, and it is marvellous in my eyes. Thou lovest merely because thou wilt love, and pardonest only because it is thy pleasure so to do.'

THE YOUNG LONDON PASTOR'S ENCOURAGING VISIT.

'*The Family Treasury*'—a handsome and richly laden monthly—published by the Messrs Nelsons, of Edinburgh and London, furnishes the following narrative of a Gospel life, and of a Christian leaving earth for heaven. *The Family Treasury*, for sterling home reading, is the very best periodical we know.—ED.

I was but young in the ministry, and had many empty benches. A stranger was ever looked on with interest. I had noted a quiet, decent, plain young man, who posted himself day after day in different parts of the church; now up stairs, now below. Finally, I observed that he became stationary, and was as regularly in his place as I was in mine. One day he dropped into the Sunday-school. I was there, and took occasion to accost him. He told me his story: how he was awakened in Aberdeenshire long ago, in the early M'Chens times; and how he had been working near London, and had been seeking out a place wherein he might worship God. He told me how he had sat in judgment on my labours, carefully and cautiously, not knowing who I was; till one evening I preached from the text, 'The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary,' &c.; then after that he had no difficulty, but cast in his lot with us; could we find work for him in the school?

My new friend S—— had to travel nearly six miles every Lord's-day; but he was never late, and never absent. There he sat, day after day, his honest, earnest face turned full on mine—a joy to behold. And it was so for many months; perhaps years. But one day I observed a quiet, plain, pleasant young woman in the pew along with him. She, I noted, came now in the morning, and anon in the evening; till as a communion occasion drew near I was asked, could I see Miss R——? Of course I could. She came; she told me all that was in her heart; how she was born again, and the means of it. She told me how her soul was fed, and how it grew under my poor ministry; and how the Lord had cast my friend S—— in her way, and that they were engaged to be married—(this did not come forth easily)—and how they only waited for

the Lord's own time and way. What a joy all this was to me; what a riches of wealth and quiet happiness! How I rejoiced with her, and blessed the great mercy and goodness of God in their behalf.

My friend S—was a labouring man, earning small weekly wages, and his friend B— was simply an ordinary household servant; so they had to wait long before they could furnish their little cottage, and be united. But the glad day came at length; they were married by me, and I spent with them a portion of the first day of their married life. I know not how it was, yet so it was, that though we were all very happy, there mingled a solemn trembling with our mirth. My friends had taken a very small cottage in the country far from me, near his work, and there they abode in peace and comfort; still attending my ministry; S. often reverting to the 'word in season to him that is weary.' They were both most regular in their attendance till towards the close of the first year of their union, when Mrs S. ceased to come so frequently, and I noted when she did come, a paleness and a redness, neither of which I liked. Then the walk got to be too much for her; and then it was found that a cold had settled down into a confirmed cough and consumption, and she was very weak. After an interval, Mrs. S. was transferred to the Consumption Hospital, where I had opportunity of seeing her very often. I soon saw that death had set his seal on her brow, and that it was only a question of months, it might be even of weeks only. I spoke of death to her. At first she could not look kindly on it at all. It seemed a sorrowful ending to her young life, to break it off just there. But slowly she came round; it was the will of God, and she said meekly, humbly, 'Thy will be done.' A few months spent in the Consumption Hospital proved that the disease was incurable, and she was sent home to her husband. A few weeks thereafter I heard that she had become the mother of a fine healthy boy, and that her life was still spared. She mended and saw the child grow up to be some weeks old; but slowly and surely she was coming down on the other side, and at last it became evident that she could not live many days more. I was asked to go out to name the child before she died. I appointed an early evening. Oh! how well I remember the walk out to that suburb on a fine

summer afternoon. I found the cottage. How tidy and neat it was, without and within ! Mrs. S. was lifted on to the sofa, and there was tea, and much pleasant and profitable talk. Then Mr. S. returned from his labor, and about seven o'clock a city missionary, and one or two humble neighbours, came in. I conducted a regular service though short—singing psalms, in which we all joined with all our heart. The room was small, and it was only by door and window open, a fan kept constantly going, and such other appliances, that Mrs. S. could be kept from fainting away through total weakness. Then the little child was brought in, and after words in season to the weary souls, I named him 'in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Amen.' Then I prayed ; and during the whole service the place was a Bochim ; there was not a dry eye among us, Mrs. S. alone excepted : she wept not. Never have I beheld any service so solemn and affecting as all that service was. But it closed, and I had to depart. I parted with my dying friend for the last time. I felt that I should see her face no more. She felt it too. Shaking my hand, she thanked me. 'We will never meet more, till—till—;' and then for the first time, she too wept. 'Till,' said I, 'we meet where there is no more suffering, sorrow, or parting ; where God the Lord shall wipe away all tears from every eye.' 'Yes,' she said, 'that's it—that's it. God the Lord shall do it.' (her voice husky, and low and slow,) 'He will do it himself—with his own hand—with his own hand—he will not let another do it—he loves them too well for that—he will do it himself—with his own hand !' The last words were uttered with such an emphasis, and there was such a look in the clear bright eye, that they went to my heart. I never had heard anything more real than that ; and I came away without the power even to say, 'Farewell !' The city missionary came with me. After long silence, he said, 'Well, sir, of all the solemn services I ever saw or heard of, that's the most solemn. I never expect to meet with anything more solemn till I come to the judgment of God.' I said nothing. There was a great fire in London. The whole atmosphere above us was ruddy with a fiery glow. It was Broadwood's pianoforte manufactory, I think. But we took no note of it, gave no heed to it, and walked on in silence. A few days after, and all was over. Mrs. S. went up to her Father, leaving her husband and child behind her.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

NO. III.

DEAR SAMUEL FOSTER—I have thought much of you, since I left your long-occupied sick chamber, last Saturday morning. You said, you followed me hither and thither in your mind; so I may say, as I am flying in all directions, and preaching with all my might, (for I have not yet found out the way to take it easy) my mind often runs down to you; looks at your affliction; and my spirit hopes your fervent prayers for me ascend to God; oh! my brother, do not forget me; I am in the business most sorely tried; but in the ministry I am so helped and comforted, that I sometimes long to be in the pulpit again. I reached home safely on Saturday evening, tired in body, for beside all the travelling of that week, I had spoken ten times. On Sunday morning last, (I will give you a few Scriptures to which my mind has been directed, you may secretly suck a little honey out of them,) I was much shut up in study; I found my mind unwilling to work; consequently a deep sense of destitution made me sigh in sorrow. These words followed me. *'Received up into glory,'* and I read them for my text; it was a cloudy morning; and in aiming to get up into glory, I found myself in the clouds; I could neither rise above them, nor come down from them. In the afternoon, at brother Garrod's meeting, in Camden Town. I enjoyed some liberty in speaking of the happy privileges of *Israel*, the Lord's own people; and in the evening in my own pulpit, I was favoured to get inside the gates of truth; and there to find a freshness and a fulness in my own soul from the unfolding of the Word. All Monday I worked hard reading and writing letters; did not retire to rest until midnight had passed away. Early the next morning I set off for Ryarsh, near Town Malling, in Kent. It was anniversary-day: there was a large assembly of people from Otatham, Maidstone, Hadlow, &c. Our ministerial brethren, Stringer, of Gravesend, (who preached in the evening,) Lingly, of Meopham; Dixon of Maidstone, House, of Hadlow; and John Inwards, of Ryarsh, pastor, all helped in the services; and I must believe the God of all real religion, of all vital power, of all holy truth, was there. Mr. Inwards is doing a good work at

Ryarah. As soon as my work was done there, I fled home to London, and the next morning (yesterday) left again for Cuddington. Joseph Rose, the good-natured and good-seeking farmer of Chearsley, met me at Aylesbury, and drove me to his house, where his kind wife gave us a good dinner; and then we went to chapel. It was the anniversary of the two good men who preach the gospel at Lower Winchendon; but Mr. Bedding, of Cuddington, kindly lent his chapel for the day; which in the evening was filled to overflowing; and the promise was realized—'There will I come and bless you.' The two brethren, Smith and Hawkins, are laboring men; they walk many miles to preach Christ's gospel to poor villagers; their only reward being the hope that the Lord has sent them; and that he will when all their toils are over, give them to enter fully into the joy of their Lord. Such worthy men as these richly deserve the warmest sympathies of all who are interested in the spread and support of the gospel of Christ.

I will give you the two Scriptures I spoke from that day: you may think upon them to some profit. Passing on from Aylesbury ii. 1, interested my mind; 'I lifted up mine eyes again, and looked and behold a man with a measuring line in his hand. Among many things said that afternoon, three ideas flowed from the words Zech. ii. 1. There is building work going on; secondly, that work must be in strict accordance with the measuring line of God's counsel, covenant, and eternal decrees; 'He worketh all things after the counsel of his own will.

The third thing implied is, the imperfection of the workmen; and the inspection of the Master. Every minister is, in himself, and in his manner of working, an imperfect servant: it is therefore, a cheering fact, that the Great Builder comes with his measuring line in his hand, and he will see to it that no fatal error shall be made in that great work of which he spake in those precious words—'*Upon this Rock will I build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it.*' I must return to Cuddington next month; as I hope to furnish a few more notes of spiritual interest from the Scrap-book of

A VILLAGE PARSON.

[I am thankful for letters of encouragement. It is in contemplation to improve '*Cheering Words*;' may I ask every real friend to this little messenger to use all the influence they conveniently can, to promote its circulation. The sacrifice made in continuing this work has been immense.]



The Village Lad and the Sailor ;
OR,
A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW OF HEAVEN.

YOUNG Harry Lock, and his widowed mother, lived in a cot on the top of a hill. Harry worked in the town—came home every evening—his dear mother to guide him homeward, used to light a little lamp in the cottage window : and the thing became a proverbial saying ‘as bright as mother Lock’s little window.’

After a while Harry went to sea. He was gone in a whaler for years. Just before he came home, his mother died, but he knew nothing of it. The following account of Harry’s return is exceedingly touching, it shows human nature has sometimes declared itself to be God’s workmanship, although marred by sin :

Not many days after, a great ship came into the port of a busy city. Among all those who stepped from her decks, none were more hopeful, more joyous, than young Henry Lock. He had passed through the ordeal of a sea life, so far, unscathed. No blight of immorality had fallen upon him. He had kept himself as spotless as if at every night-fall his feet had been turned towards the door of his mother’s cottage. How his heart bounded as he thought of her ! Strangely enough, he never dreamed she might be dead. It did not occur to him that, perhaps, her silver locks were lying under

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the lid of the coffin. Oh, no! he only thought of the pleasant light in the window, that her hands had trimmed for him.

Beautiful and bland was the day on which he travelled again the long-accustomed road. How pleasant now to go home with sufficient to provide for the comfort of that dear mother! She should never want again. He would take her to a better home, and give her the luxuries he had once longed to see in her possession. That old arm chair—she should have a new one, easy in motion, elegant in material. The faded shawl, that he had seen folded and refolded year after year; the old fashioned bonnet, with its one brand of crape; these, yes, everything, should be placed with newer and better. The flowers on the road all smiled as he looked toward them; the very kine seemed to him turning their meek eyes at the sound of strange footsteps, to know that his heart was glad with love and anticipation. Hope on, dreamer! Yonder comes one, who trudges on laggingly—a farmer, in heavy boots, and frock, his whip in his hand. He cheers the lazy oxen, but suddenly stops, amazed.

‘I see you know me,’ said the young sailor, smiling
‘Well, Mr. Brown, how is’—

‘Know ye? why, how tall ye are. So,—his eye drops, his mouth trembles—’ so ye’ve got home.’

‘Yes, and glad enough to get back again—how’s my mother?’

‘Your—mother—’ he says it in that slow, hesitating way, that telegraphs ill-tidings before they are told in words.

‘Yes, is she well? is she expecting me? Of course she is! We’re late by a month, full.’

‘Your mother, Henry, well—the old lady—’ he plays with his whip, or, rather, strikes it hard on the dusty road. How can he crush that happy heart?

‘There, you need not speak!’ cried the young man in a

voice of sudden anguish ; and he recoiled, almost staggering, from the farmer's side, and he buried his face in his hands.

'Henry, my poor lad, your mother is—'

'Don't ! don't !' cried the other, shewing now a face from which all colour had fled. 'O my mother ! my mother ! she is gone, gone—and I coming home so happy !'

For some moments he sobbed as in agony. How dreary the world had grown ! The flowers had lost fragrance ; the sun warmth ; his heart seemed dead.

'Henry, she has left a message for you,' said the old farmer, wiping his eyes with the sleeve of his frock.

'A message for me ?' it seemed as if the white lips could hardly speak.

'Yes, says she—(so my wife told me, and so the minister said)—tell Henry I will put a light in the window of heaven, to guide his footsteps there.'

'Did she, oh did she say that ? God bless you for telling me ! All my long voyage I have thought of the light in her little window. I have seemed to see it streaming along, along down to the foot of the hill, till it grew brighter and brighter as I drew nearer. A light in the window of heaven ? Yes, mother, I will think still you are waiting for me. I could not see you in these long years, but I knew the light was burning. I cannot see you now, but I know the light is burning. I will come, mother.'

CHEERING WORDS FROM SOME OF OUR PULPITS.

I am very fond of the Ministers of Christ, when they really and truly, faithfully and affectionately, preach Christ into the souls of sinners and saints, by the power of the Holy Spirit. I do not love fops in the pulpit ; neither do I much care for men of tough theories—dry details of things—wire-drawing,

chain-making, and hard-contenders for those things which everybody believes; or, for those things which nobody ever will believe. I like to see and feel a minister in three places: first, in and under the unction of the Holy Spirit; second, I delight to see him walking right into the very bowels of his text; and carrying with him such a holy flame as both to enlighten and to warm the souls of all who follow him while he is following Christ. And then, thirdly, I rejoice to see him rolling right into the very souls of poor sinners—unlocking their prison doors—opening the springs of their deeply-exercised minds—instrumentally moving their souls God-ward: melting their hearts with the Saviour's love; and making tears of penitent sorrow, or of holy joy, to run down their cheeks like little rivers. Such ministers are sure to do well.

Since I have been reading the numbers of "*The Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit*," I have, at times, felt a sweet knitting of heart to the preacher of those sermons—MR. JAMES WELLS. The Lord has wonderfully honoured his ministry: because it is Christ-extolling. Take a sample. The following is from No. 26, entitled, "*A Friend that Loveth at all Times*." I may very properly call it,—a quotation so full of Christ's greatness, goodness, and sympathy,—THE DEW AND THE DROPS OF THE NIGHT.

‘My head is filled with dew, and my locks with the drops of the night.’ I need use no arguments here to prove that the speaker is the Lord Jesus Christ; and that the night will mean his humiliation, his sufferings, his travelling unto where the church was, through all the darkness under which she was, and through all the thick darkness which was between her and God, so that the dew in our text does not mean what it usually does, something pleasing, but it will mean something distressing, it will mean his sufferings, it will mean those sorrows and griefs with which he was perpetually, shall I say, encompassed. Now looking closely at the language it seems like this, that this Person who came after the church was exposed to certain dangers,

and that appears to be the way in which he commands his love to us, by exposing himself to all those dangers to which we stood exposed as sinners. I will take up the language of the text, and look at it in what it naturally implies. Now, first, then he would be in danger of being injured by the copious dew; secondly he would be in danger of missing his way, being in darkness; not that Christ really was so. I am speaking after the manner of men, in order to get at its spiritual meaning; thirdly, he would be in danger of pitfalls, and then he would be in danger of wild beasts, and then he would be in danger of robbers, and then he would be in danger of being so weary as not to be able to reach to the end of the journey. Now we know very well, that it is not at all an uncommon thing for a person in the East to take such a dreadful cold and fever through the dews of the night to which he is exposed as to lose his life; and therefore it conveys to us the first idea here implied. But not so with the Lord Jesus Christ: all the sorrows, all the griefs of which he was the subject, could not expose him in reality to any danger; no, we never read, and really that is a remarkable thing, of his being sick, never read of his being ill, never read of anything ailing him, never read of his having any disease. We have not an instance through all his life, of his being the subject of any sickness or ill health; no, my hearers, all the sicknesses which he had were not personal, but relative: they were our sins, he took our sins, and his infallible health shall I say, swallowed up our sicknesses. Hence 'Thou art the health of my countenance.' So that nothing could ever ail him; bless his holy name, he could come through all the troubles, conquer them all, nothing could ever ail him, he still remained the same. This shews me then this blessed truth, that my religion is always well, if I am very sadly, that is always well; I am always healthy in Christ, always right there, not the slightest symptom of illness there; I have no ailing there, no want of appetite there, no want of sight there, no want of love there, no want of hearing there, no infirmity there. Why, say you, if that be true, that's the place to live. Of course it is; and therefore men in all ages that have lived most in Christ have been the most spiritually healthy, they have been the stronger, their hearts have been the better. And hence one of old, enabled so to dwell in Christ, contrasting the failing of the whole creation with

what he had in Christ; and when the whole creation was gone, he says 'Yet will I rejoice in the Lord, I will joy in the God of my salvation. The Lord God is my strength, and he will make my feet like hinds' feet, and he will make me to walk upon mine high places.' * * * * 'All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way.' What is the remedy? Why, there it is; that Jesus Christ never missed his way, never went astray, never stepped aside. And you may depend upon it, we may try to pique ourselves upon our own doings, but if ever we appear straight before God it must be by the straight walk of the Saviour; it must be by the great truth that he never stepped awry, never stepped wrong. Therefore it may well be said of him, 'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings.' He never missed his way; and he will also take care that we shall not miss our way. There is the way; I cleave to that. It is the way of holiness, sin is ended in no other way, I can be sanctified in no other way, can have access to God in no other way, can have the presence of God in no other way, can obtain the promises in no other way, grace to help in time of need in no other way, freedom and rest in no other way, happiness in no other way. Oh, then let me look at Jesus, as bearing all my sorrows, without being corrupted thereby; let me look at Jesus as walking with that accuracy that there is not a fault in his walk anywhere: and that that walk was not for himself, it was for us. Depend upon it, friends, the more we are enabled thus to look to the Lord Jesus Christ in the various relations he bears, the more confidence we shall have in him, and the more joyfully we shall walk in his way.

If my readers like such Cheering Words, they will always read "The Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit."

**MR. JOHN FOREMAN ON THE THREE-FOLD
SANCTIFICATION OF THE CHURCH OF CHRIST.**

I WAS announced to preach at the Guildford anniversary this year. Mr. John Foreman in the morning and afternoon; myself in the evening. I could not go down before the after-

noon ; but, of course, although (in preparing matter for the forthcoming numbers of my periodicals) I was fully engaged, my heart was silently up to the Lord for a message to carry down to the people at Guildford that evening. The closing words of Jude's Epistle came to my mind rather softly, '*Now unto Him that is able to keep you from falling ; and to present you faultless before his presence with exceeding joy ; unto the only wise God our Saviour, be wisdom,*' &c., &c., &c. These precious words I say, came to my mind ; and I looked at them ; but I was afraid to venture upon them. Almost similar words, (Paul to the Ephesians) had been on my mind for days—and I attempted to speak from them on the previous Tuesday at Farnborough, in Kent ; but although I spoke to the people at Farnborough for an hour and a quarter, or more, I could make no special entrance into the text : the words are these—'*That he might present it unto Himself a glorious Church, not having spot, or wrinkle, or any such thing : but that they should be holy, and without blemish.*' As I travelled down to Guildford, my mind stole away from Jude, and would hover over those amazing words of Paul, '*Present it unto Himself a Glorious Church,*' &c. I said to myself, these words point to the grand and glorious Climax to which the Church of God shall ultimately be carried ; and although I could not, in meditation, get any anointing into that deep and precious Scripture, yet I felt I must venture upon it, *hoping* the Lord would appear.

I reached the Chapel soon after Mr. Foreman had commenced his afternoon discourse, a part of which I heard ; and which the people heard gladly. After tea, we had a little conversation together upon the Lord's dealings with his people ; and then Mr. Foreman left to go home ; and I retired for a few moments' prayer. The service began ; into the pulpit I went. I felt I was not *in the spirit*. I feared I should not be in liberty. I read the 45th Psalm ; spoke a few

words on that delightful Scripture ; but the ideas died away on my lips as fast as I attempted to utter them. I then commenced prayer ; but all to me was a hollow sound. I felt I wanted the inward springs of my poor heart to be opened. I wanted the distilling dew of the Spirit ; but I seemed to have neither. What the prayer was to the people, I cannot tell ; but to me it was sorrowful. I sat down in inward grief. I could have wished they would sing all night ; but they soon ceased. I stood up ; and read—*'That he might sanctify and cleanse it with the washing of water by the word,'* &c. I started off on the wide ocean of Gospel truth ; but (mentally and spiritually, ministerially and feelingly,) it was one of the darkest nights I was ever in : it was one of the wildest voyages in preaching I ever made. The people too, appeared to wonder what was the matter. However, I went on speaking for more than an hour on something about Sanctification ; but although I had ideas, and heads enough for many sermons ; nothing but hardness of spirit, confusion of mind, and a *sad lack* of freedom, accompanied me right down to the end of the effort. Oh ! how little I felt ! How I pitied myself, and the people too. They sung that beautiful hymn, which contains this verse,

“ He will present our souls,
Unblemished and complete,
Before the glories of his face,
With joys divinely great.”

And, as the Chapel was full ; and all appeared to sing it cheerfully and happily, it was a little relief to my mortified mind. I thought I will try and get a few moments in good earnest prayer to close with. But here I was foiled again. I left the pulpit—and on entering the vestry, there sat Mr. Foreman. He had been listening to my efforts to preach a sermon. I felt mortified. If I had had a good time, I might have felt proud. But now to the good which came of all this.

I had the privilege of riding home with Mr. Foreman. Very kindly he took up the subject of *Sanctification*, on which I had been trying to speak. 'Ah!' he said, 'Some are for *progressive* sanctification: and some for a *non-progressive* sanctification; but I take them both in. I divide Sanctification into three parts. First, that which I call *constitutional*. The very moment the Holy Spirit regenerates the soul of a sinner, from that moment that *soul* is as holy as it ever will be—it is instantaneous—it is entire. It is constituted *holy*: 'Be ye holy as I am holy.' Without this holiness—this regeneration—this new life in the soul—no man can see the Lord. Secondly, (continued Mr. Foreman,) there is that part of *Sanctification* which I term *educational*. That is Progressive Sanctification. The regenerated soul is ever learning. The Holy Spirit is continually unfolding to the believing soul the mysteries of the Gospel. This the Saviour prayed for,—“Sanctify them through thy truth; thy word is truth.” In this sense there is going on to know the Lord. Then, thirdly, there is that which may be termed *Devotional*. This Devotional Sanctification is like Martha and Mary—one is all anxiety, the other sits quietly trusting in the Lord. 'I have said' (most emphatically added Mr. Foreman,) 'You need not go far to find these two—the one troubled about many things: the other resting in the Lord—they are both of them under my old waiscoat, many times. At one hour, I am as quiet, as resigned, as content, can leave everything with the Lord; the next hour I am all anxiety. The Devotional part of believers' Sanctification is subject to many charges." I thought these few lines might be useful from

A VILLAGE PREACHER.

[I cannot carry my mind back to Cuddington this month; but the great deliverance I found in that Puseyitish Church-Yard; and the happy time we enjoyed in the evening, must come in another time. I have some tales to tell of Village Preaching yet.]

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CARPENTER'S SON.

LETTER XVII.

'And when they heard that he spake in the Hebrew tongue to them, they kept the more silence.' Acts xxii. 2.

MY DEAR SIR—Every man who hopes to interest a Jew morally, or benefit him spiritually, must aim at these noble ends by means of the original scriptures of Moses and the prophets; and I am thankful that you have given a direction to the subject of this letter, by your enquiry respecting my Hebrew studies.

I was not moved to them exactly as to the study of the Greek; but having commenced them with greater advantages, I prosecuted them with greater vigor and success; until, indeed, the historical parts of the Bible were read by me in Hebrew as readily as in English.

In my use of 'Parkhurst's Greek Lexicon,' in every page, I met Hebrew letters representing the original roots of Greek words. And thus I saw a connection between the two, and sometimes traced it. At this time too I became more fully aware of the great advantage a knowledge of the original tongues would confer on a person who might be brought into contact with a disputant to the authenticity of the holy scriptures, and this put the sharp edge to the desire which I had already conceived to attain that knowledge. Still I did not resolutely attack even the outworks of this unknown tongue, until the following incident put me upon my mettle by again exciting in me the spirit of emulation.

I was in my school and busied in my 'drafts' of boys, when a little dark man of the seed of Abraham introduced himself as a teacher of Hebrew. He said, he taught it at one of the Universities, and during the vacation was making a sojourn in Nottingham.

אֲרִיָּה לֹא יִירָא

My name, said he, is Lyon, and that is my motto, 'The Lion hath roared, who will not fear?' Amos iii. 8. However that did not cause me to tremble, nor could I engage to take lessons from him, but when he laid before me testimonials from his pupils, then

receiving instruction in that town, and among them one from my valued friend, J. K. D., I determined to make the one lesson I had received from the Lion sufficient, and forthwith I began that which since has been to me better than thousands of gold and silver.

But you wish me to state particularly the course I followed to attain this proficiency. I will do this thing also as far as I am able. First, I purchased 'Parkhurst's Hebrew Lexicon,' &c., a book corresponding to his work in Greek for the New Testament. These books are prized by me to this day, as they are valuable compilations and commentaries. But there are primers to the point at once, and cheap, which I advise you to begin with. Dr. M'Caul's Hebrew Primer at 1s. 6d. is the best introduction to this study. I, having learned the letters of the alphabets, acquired a good insight into the use of them by writing frequently the 8th verse of the 3rd chapter of Zephaniah in Hebrew. Practice, my dear sir, and become acquainted with that verse, and much will be done. That single verse contains all the twenty-two letters, the five final forms of letters, or letters which change their form when they finish a word, and lastly most of the points and accents.

There are two schools of Hebraists, the Punctists and the Anti-Punctists. The first use the letters and the masoretic points; the latter the letters only, supplying a short *e* or *a* between two consonants. Parkhurst belonged to this latter school, but I soon found the former the most useful for useful purposes, and therefore was glad, among the literary treasures of Miss Chambers, to find a thin old book called 'Miphtach Leshon Hakkodesh,' which had a grammatical praxis of the xxiii. Psalm. According to the principle of Jacalot, I learned that one Psalm, thoroughly and referred every thing else to it. And such a course is a very remunerative one. By writing it over frequently, and analyzing it closely, I became acquainted with every 'jot and tittle' of it, and it became a measuring reed in my hand to measure with and apply to any part of the sacred tongue.

I afterwards copied out a parading in of the verb פקד through all the conjugations from Parkhurst on one sheet, and filled up what was wanting there from other sources. I carried this sheet about with me, and used it in my readings, until all was familiar to me.

Constant reading with the Lexicons made me a comparative master of the Hebrew tongue. I should like to send you a reduced *facsimile* of this sheet, for though much worn, I am glad to possess it as a proof of some perseverance.

This word perseverance gives a clue to the success of all self-taught men. A love for a particular study, and perseverance in it, must overcome. Repelled, he still plods on and makes progress. Opposed, he puts forth more strength, and obstacles give way to him if he will not yield to them. Thus it was that as I proceeded a wider field opened to me. The Hebrew Lexicons of Gesenius and Lee, abounding with Syriac and Arabic illustrations and derivations led me on to those languages as Parkhurst's Greek Lexicon had led me on to Hebrew. Indeed the whole oriental field lay spread out before me and at that time I think I could have taken possession of the whole of it, had books or a friend to guide me been near, or if I could have given myself wholly to that pursuit. But I had many other pursuits or studies for my school. I will mention one here.

There was at that time, a question agitated by many who wished to store youthful minds with Scripture truth, what existing method would best effect that end? Or what more excellent way could be devised for effecting such an important object. The importance of the object I had long felt, but the means for attaining it I was not so certain about. Still I showed my opinion by what was done in my school. I illustrated the whole of the Ten Commandments by Scripture, and named my work the ASSOCIATED PRECEPT; because the illustrations were associated with the text, and both so impressed on the mind, or on the organ of the mind rather, that either being named, or almost any word of the text or illustration being mentioned the other would spring up and present itself before you, and that accompanied with many other passages which seemed on it to wait. I will transmit you one of the short ones, the fifth for example.

THE DECALOGUE SCRIPTURALLY ILLUSTRATED.

FIFTH COMMANDMENT.

'HONOUR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER.'

How are we to honour our parents?

Answer. 1st. By obeying them:

Ephesians vi. 1. 'Children obey your parents in the Lord, for this is right,' &c.

Proverbs xxiii. 22. 'Hearken unto thy father that begat thee, and despise not thy mother when she is old.'

What is said of Jesus Christ in this particular?

Luke ii. 51. 'And he went down with them, (his parents) and came to Nazareth, and was subject unto them.'

2nd. By being grateful to them,

1 Timothy v. 4. 'But if any widow hath children, or nephews, let them learn first to shew piety at home, and to requite their parents: for that is good, and acceptable before God.'

Give some scriptural examples of gratitude to parents?

John xix. 26, 27. 'When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple, standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, woman, behold thy son. Then saith he to the disciple, behold thy mother! And from that hour, that disciple took her to his own home.'

Another.

Genesis xlv. 9-11. 'Haste ye and go up to my father, and say unto him, thus saith my son Joseph, God hath made me lord of all Egypt: come down unto me; tarry not. And thou shalt dwell in the land of Goshen, and thou shalt be near unto me, thou, and thy children, and thy children's children, and thy flocks, and thy herds, and all thou hast. And there will I nourish thee; for there are yet five years of famine; lest thou, and thy household, and all that thou hast, come to poverty.'

3rdly. By a reverential respect for them.

How is the observance of this duty enjoined?

Leviticus xix. 3. 'Ye shall fear every man his mother, and his father, and keep my Sabbaths: I am the Lord your God.'

What great evils are denounced upon those who violate it?

Deuteronomy xxvii. 16. 'Cursed be he that setteth light by his father, or his mother. And all the people shall say, Amen.'

Proverbs xxx. 17. 'The eye that mocketh at his father, and despiseth to obey his mother, the ravens of the valley shall pick it out, and the young eagles shall eat it.'

What great temporal blessings are promised to them who regard it?

Ephesians vi. 2, 3. 'Honour thy father and mother; which is the first commandment with promise: that it may be well with thee, and thou mayest live long on the earth.'

How was this promise verified in the case of the Rechabites?

Jeremiah xxxv. 18, 19. 'And Jeremiah said unto the house of the Rechabites, thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel, because ye have obeyed the commandment of Jonadab your father, and kept all his precepts, and done according to all that he hath commanded you; therefore, thus saith the Lord of Hosts, the God of Israel, Jonadab the son of Rechab shall not want a man to stand before me for ever.'

How shall it be confirmed to all who observe it?

Psalm xxxvii. 3. 'Trust in the Lord and do good, so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed.'

'HONOUR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER, THAT THY DAYS MAY BE LONG IN THE LAND, WHICH THE LORD THY GOD GIVETH THEE.'

Proverbs i. 10. 'My son, if sinners entice thee, consent thou not.'

If enticed to disobedience, remember God's judgment!

Deuteronomy xxi. (18.) 'If a man have a stubborn and rebellious son which will not obey the voice of his father, or the voice of his mother, and that, when they have chastened him, will not hearken unto them: (19) then shall his father and his mother lay hold on him, and bring him out unto the elders of his city, and unto the gate of his place; (20) and they shall say unto the elders of his city, this our son is stubborn and rebellious, he will not obey our voice; he is a glutton, and a drunkard. (21) And all the men of his city shall stone him with stones, that he die.' &c.

If enticed to ingratitude, remember Absalom and his end.

2 Samuel xvi. 11. 'And David said to Abishai, and to all his servants, behold my son, which came forth out of my bowels, seeketh my life.'

But the loveliness of filial respect, may be seen in king Solomon's reception of his mother.

1 Kings ii. 19. 'Bath-sheba therefore went unto King Solomon to speak unto him for Adonijah. And the king rose up to meet her, and bowed himself unto her, and sat down upon his throne, and caused a seat to be set for the King's mother; and she sat on his right hand.'

The numerous passages for the ten commandments were known throughout the school by the following method. I gave the questions, and the scriptures answering the questions, to a number of monitors to learn at home; one to each. In some breathing moment of the school, the monitors being arranged at the head of their desks, I would ask the first monitor the first question which he would answer, he then would ask the next monitor the second question, and so on through the first commandment or the first sec-

tion of it : and as they all listened, and learned by repetition, the whole in time became the property of all. And it was something connected, and associated, and instructive ; sweeping through the Scripture field of history, poetry, and science, and distilling on the young mind promises, commandments, and judgments. And though these might in some, lie buried long, I did believe in many, and in time, would the word be found, eaten, and rejoiced in, as was the case with Jeremiah xv. 16,—“ Thy words were found, and I did eat them, and thy word was unto me the joy and rejoicing of mine heart.”

I will now conclude this letter. You may think I speak of difficult things as easy of attainment. Difficulties do not lie in things so much as in mind. We say “ there is a lion in the street,” and we fear to go forth. Let the mind feel the importance and desirableness of a thing, and be willing to pay the price in labour for it, and little by little every thing difficult will disappear.

I confess, I had at times, recourse to stimulants ; but not to those which I have heard even students speak of. I read sometimes the lives of men who had done a hundred times more than I had attempted : and when my head grew dizzy, and my heart sickened, and the grave seemed to yawn at my feet, I flew to those stirring stories—‘ The Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties,’ and thus was I stimulated. Then I had so much reason for thankfulness, that praise and prayer, was at that time my delight, and these things strengthened me very much. And then every thing was gain to me that I did obtain, so that I had no dark side to look at, and that encouraged me very much. And then the burden I had carried so many years, *that I was made in vain*, grew every day lighter, and thus in truth it came to pass that no one was happier than, very truly your’s,

THE CARPENTER’S SON.

JOHN BLOOMFIELD’S

“ VOICE FROM THE PULPIT.”

“ It seems not many years ago,” (says a Kentish Pastor,) “ that I was preaching at Stonham, when a smiling, round-faced, pleasing-looking young rustic was introduced to me by a friend, who said, ‘ *Here is a young man who has just*

began to preach.' I cordially welcomed him to so great and so good a work; and asked him at once to open one of the services for me on that occasion. He did so. That good young man has advanced in the ministry; has been greatly favoured of his Lord and Master—has preached the gospel in many parts of this kingdom—is now the author of some nice little works; and the Minister of Salem Chapel, in Soho; that young man is John Bloomfield, the Author of "*A Voice from the Pulpit*," the second part of which work is now just issued.

In introducing an essay on Jacob's Ladder, in the above work, Mr. Bloomfield says:

It set forth by its standing upon the earth and its top reaching to heaven, Christ, who is both God and man. He is the self-existent and eternal God, and he is perfectly man. He possesses all the essential perfections and attributes of eternal Godhead, and he has all the perfections of manhood. His person is the wisdom of God in its most splendid embodiment and manifestation. It is the mystery of mysteries—the concentration of Divine glories—the wonder of angels, and the foundation of the Church's salvation and dignity. He had a nature, in which he could stand upon earth amongst men; and he had a nature, in which he could stand in the midst of the throne in heaven. If Christ had not been man, he could not have sustained the relations which he did on earth; and had he not been God, He could not have said, 'I and my Father are one.' Christ had a nature, in which he could stand by man's side as his brother; and a nature, by which he could stand, in unveiled majesty, with his hand upon the eternal throne of infinite majesty, and exclaim, 'I and my Father are one.' Christ possessed a nature by which he could descend into the depths of his people's dire necessities and distresses; such was the dignity of Christ's person, that he could maintain and satisfy the claims of the divine government. He could make a full atonement for sin. He could bring in an everlasting righteousness, and vindicate the honour of the Divine Majesty. Had not Christ been man, by an astonishing process of Divine condescension and grace, He never could have stood in man's condition—He never could have endured the curse of a violated law—He never could have wrought out an everlasting righteousness for the justification of all that believeth in him. Had he not been God to give dignity to his mysterious person, merit to his blood, perfection to his atonement, glory to his righteousness, there would have been no prevailing intercession before the throne of God in heaven.



G O O D T I M E S
FROM THE NORTH OF IRELAND.

WE are astonished and almost perplexed to know what to say to the amazing movements of a religious kind in many parts of the North of Ireland. We have waded through a large amount of correspondence and information descriptive of this Great Revival ; and we must hope and believe the hand of God is in it for great good. The following letter is a fair sample of a great deal of that mighty movement now shaking the rustic Irish villagers and towns-people. The writer, Hugh Hunter, *was* and *is*, we believe, an Irish Clergyman. See what he says of himself, and of the scenes around him.

‘ The Manse, Bellaghy, June 25, 1859. County of Derry.

‘ My dear Sir,—It is now nearly five weeks since the Lord’s work commenced in good earnest in this neighbourhood. At first the most unfeasible stories were put into circulation about the movement in county Antrim. Every day brought new tales. Thank God, I was among the first, if not the first here, to look into the matter without prejudice, and in a spirit of honest inquiry. I went to my knees. I implored God’s Spirit to guide me to a right conclusion regarding the origin and character of the great work. The Spirit did enlighten me ; and upon the clearest evidence,

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I was enabled to come to the conclusion that God's Spirit was working mightily, breathing upon the dry bones, and raising up an army of witnesses for the truth as it is in Jesus.

'When convinced myself of the heavenly origin of the work, I preached upon the subject from the pulpit, conversed about it in the highways, and in the families of the neighbourhood. God acknowledged my humble teaching, for the people were stirred up to pray for the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon it; and when it pleased the Lord to visit us with such a superabundance of spiritual blessings as I cannot attempt to describe, the people were neither alarmed nor astonished, but saw, in the merciful visitation more than an answer to our united prayers. The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad.

'On the first night of meeting in an open field, we witnessed the wonderful doings of the God of grace. While a young man was engaged in prayer, a cry was heard—a piercing, agonizing cry—'Lord, be merciful to me a sinner!' Another, and another. When prayer was concluded, and I looked around me, I could see, at a glance, seven of my people prostrate at a throne of grace, crying for mercy, and calling for me, their dear minister. For the first time in my life, I felt the honour of being a minister. I thought I knew my privilege and my responsibility well before; but oh! never half till then. I cannot picture the scene; my heart is too full. Mine eyes swim when I think of it.

'For the past five weeks meetings have been held regularly, never fewer than five in the week. I open them all, and address them on some suitable subject. I am not a man of great bodily strength, though very healthy. I am only thirty years of age, though more than nine years in the ministry.

'Many a time I go, with tottering limbs and confused brain to the meeting; but when I enter, and receive the warm welcome of earnest souls, and hear them say, as I pass, 'Lord, bless and strengthen thy weak servant,' I just feel my heart swelling within me: my arms grow strong: God's Spirit gives me a spirit and a tongue; and I can go on with more than wonted power.

'Before this, our day of merciful visitation, Bellaghy was the most degraded of Irish villages. Rioting and drunkenness were

the order of each evening. Many a time I longed to get out of it. Well, we have a change now that is truly gratifying. As you pass down the street you hear, in every house almost, the voice of joy and melody. Stop on the way; name the name of Jesus, old and young crowd around you. Raise the voice in praise or prayer, and every dwelling pours out its inmates to join the company of anxious hearers. Those who heretofore were at ease in Zion, now tremble as in the presence of God. A minister from a distance heard of the Lord's work in Bellaghy. He could not credit the extraordinary accounts he heard. He came; he saw; he heard; but he did not conquer, for he was conquered. King Jesus conquered him. Eternity alone will tell the results of that minister's visit to us that night. He went away from my house next morning, if not a new man, at least with the arrow of conviction in his heart. As I was conveying him out of the village, he exclaimed, as the holy sounds reached his ears from the humble dwellings of the poor, 'I feel as if I was breathing the atmosphere, and treading the golden streets, of the new Jerusalem.'

'Among those who have been brought under conviction, we have some very old, at least some sixty years of age, and some very young, not more than eight years of age. We have persons of good moral character, as the world has it, and some of the very offscouring of the earth. Nothing more vile in London than some converts I know. We have persons of all denominations in the neighbourhood, Pelatists, Presbyterians, Baptists, Methodists, and Romanists—yes, Romanists. Oh, sir, if you could hear what I have heard, and see what I have witnessed! Poor deluded Romanists casting their blessed beads, their manuel, their amulets, from them as polluting things, and crying, 'No priest but Jesus; no mediator but Jesus; no purgatory but the fountain opened up for sin and for uncleanness. They never go back to the priest for confession and absolution. They never go to mass again. Oh no, they go to some of our Protestant places of worship, where they get a nourishing draught of the sincere milk of the word. I am as convinced, as I am of my own existence, that Romanists will be very large sharers in this blessing.

Many a time—I am sorry to think, that I can't get to other

fields of labour to tell of God's doings here—I wish you had three or four of my little lambs at your London meeting. The greatest, the wisest, and best of your city ministers, would give place to them in praise and prayer. All those who are brought under conviction get an extraordinary gift of prayer. It would astonish you.

It is a very nice matter to deal with the poor anxious souls as their state requires: first, they are awakened; second, convicted; third, converted. The following are the portions of Scripture that stand us in good stead, and to which we confine ourselves, particularly in dealing with those under conviction; Isaiah i. 18, and lv. 1, 6; Matthew xi. 28; and above all John vi. 37. The words in which they delight to sing God's praise are, Psalm's xxiii.; xl., first four verses, and cxvi., and the new hymn, if I may so call it, 'What's the news?' Oh, if you heard them sing that! How hearty! how heavenly! The work is progressing and will progress. Thy kingdom come!

Don't stand aghast at my presumption in asking the enlightened and pious devoted ministers and people of London to imitate the example of the uneducated, poverty-stricken boors of Bellaghy. Ah, but we are before you now. 'Not unto us, not unto us, but unto thy name be all the praise.' We have made no unholy compromises. We are parties to no patched-up peace; but the foot of the cross is our common ground, where we meet and sing the cxxxiii. psalm; and a throne of grace is our meeting-place, where with one heart and one soul, we say, 'Our Father.'

HUGH HUNTER.

We shall watch this unusual work if the Lord spare and permit. Oh, that it may prove to be a genuine work of God, and may it spread to our fashionable and formal land. God grant it. Amen.

Keddington, Two Waters, the scene at Daere Park; Hungary Hill; Newick; Cranmer Court Opening; Farnborough; Notting Hill;—and many other scenes of great interest and cheerfulness are intended for insertion in 'CHEERING WORDS,' as early as possible.

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CARPENTER'S SON.

LETTER XVIII.

"Again, they are minished and brought low through oppression, affliction and sorrow." Ps. cvii. 39.

MY DEAR SIR—How many have I known in my secluded life 'brought low' through the 'sorrow of this world which worketh death!'

Many I have known wrecked, and some lost, because they could not endure the ills and inconveniences of their position. They have imagined they were destined or fitted for some higher post than the one they filled; they have wondered that others did not see this as well as themselves; they have conceived themselves illused, kept back, and even conspired against; and they have become uneasy, suspicious, misanthropical and useless!

I have known many in their zeal, for what they call 'use of means,' abuse God's means, and instead of arriving at the end aimed at, have had in much trouble and loneliness to begin again. 'He that believeth shall not make haste.' But Rebecca and Jacob used their means, and had to repent of their haste and devices. So Israel, who would not believe, and so would not enter the promised land when they could, could not enter it when they would; but though armed and carrying bows, turned back in the day of battle and again began their weary detours in the wilderness.

Now though none of these cases exactly mark mine, yet my folly in removing from the Nottingham School, has made me observant of such folly in others, which I now ever see with sincere regret.

And thus moralizing, I resume my tale.

The family of my wife was not a numerous one. There was a mother, a sister and a brother. The little estate on which they had subsisted had been left to the children by one uncle, and thrown into Chancery by another. That Court at length decreed the skeleton of its former goodness to the children, on the undertaking of their 'next friend;' but at

his decease, and on the winding up of his affairs in 1838, the 'little estate' was charged with liabilities to the amount of £600. The next of kin, who claimed the personalty, wanted the money, and they talked of an 'Order of the Court,' for the sale of the property unless the money was found forthwith. But that property was the stay of the long harassed mother, and as God moved the heart of a good lawyer to advance the money, I, with the sister and brother borrowed it, and the good lawyer, C. H. C., took the deeds.

There were so many cares connected with the old property and no income from it for us, that I, in 1841, desired to be free from the continual disquiet, and also to provide more comfortably for my family, which had been increased by the birth of two daughters. Another source of disquiet was an alteration, I recollect, in the remuneration which as master of the School I received. It was a proper alteration, and one that would have been beneficial both to the School and myself, had I thought so then.

But at that time a general state of debility, combined with the aforesaid causes of disquietude, made me catch at an opportunity of a change which presented itself. I saw an advertisement for a master of an endowed school in Worcestershire. I applied for it, obtained it, and in November, 1841, took possession of it.

I left my Nottingham school with a mark of affection from my boys in the shape of a family Bible, which I look upon as such to the present day, as I daily use it in my family; and I was favoured with an extract from the minute book of the Committee, of which the following is a copy, in the writing of the esteemed Secretary, which is before me as I now write:—

'At a meeting of the Committee of the Canal Street School, in Nottingham, upon the British System, the 5th day of November, 1844. William Enfield, Esq., in the chair. The application of Mr. John, the master of the School to resign the situation of master, being read; it is resolved that the same be accepted, and that he be at liberty, as soon, within 3 months, as the Committee can meet with some one to supply his place. That the Committee express their approbation of the zeal and ability with which Mr.

Jehn, has conducted the school for about six years, and their wish for his success in any future situation.'

'WILLIAM ENFIELD, Chairman,

'SAMUEL FOX, Secretary.'

I cannot recollect the circumstances of my resignation or rather abandonment of the Nottingham School with any feeling of self-gratulation to this day. My step was a foolish and a weak one, yet so unconscious was I of it, that I answered the enquiry of my friends as to the Why ? in the words Tityrus,

"*Libertas : quæ, sera, tamen respexit inertem ;*

Respexit tamen, et longo post tempore venit.

Postquam nos Kidderminster habet, Nottinghamia reliquit."

On my first journey however, as I travelled, alone indeed, I felt I had done wrong. I had no sooner left Birmingham, and entered upon the Black Country, passing through it by night, than a picture of the future was opened to me. I had not followed the leadings of Providence, but having seen a way, had rushed into it, and it led me through blackness, fire, and smoke. Thus, I entered upon my new undertaking in a strange place with a heavy heart; and the wheels of the whole machinery moved heavily along.

My own troubles were increased too at that time by those which were aiming to uproot my elder brother. Indeed Satan seemed permitted to thrust sore at and threaten the destruction of, my mother's children. But to proceed. My wife's mother died before my return at Christmas; and my wife's brother was not well; so that after Christmas, I again set out alone, leaving my family still in the Midland County. My wife's brother, after my departure, had gone down to our residence, at No. 2, Forest Terrace, Ison Green, with a view, if he approved, to take it off our hands, and thus I was looking for our reunion, and then yet hoped for happy days.

To have moved our furniture would have required more money than I could spare. To sell it seemed too great a sacrifice, and then I did not feel more satisfied with my school than at first, though every thing had been done by the Committee to meet my wishes. So that really my strength was to sit still, and in patience to possess my soul.

Things at length began to brighten. The year opened genially;

and as the days lengthened, and the hedges budded, and the daisy peeped forth, and the crocus expanded, hope revived. I shall never forget the inspiration of hope which came with the first daisy which I saw that winter, and plucked and sent home in my letter. "The earth and the fulness thereof are the Lord's." But I had looked upon that spot as the extreme boundary of earth, and the region of death. Nothing ever cheered me there till I saw life springing in the fields, and peeping out from the hedges, and heard it in the carolling of the feathered songsters. Then came a portion from heaven which sustained me;—a draught from the fountain, which had been 'sealed' to me so long now refreshed me: 'God is the Lord, which hath showed us light; bind the sacrifice with cords, even to the horns of the altar.' Ps. cxviii. 27. Then was heaven opened to me again and the earth reflected heaven's smile, and there was a resuscitation in all things. The brother at home was better. He had agreed to take the house of his sister, to buy the large furniture, to pay her fifty pounds for it, and I was looking for a nice enclosure for my little ones, and expecting them from time to time. The brother delayed still;—he trifled; he was in the house, and yet he did not liberate his sister.

At length, one Saturday, I received a letter from home; my wife had been undeceived. Her brother was much better; he had told her plainly he would not take the furniture; and she was in the town for the purpose of advertising the sale of our 'belongings,' as it was impossible to clear off with them. I felt much anguish of spirit on account of my wife and children, and the trouble I had brought upon them by my remove. I felt too that my wife had been left in the hands of her brother, who instead of assisting her had impeded and oppressed her. The proposals of her brother had detained her two months, and when to the utmost he had tried her, he repudiated those proposals.

I wrote that same day to my wife with all the force and affection I felt, directing her, with me, to cast this burden upon the Lord. I used the words of Jehoiada. 2 Chron. xxiv. 22. 'The Lord look upon it, and require it.' And in his hands I left the matter. During that day and the following morning I was much in fervent prayer, and I was endued with much strength. God was the Rock

of my heart. I felt as, when at Sherwood Hill, I thought I was struck by death, I called out to my wife to tell her this, and to tell her I was on the Rock. So again I was on the Rock and I was right. My feet stood in an even place. There was peace and thankfulness, yea, a heavenly calm!

The following morning was very wet and cold. I passed through the dirty streets of that town wrapped in my cloak unknown and unheeded, but I felt as an heir of glory. I felt as a King's son in a foreign land, but with such resources and such assurances, as made ever a foreign land, a paradise. I reached the school; on the desk was a letter; it was from home, and it was a home once more for me. When my letter reached the preceeding day, my wife was called from the chamber where her brother was breathing his last, to receive it. He was that morning taken suddenly ill, and before noon, was no more. It was a stroke from heaven. God made his bow quite naked. The brother was taken, and I was left. His death cleared the property which, had he lived much longer, would have been involved more and lost.

I was not obliged to remain now in a place I had never felt comfortable in as a Schoolmaster; and as my way homeward was clear, I gave notice of my resignation of the post I occupied there. That post was soon filled by another, and my wife and children came to convoy into harbour the shattered, yet rescued,

CARPENTER'S SON.

AUGUSTUS TOPLADY was born 1740. Died 1778. During his last illness, he seemed like one reclining in the very vestibule of glory. To a friend's inquiry, with sparkling eye he answered, 'O, my dear sir, I cannot tell you the comforts I feel in my soul: they are past expression. The consolations of God are so abundant that he leaves me nothing to pray for. My prayers are all converted into praise. I enjoy a heaven already in my soul.' And within an hour of dying he called his friends, and asked if they could give him up; and when they said they could, tears of joy ran down his cheeks as he added, 'Oh, what a blessing that you are made willing to give me over into the hands of my dear Redeemer, and part with me; for no mortal can live after the glories which God has manifested to my soul.'

THE PRETTY GARDEN—THE HOUSE OF GOD—THE AGED PASTOR—AND HIS LITTLE COT.

BY THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

THERE are some enchanting spots *to look upon*, even in this lower world; I have seen a few in my little travels; but take it altogether, I hardly know a scene more varied and delightful than the Chapel, the Cot, the Garden, and the aged and much-loved Sire, on pretty Knowl Hill. For years, Benjamin Mason and his intelligent, devoted, yet afflicted spouse, have dwelt together in this little earthly paradise. But, last year, the Lord took good old Benjamin's wife to heaven; and now the dear old saint is waiting until the angel comes to fetch him to his final rest.

I cannot go back to Cuddington this month, I want time to describe that scene; and time I must have. Just one word here about Knowl Hill. Up a little road as quiet as you could wish, there stands the chapel where the ancient patriarch, Benjamin Mason, and his sturdy, excellent, curate, brother Webb, have for years, preached the gospel of Jesus Christ.

On Monday morning, July 18, 1859. I rose up early; and set off for Knowl Hill anniversary, I was most reluctant to go; being unwell. But by the help of the Lord I reached the pretty spot before it was time to begin the morning service. Our beloved brother Benjamin hobbled into chapel, and read the first hymn: it was that one which has those beautiful lines:

' His love in times past
Forbids me to think,
He'll leave me at last,
In trouble to sink.'

And when the dear old saint gave out those lines, his voice faltered—his tears flowed—his heart was melted; and just then those words of David's came to my mind:—'*They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing: to show that the Lord is upright: he is my rock; and there is no unrighteousness with him.*'

With these words I went into the pulpit and spoke to the people from them : and hope the word was not spoken in vain. I do not ever expect to see the venerable pastor of Knowl Hill again. But he still brings forth fruit in old age. In travelling that morning, I was greatly pleased with the German translation of Psalm cx. 3. It reads like this, '*After thy victory, thy people shall willingly serve thee in the beauties of holiness.*' Three beautiful features of gospel times are here. Our Lord Jesus Christ has obtained the victory. He is not now the servant, the sufferer, the sacrifice. He is the Triumphant Conqueror. There were His Typical Victories. There were his Prophetic Victories. There was His Personal Victory. There are His Evangelical Victories. There are His Spiritual Victories achieved in the hearts, minds, consciences and affections of His quickened elect : there are His Victories over the last enemy in the departure of His dear saints : and there will be His final victory over the grave, when he shall descend from heaven with the shout of a trumpet—with the voice of an archangel, and the glory of God. When all the dead in Christ shall rise from the dust never to return again. The victory of Christ, to be complete, must be considered as typical ; as prophetic ; as personal ; as evangelical ; as spiritual, as super-natural ; as final : and then shall his willing people serve him in the beauties of holiness. II When the Victory is obtained within, the people fly after him ; and delight to serve him. It is a service of love ; and so I found it that day. III. In the highest sense, heaven will be famous for the beauties of holiness. There will be perfect beauty indeed. A good company of Christian people came together to hail old Father Mason ; and to wish him good speed. Young John Lindsey, now of Woodburn Green, prayed mightily ; and our highly-gifted brother Wale, of Reading, preached the closing sermon of the day. I walked from that sacred spot with deep and serious thoughts ; and while many cheered me by the way, I felt thankful I was

A VILLAGE PREACHER.

[If any brother is strolling between Maidenhead and Twyford, I advise him to call upon this patriarchal preacher.]

COME AND WELCOME TO JESUS CHRIST.

A NEW edition of John Bunyan's rich little volume, entitled 'Come and Welcome' is now in the hands of Mr. G. J. Stevenson, for universal publication, and those friends who have enquired for it, may now obtain it neatly bound, through the proper channels, for eighteenpence. The following short extract will show how sweetly John opens his Master's heart.

'And him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.'

By these words our Lord Jesus doth set forth (far more amply) the great goodness of his nature towards the coming sinner. Before he said, they shall come, and he declareth, 'That with heart and affections he will receive them.' But, by the way, let me speak one word or two, to the seeming conditionality of this promise, with which now I have to do. 'And him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out.' Where it is evident (may some say) that Christ's receiving us to mercy depends upon our coming, and so our salvation by Christ is conditional : if we come we shall be received ; if not, we shall not : for that is fully intimated by the words. The promise of reception is only to him that cometh : 'And him that cometh.' I answer, that the coming in these words, mentioned as a condition of being received to life, is that which is promised, yea, concluded to be effected in us by the promise going before. In those latter words, coming to Christ is implicitly required of us : and in the words before that, that grace that can make us come is positively promised to us. All that the Father giveth me shall come to me, and him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out thence. We come to Christ, because it is said, 'we shall come;' because it is given to us to come : so that the condition, which is expressed by Christ in these latter words, is absolutely promised in the words before. And, indeed, the coming here intended is nothing else but the effect of shall come to me. 'They shall come and I will in no wise cast them out.'

THE
FOUR TRANSLATIONS OF THE CHARACTER OF CHRIST.

“For the transgression of my people was the stroke upon him.”
Isa. liii. 8.

I call the 53rd of Isaiah the Sacrificial chapter; the 54th, is experimental, the 55th is evangelical: the 53rd shews us a suffering Saviour; the 54th shews us a living, experimental people; the 55th, shews us the greatness, the goodness, and the glory of the gospel. A living faith in a quickened soul will look at Christ on the cross; this will produce an experience described in the 55th, and bring forth a cheerful and charitable exhibition of the Gospel of the grace of God.

In the text there are three special subjects. First, the suffering Person. Second, the Penalty endured—‘the stroke was upon Him.’ Thirdly, The Privileged People—‘For the transgression of my people.’ Let us here contemplate the Suffering Saviour.

I. He is called, ‘*The arm of the Lord*,’ this figure implies a difficulty and a danger—it declares Christ to be the Wisdom of God; and the power of God. ‘We preach Christ crucified—to the Jews a stumbling-block—to the Greeks foolishness—but unto us who are called, Christ the wisdom of God; and the power of God!’ In the person of Christ, there is brilliantly developed the infinite wisdom of Jehovah; in the work of Christ, there is the Omnipotent Power of the Almighty. There was a life-giving, health-imparting, sin-removing, soul-recovering power, going forth from Christ, as he went up and down this lower world. He spake, and it was done: He commanded, and it stood fast. See ‘the arm of the Lord’ in all those mighty works revealed in the word of God.

This suffering Saviour was typified by the man who led the scapegoat away. The English Bible calls that man a ‘*a fit man*.’ Such was our Jesus—Only two scriptures will shew his fitness—‘in him dwelleth all the fullness of the God-head bodily!’ Surely, then, he must be a fit man.

Secondly. He was in all points tempted, like as we are, yet

without sin : he who was perfect God, and perfect Man, must be a fit man. Of this same man; the Chaldee says, he was a *prepared* man. This prepared man is Jesus Christ; of whom Paul speaks, 'it became him by whom are all things; and for whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through suffering.' In reference to Christ, there is peculiar use of the word '*made*.' He was *made* of a woman; therefore, he had all the feelings, passions, and sympathies of our nature. He was *made* like unto his brethren. He was *made* under the law. He was *made* a curse for us; and this same Jesus was made both Lord and Christ.' Consider the Saviour under all these makings; and you will see he was a *prepared* man to receive the stroke; to bear sin; to endure the curse; to conquer the great Adversary; and to redeem the Church the Father had given unto him. There is nothing wanting in Jesus Christ. Satan, by the fall, brings in three deadly evils. He covers man's mind with a veil of ignorance; he fills his heart with enmity against the sovereignty of God; and he sinks man's soul into death, terror, and dismay. Jesus Christ comes, and *where* he comes, he comes as a living prophet; pours in heavenly light; the scales of ignorance fall from the mind. He comes as a living Priest, and communicates spiritual life, pardon, peace, and holy blessings to the soul. He comes as a reigning king; and erecting his glorious throne in the heart, he commands a loving obedience by the diffusion of that pure compassion, and loving kindness, which is so perfectly his own nature : that Christ-possessing heart then can say, 'I love the Lord, because he first loved me; and by his love divine, from death and hell delivered me.' The definition which the Syriac gives of this same man is equally beautiful. 'A *ready* man.' When Judas came to the gates of Gethsemane, the Redeemer asked the question, '*Whom seek ye?*' The betrayer said, 'Jesus, of Nazareth,' the Saviour said, '*Here am I!*' He was *ready*—his soul was bursting with desires for the accomplishment of all he had to do. When from the throne of heaven the voice cried, '*Who will go for us?*' The answer from the Covenant Head was heard, '*Here am I—send me!*' Hezekiah says—The Lord was ready to save me. When Stephen was looking steadfastly toward heaven, while they stoned

him, he saw Jesus standing ready to receive him. 'All men forsook him; but the Lord stood by him.' Did you ever know the Lord behind, where he was wanted, and sought for? A ready man is Jesus for his saints. Read his word, and see how true to this character he is. But the Hebrew, or marginal rendering of this man is more striking than all to my mind: it is—'*a man of opportunity*.' Well, the fall of man certainly opened up an opportunity for the flowings forth of grace, mercy, pardon, peace, and salvation by the person and work of the dear Redeemer. Look through the ages of the world's existence, and see how every dispensation failed to bring in salvation until heaven's great Opportunity came. In the antediluvian age, there were sacrifices, but no real Saviour: in the patriarchal age, there were altars, but no divine atonement; in the Mosaic dispensation, there were priests, and offerings, a tabernacle, and a mercy-seat; but no satisfaction to divine justice was rendered. In the times of the Judges, there were many deliverers, but these deliverers died; and the children went into captivity again. In the days when the kings reigned, the ark of the covenant was carried hither and thither, until when Solomon's gorgeous temple was built, it found a resting-place; but Solomon's glory departed; his temple decayed; his services ceased; although beyond all doubt his prayers were answered—for in very deed, God did dwell with men upon the earth. In the prophetic dispensation there were visions of Christ and of his coming and glory; but the prophets fell a sleep; and the about years of darkness did succeed; and those clouds of darkness seemed to say, sin, death, and dread forebodings still await the sons of men. Neither sacrifices, nor altars, priests, nor offerings, tabernacles nor temples, kings nor prophets, can save. Now, John wept, the church mourned; Satan triumphed, men perished; but in the fullness of time, (in the Opportunity) God sent forth his Son, he came to live, to save, to obey, to bleed, to die, and by that 'one offering,' (as Paul saith) 'He hath perfected for ever them that are sanctified.' For the transgression of my people, was the stroke upon Him.'

The stroke which fell upon him; and the people, must be spoken of another time

C. W. B.

THE SONGS OF SAVED SINNERS IN THE IRISH VILLAGES.

WE cannot refrain from calling them *saved* sinners—who sing such blessed words as these. The Editor of *The Coleraine Chronicle* has done a noble work in searching into the nature of this work; and faithfully recording the same. Amid a host of facts he says.

‘From the heart of many in town and country, instead of the song of levity, have proceeded not a few of the verses of the following beautiful hymn, which in this revival has been sung and repeated by thousands:—

WHENE’ER we meet, you always say,
What’s the news! what’s the news!
Pray, what’s the order of the day!
What’s the news! what’s the news!
Oh! I have got good news to tell—
My Saviour has done all things well,
And triumphed over death and hell:
That’s the news! that’s the news!

The Lamb was slain on Calvary—
That’s the news! that’s the news!
To set a world of sinners free—
That’s the news! that’s the news!
’Twas there his precious blood was
shed,
’Twas there on him our sins were laid,
And now he’s risen from the dead;
That’s the news! that’s the news!

His work’s reviving all around,
That’s the news! that’s the news!
And many have salvation found,
That’s the news! that’s the news!
And since their souls have caught the
flame,
They shout hosannah to his name,
And all around they spread his fame!
That’s the news! that’s the news!

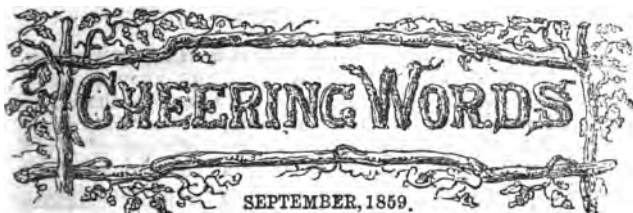
A hope of the heavenly origin of this work prompts us to commence a review of it for the good of our readers. It may, under God, move the hearts of thousands yet to pray.

Come, Holy Spirit, Come!

The Lord has pardoned all my sin,
That’s the news! that’s the news!
I have the witness now within—
That’s the news! that’s the news!
And since he took my sins away,
And taught me how to watch and
pray,
I’m happy now from day to day—
That’s the news! that’s the news!

And Christ the Lord can save you now
That’s the news! that’s the news!
Your sinful heart he can renew—
That’s the news! that’s the news!
This moment, if for sins you grieve,
This moment, if you do believe,
A full acquittal you’ll receive—
That’s the news! that’s the news!

And then, if any one should say
What’s the news! what’s the news?
Oh, tell them you’ve begun to pray—
That’s the news! that’s the news!
That you have joined the conquering
band,
And now with joy at God’s command
You’re marching to the better land:
That’s the news! that’s the news!



The Cathedral of our Metropolis !

THE CORNER-STONE THE ALMIGHTY LAID !!

AND

THE LORD MAYOR'S COMMENDATION OF
MR. SPURGEON.

WHEN all the churches in Christendom—like so many rising and rolling waves—gather together and make one great sea of excitement, activity, and bustle, it is profitable for pensive and retiring minds, like ours, to climb a distant hill, and from thence to watch, to weigh, and to well consider the things which are to be seen—the sounds which are to be heard—and the lessons there to be learned. Such has been our position during the performance of one of the grandest ceremonies ever witnessed by the friends of evangelization, in this great metropolis.

The multitudes of ministers of every sort and size, the crowds of Christians of every creed and colour—the universal cheers of the vast gigantic company—the pouring in of the monies in sums from £3000 and downwards, all

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loudly proclaimed the fact that CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON is the FAVOURITE PREACHER OF THE PEOPLE, and that all he wants, wishes, desires, or asks for, shall be granted unto him. It is said of John, he was '*that disciple whom Jesus loved.*' We may certainly say of Mr. Spurgeon, he is that minister whom all the people have agreed to love; and not only so; they have determined to build him a Tabernacle, because he is so worthy. We were not present to aid the vociferous cheers, nor to augment the overflowing funds—but we secretly rejoice in the movement for three great reasons. First, because, in most beautiful contrast with the ugly unseemingly St. George's Catholic Cathedral close by, will presently lift up its noble head and front—'*The Tabernacle of Protestant Talent and of Evangelical Enterprize.*' We rejoice, secondly, because Mr. Spurgeon will there have, if the Lord spares him, the opportunity of preaching to thousands and to tens of thousands of our fellow-men who would never find out, nor ever listen to those other ministers whom God has as certainly set upon the walls of Zion, as he has done Mr. Spurgeon himself. We rejoice, thirdly, because we are fully persuaded that, should Mr. Spurgeon be holden up in honor, usefulness, and popular feeling, he will be the means of helping to fill other churches and chapels, where at present there are pews patiently and pensively waiting for personal possession; and for aught we know this great and continued movement may be designed of God to effect not only a great revival, but also a glorious resurrection of the dry bones out of our modern and most miserable valley of vision. God Almighty grant that these anticipations may be more than realized; and then we shall have cheering words to give; and no mistake.

Coming to something more solid and serious, we must

give our readers one paragraph from Mr. Spurgeon's sermon the Sunday morning before the corner-stone of his own chapel was laid. Comparing the Church of Christ to a building, Mr. Spurgeon made the following very lessed allusion (See his pulpit, No. 267.)

I must now indulge in a little allegory with regard to this building. The church is not a heap of stones shot together, she is a building. Of old her architect devised her. Methinks I see him, as I look back into old eternity making the first outline of his church. 'Here' saith he in his eternal wisdom, 'shall be the corner stone, and there shall be the pinnacle.' I see him ordaining her length, and her breadth, appointing her gates and her doors with matchless skill, devising every part of her, and leaving no single portion of the structure unmapped. I see him, that mighty architect, also choosing to himself every stone of the building, ordaining its size and its shape; settling upon his mighty plan the position each stone shall occupy, whether it shall glitter in front, or be hidden in the back, or be buried in the very centre of the wall. I see him marking not merely the bare outline, but all the fillings up; all being ordained, decreed, and settled, in the eternal covenant, which was the divine plan of the mighty architect upon which the church is to be built. Looking on, I see the architect choosing a corner stone. He looks to heaven, and there are the angels, those glittering stones, he looks at each one of them from Gabriel down; but, saith he, 'None of you will suffice. I must have a corner stone that will support all the weight of the building, for on that stone every other one must lean. O Gabriel! thou wilt not suffice! Raphael thou must lay by; I cannot build with thee." Yet it was necessary that a stone should be found, and one too that should be taken out of the same quarry as the rest. Where was he to be discovered? Was there a man who would suffice to be the corner stone of this mighty building? Ah no! neither apostles, prophets, nor teachers would. Put them altogether, and they would be as a foundation of quicksand, and the house would totter to its fall. Mark how the divine mind solved the difficulty—'God shall become man, very man, and so

he shall be of the same substance as the other stones of the temple, yet shall he be God, and therefore strong enough to bear all the weight of the mighty structure, the top whereof shall reach to heaven." I see that foundation stone laid. Is there singing at the laying of it? No. There is weeping there. The angels gathered round at the laying of this first stone; and look ye men and wonder, the angels weep; the harps of heaven are clothed in sackcloth, and no song is heard. They sang together and shouted for joy when the world was made, why shout they not now? Look ye here and see the reason. That stone is imbedded in blood, that corner stone must lie nowhere else but in his own gore. The vermillion cement drawn from his own sacred veins must imbed it. And there he lies, the first stone of the divine edifice. Oh, begin your songs afresh, ye angels, it is over now. The foundation stone is laid; the terrible ceremony is complete, and now, whence shall we gather stones to build this temple? The first is laid, where are the rest? Shall we go and dig into the sides of Lebanon? Shall we find these precious stones in the marble quarries of kings? No. Whither are ye flying ye labourers of God? Whither are ye going? Where are the quarries? And they reply—"We go to dig in the quarries of Sodom and Gomorrah, in the depths of sinful Jerusalem, and in the midst of erring Samaria." I see them clear away the rubbish. I mark them as they dig deep into the earth, at last they come to these stones. But how rough, how hard, how unheewn. Yes, but these are the stones ordained of old in the decree, and these must be the stones, and none other. There must be a change effected. These must be brought in and shaped and cut and polished, and put into their places. I see the workmen at their labour. The great saw of the law cuts through the stone, and then comes the polishing chisel of the gospel. I see the stones lying in their places, and the church is rising. The ministers, like wise master-builders, are there running along the wall, putting each spiritual stone in its place; each stone is leaning on that massive corner stone, and every stone depending on the blood, and finding its security and its strength in Jesus Christ, the corner stone, elect, and precious. Do you see the building rise as each one of God's chosen is brought in,

called by grace and quickened? Do you mark the sacred stones as in sacred love and holy brotherhood they are knit together? Have you ever entered the building, and see how these stones can lay one upon another bearing each other's burden, and so fulfilling the law of Christ? Do you mark how the church loveth Christ, and how the members love each other? How first the church is joined to the corner stone, and then each stone is bound to the next, and the next to the next, till the whole building becometh one? Lo! the structure rises, and it is complete, and at last it is built. And now open wide your eyes, and see what a glorious building this is—the church of God.

And now—as a proof of the amicable kind of days in which we live, we give the following sentences uttered by David Wire, Esq., the present Lord Mayor of London.

Truly our Mayor is a most kind-hearted man! Although greatly afflicted, yet in all places, and at all times where his presence, and his words can be of service, there his Lordship is. At the meeting holden after the corner-stone was laid, the Mayor presided, and thus he spake of Mr. Spurgeon.

His Lordship said—This is a day to be commemorated in the annals of our country. That we meet here to-day in perfect freedom, with the guardians of the peace around us to prevent any disturbance, is a striking proof of the progress which civil and religious liberty has made in this country. Formerly, as Dissenters, we met in holes and corners, but now we come out boldly into the leading thoroughfares, and invite all who will to be spectators of our ceremonies. Our beloved young friend, Mr. Spurgeon, has, through the providence of God, been enabled to gather the largest congregations which ever assembled to listen to the preaching of the gospel. But he comes before you in no episcopal guise, clothed with power and authority from the State. He comes before you as a plain, simple-minded preacher of the gospel; a man of nobler origin than that of our brethren of the Established Church; for he comes armed with the authority

of his Lord and Master to speak the truth in simplicity and love. Evidently God is with him in the great work in which he is engaged, and you, as his people, love, honour, and esteem him for his work's sake. You, who have gathered together here in thousands this day, to lay this foundation stone in peace and security, will, I am sure, do honour with me to those noble ancestors of ours who during the past three centuries have laboured, suffered, and, in fact, have died in defence of those principles by the prevalence of which we meet here in peace and security at the present moment. You are able to preach, to raise money, and to erect edifices for public worship without the intervention of the State. And let me say, also, that when people tell you that there is no uniformity or certainty of doctrine in these dissenting denominations, and that we have no creed, you can truly answer that we have a creed the best and purest ever man possessed; our creed is the Bible. As has been said and it was a Churchman who said it, the Bible, and the Bible alone, is the religion of Protestants. Popery, at this moment, is making great strides, both secretly and openly, and the more enthusiastic talk boldly of the day when they shall take possession of our cathedrals, and once more dominate throughout the land. (Loud cries of 'Never!' and enthusiastic cheers, which resounded throughout the vast edifice.) My friends, I believe that religious truth and religious liberty are quite safe in such hands as yours. You will, I am sure, at all times so uphold and defend the truth, that it will become an impassable barrier to error.

We have more cheering words from this event, but not now.

DR. WATTS—A PREACHER AND A POET.

A great many preachers write what is called '*Poetry*;' but we are not favored to have fellowship with many living poets. Very few, except the editors of *The Gospel Standard*, would like to question the fact that Dr. Isaac Watts was a genuine, a most use-

ful, and a heart-elevating Poet. Oh ! I think, thousands can say, 'No man's poems ever warmed my heart, and let joy into my soul, as Dr. Watts's hymns have done.'

Passing one day hurriedly through Old Broad Street, (we had an Australian Cheque deposited in the Australian Bank ; it had been sent to pay for *The Earthen Vessels* and *Cheering Words*, &c, sent out to our favourite colonies ; and we were right down in want of it ; consequently with all speed we were posting onward,) in a little quiet bookseller's window, we saw a picture : we stopped : it represented Dr. Watts in the Abney Library, and his beloved hostess the Lady Abney presenting to the Doctor, her much beloved friend the Countess of Huntingdon. We purchased the work ; and here it is before us ! with a chapter on Dr. Watts's remarkable life. The thought struck us, as we came back from the bank, (where our old neighbour *Disappointment* said, 'You cannot have the cash for six days,' the thought struck us,) '*There are many CHEERING WORDS in the lives of all good and great men, why do you not search them out ?*' We looked up to heaven as we onward sped our way homeward to our study, and resolved to endeavour if possible, to illuminate our pages with a few leaves from the recorded lives of some who are now before the throne in heaven.

We shall not now write a biography of Isaac Watts ; but the following little sketch is beautifully cheering ; it is but one of many we hope to give. Reviewing the Doctor's general character, the writer says :—

Watts had the pastor's and the preacher's heart, though his delicate constitution and impaired health unfitted him for much public labour. But we see him watching by the death-beds of Abney and Hartopp, and we hear him preach funeral sermons for both these worthies. They had been men of rank and celebrity ;

and Watts loved to think of their service on earth as a preparation for heaven. So he beautifully said: 'In the world of spirits made perfect, David and Moses dwell; both of them were trained up in feeding the flocks of their fathers in the wilderness, to feed and to rule the nation of Israel, the chosen flock of God; and may we not suppose them also trained up in the hearts of holy government on earth, to be the chiefs of some blessed army, some sacred tribes in heaven? They were directors of the forms of worship in the church below, under divine inspiration, and might not that fit them to become leaders of some celestial assembly, when a multitude of the sons of God above come at stated seasons to present themselves before the throne?' We know for certain that there are gradations of ranks and authority among the angels, that excel in strength, thrones and dominions, principalities and powers, and the same may be predicted of glorified saints, not merely upon the ground of analogy, but upon the Scripture testimony that assigns to the possessor of ten talents rule over ten cities and five talents over five cities.

We follow Watts to the dying chamber of the Reverend Samuel Rosewell, as we listen to his account of that holy man's departure, given one Sunday morning to the congregation at Bury Street.

'Come, my friends,' says he, 'come into the chamber of a dying Christian; come approach his pillow, and hear his holy language: 'I am going up to heaven, and I long to be gone—to be where my Saviour is. Why are his chariot wheels so long in coming? I hope I am a sincere Christian, but the meanest and most unworthy. I know I am a great sinner, but did not Christ come to save the chief of sinners? I have trusted in him, and I have strong consolation. I love God; I love Christ. I desire to love him more, to be more like him, and to serve him in heaven without sin. Dear brother, I shall see you at the right hand of Christ. There I shall see our friends who are gone a little before (alluding to Sir T. Abney.) I go to my God and to your God—to my Saviour, and to your Saviour!''

Watts's health improved in 1722, and he preached regularly and often; but though an able minister of the New Testament, delivering sermons instructive and edifying, it does not

appear that his forte lay in the work of the pulpit so much as in the work of the press. The great Master of all meant that Watts should chiefly benefit mankind by his writings. The grand instrument of his service was the pen. Thus 'he served his generation according to the will of God;'

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

THE CHRISTIAN'S EXPECTATION WHILE HE LIVES:
HIS END: AND WHAT BECOMES OF HIM WHEN HE DIES.

NOTES FROM RAMSGATE PIER-HEAD.

I travelled from London to Ramsgate in the evening of August 13, 1859. I think no man could be more dull, weary, and heavy in spirit than I was. Tired in my work; near midnight I laid me down to rest. Paul's words came to my mind '*Christ is preached; I therein do rejoice, and will rejoice.*' Next morning I looked into the Bible, to find the words, and read on until I came to this, '*According to my earnest expectation and my hope.*' Here I became fixed, and thought,

First. Of the Christian Expectation, what it is based upon, what it really is.—It is based upon (1) What God hath wrought within him. (2) Upon what God hath done for him. (3) Upon what God hath laid before him.

Monday morning, August 15, 1859.—An immense long train, carrying a host of people—among them is my little self; I am passing Sturry; would gladly go in and see my Christian brother, Samuel Foster in his bed of deeply sanctified affliction, but I dare not stop. If the Lord permit, I must get home and carefully read and try to correct, and fill up, *THE EARTHEN VESSEL* for next month; and then to-morrow go to Reading to the Opening of brother Wale's New Chapel; then on Wednesday down to East Bergholt, in Suffolk, and a multitude of other engagements demand me every moment. Well; I do not despair; but hope that the Lord may deign to smile upon these my labours, and out of them raise

a tribute of praise to his own Most Holy name. I am pleased on reflecting upon yesterday's work at Ramsgate. I feel inclined to write a little "Twaddle" (as some of the polite and learned gentlemen call these notes of mine.)

The morning yesterday was stormy. It lightened; it thundered; it rained. I have no doubt it kept many from coming, still, the place was nearly full; and I was more happy in my work than I sometimes am. I spoke of the three-fold basis on which the believer's hope is laid; and dared to promise that I would try and speak of the believer's expectation in Life, and of some things which he gained at death, in the evening. I walked on to the end of the Pier in the Afternoon; and there sat me down to think and to study. The wind blew hard—the rain fell at intervals—the packet came in from London, and then again started for London: large parties of people were coming and going: the boats in abundance were plying on the sea; a scene of variety and activity presented itself on every hand; but my mind was exercised as to what it was the believer could be said to gain at death; because the text was, '*For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain!*' Something seemed to say, 'In attempting to cross the plank which carries you from this world which Nature's eyes can behold, into that world which is invisible to mortal ken; it behoves you to be careful; or, you plunge into speculation's gulf; climb the wall of daring presumption, and lay prostrate at last on the sand of foolishness, weakness, folly, and woe.'

A solemn frame of mind possessed me. I thought over the text again—'*For me to live is Christ, and to die is gain.*' A parallel between grace and glory opened up to the eye of my mind: a stream of light broke in upon my soul which chased the darkness and bid it flee. The grace of God gives life to the soul. The word 'LIFE' is expressive of three things—*Growth! Freedom!! Happiness!!* This spiritual growth is the fruit of union to Christ. Unless we are living branches of the Living Vine, there is no growth; and even where there is growth, it is much hindered here; but at death all the hindrance to our growth will be taken out of the way, and then the redeemed will come to the full stature of a man in Christ Jesus. Life stands for *Freedom*; we are free, by grace,

from many things, but our *Freedom* here is limited; in heaven that freedom will be perfect. Life stands for *happiness*, grace makes us *comparatively* happy here; but oh! how dreadfully is our happiness interrupted; but in heaven, it will be perfected, it will be permanent; it will be *progressive for ever, and for evermore.*

I thought, as on the pier-head, I sat—I thought the Holy Spirit has furnished a few delightful patterns of the perfection of blessedness which the ransomed will gain in glory. I considered I was much favoured in *meditation* although in preaching I sometimes tumble things out so hurriedly that I suppose not half is clearly understood. This I often mourn over. If I could write out the few patterns I then saw, they might be cheering to some, but I can only give a word or two. Now, first, there was Enoch, It is said of Enoch that he walked with God, three hundred years; and he was not; for God took him. The Holy Ghost, by Paul says, 'before Enoch was translated he had *this testimony that he pleased God.*' Enoch walked with God, and did so grow in acquaintance, in confidence, and in holy comfort, that he could not be separated from God; and God did so graciously open his mind to Enoch, that at last Enoch could no longer dwell on this earth, and the Lord took him home to walk with him for ever. Here was freedom from death: freedom from the grave; freedom from pollution, sin, and shame; with God for ever shut in. There are three things said of Moses as a pattern of the gain the godly have at death. Moses, Aaron, and others, went up into the Mount. There he saw, (1) *The God of Israel*; (2) he saw a paved work as of a sapphire stone; and (3) there he saw, '*The body of heaven in its clearness.*' These three things furnish a faint shadow of very much of that growth, freedom and happiness, which we shall have in heaven. There we shall see the God of Israel—the glorious foundation of the kingdom—and all the substantial beauties of the heavenly world, (now wisely hidden from us) will then be clearly seen. To grow in the knowledge of heavenly Mysteries, even now, is most delightful: but the justified spirit, the sanctified mind; the purified heart, and the peaceful conscience with all their powers of apprehension, and comprehension, will be capable of receiving all

that the fulness of the God-head can bestow, and all that the bliss of heaven can impart : it will certainly be joy unspeakable, and full of glory.

Touching the freedom of the ransomed in glory, there are many sweet hints given—yea more than hints—I hope this thought is not sinful; but as I contemplated the *freedom* of the heavenly world, my mind fled off up into the Mount of Transfiguration, and said, ‘See, here a sweet type of Freedom and Rest. Here are six great Representatives. They represent a strong working company, doing a work of the highest magnitude that ever heaven or earth beheld, and all bound too by bonds of a Covenant that is ‘ordered in all things and sure,’ so that not one of the parties could ever be free, until their part in the covenant was fulfilled.

Of these parties, and this pleasant view, I hope to write in October.

VISIONS OF HEAVEN !

OR,

JOHN VINALL'S PASSAGE THROUGH THE VALLEY.

For many years, Mr. John Vinall, Sen., has preached the gospel at Lewes, in Sussex. He has lately retired from all public labour; and his two sons, John and Ebenezer, have, to some extent, filled up the vacancies occasioned by their dear father's declining strength. The other day, the younger John Vinall, was taken home, after a short illness, which quickly reduced his outer man to the dust.

A neat, and very spiritual, ‘Memoir,’ has been published of him. It says :

In the year 1849 he commenced the work of the ministry, and preached with great acceptance in the Bridge Chapel, Lewes, till the year 1857; when on the retirement of his father from public labors, he occupied the pulpit of Jireh Chapel. He continued constant at his post till within a few weeks of death : laboring “in season and out of season :” when his increasing weakness prevented

him from doing so; his medical adviser suggested a cessation of pulpit labor, with the hope that it would conduce to improve health.

But, however, the decree had gone forth! his work on earth was done! He was to enter into rest! Those who attended his ministry know that his sermons were full of Christ and heaven: like a bird, he 'oft longed to clap his wings and fly away':—And on Wednesday morning, the 15th June, he was summoned home to the world of spirits to join that happy throng who for ever sing Jehovah's praise.

With all the dying uncertainties of this world, how deeply comforting it is to see the promise truly realized in the death-bed conflicts of believing men! Young Mr. Vinall appeared to be wanted here! The church, his family, his own desires to be useful, all said, 'Lord, let him stay!' The time for his departure was at hand, and to heaven he must go; where, as we are bound to believe the Lord has appointed a work for him more glorious still than even the gospel ministry itself. His loving and devoted wife has written a memoir. The following closing scenes in a good man's life, cannot be too extensively read. They are calculated to purify and exalt the mind. Mrs. Vinall the bereaved widow says.—

None can tell the suffering of which my dear husband was the subject, both in mind and body, for the last twelve months of his life. I can but think that constant mental exercise was, more than anything else, the cause of his death. Sometimes I have said, 'You will try to go to sleep.' He would reply, 'I do not expect to have much sleep; there is nothing will do for me but prayer and supplication.' Like his Lord and Master, I believe he frequently spent whole nights in prayer to God. He appeared never happy nor quiet unless he could enjoy the sensible presence of Jesus. He would say sometimes, 'I love you very much, but I love Jesus more.'

He was often much tried about giving up his business. He said once, 'It is impossible to serve God and Mammon; If I were to neglect my garden, ill weeds would soon grow, and so it is with the Church. I can see evil seeds springing up here and there, and

have no time to uproot them; if this state of things goes on, the Church will be over-run, and my garden will be just like the garden of the slothful.'

The loss of his dear children appeared to cut the last tie that bound him to earth; he was ever longing to be with them above.

One night, just after my little girl's death, when he retired to rest, he seemed so full of heaven, he could not help telling me about it. He said, 'I know it will be well; I have committed you and the dear children into the hands of the Lord, and I know he will take care of you. You will be provided for; remember that, for your comfort when I am gone. I have such an assurance that I shall meet all our dear children above. The word that He gave me will be true,—'All thy children shall be taught of the Lord.' Much more he added in the same strain.

The first Sunday in May, he had a funeral in the afternoon. On his return he expressed his pleasure at having had so many persons to speak to, saying, 'They were fresh sheaves; it is very pleasant threshing fresh sheaves.' Truly, 'the spirit was willing though the flesh was so weak.' He was much exhausted after the evening service, and never recovered from the exertions of that day, though he preached the next Sunday.

The second week of his illness, he had a remarkable visitation, which at the time excited and alarmed us very much; we feared, as indeed it has proved, that his end was near. For several days he was the subject of a sort of fainting fits, or, more properly speaking, oppression of the nerves; when he complained of not being able to see; his usual expression was, 'It is so dark,' and he would ask whether it was night or morning.

The evening to which I refer, I had left him for a short time, but as he appeared worse than usual, I was sent for. He said frequently he was dying. When I went into the room, and spoke to him, he said, 'Is it Mary? It is so dark, so very dark. You will not leave me? You are sure you won't leave me?' We sprinkled his face with water, and at last poured some down his throat. After a little he looked round him, and said, 'Where am I? Why, I am here; this is my own room.' 'Yes,' I said; 'Did you think you were gone?' He answered, 'yes;' and said, 'It has

been so dark.' Then he spoke of having a peep into heaven, and of seeing a bright sky—O, so bright! and such a number of heads, but he could not see who they were, but he said, 'I see Lilly, little darling, beautiful child; don't you see her?' I said, 'No.' He went on, 'She is so beautiful, and looks so happy. O! she does look happy. I am sure she's happy. Come nearer, nearer, my darling child; come nearer, no, she does not come; it seems as if she can't come, but I think she *beckons* to me.' I asked him if she was dressed. He answered, that 'he thought she had wings, and was riding on a cloud, there was something floating as it were around her.' Afterwards he said, he saw nothing with his bodily eyes; it seemed as if his soul had eyes; and talked of Bunyan's Pilgrims on Mount Clear; their hands shook, so they could not see clearly through the glass, but they thought they discerned something of the glory,—and that had been just his case, he could not see clearly enough.

On Tuesday evening our medical attendant paid us a second visit, which he had discontinued for several days, and was shocked to find such a change—his pulse was feeble, his hands and feet cold; all means were tried to rally him, but it was of no avail. For a moment he seemed aware that his end was near, and said, 'I am a poor sinner venturing alone on Jesus Christ for salvation. If heaven depended on one good thought, on one good desire, I could not attain to it.' 'I cannot tell you how distressed I have been all through the day on your account and the dear children's. Satan has made me his foot ball, he has tried to distress me, and make me believe a good many things that were not true.' Afterwards I asked him if he was comfortable in his mind. He answered, 'Well, as comfortable as I can expect to be. You know I am too weak to think much.'

We continued to give him nourishment at intervals. Late in the evening finding he grew weaker, his two eldest sons were called and he requested to say good bye to them. This was the first direct intimation he had received that we thought him dying. He looked hastily round in surprise and said, 'What, is it come to that?' I said, 'You are not afraid to die?' 'No,' he answered, 'but should rather have got better, you know, for your sakes and th

children.' Afterwards he said, 'but I think I shall get better; I am the God that healeth thee.' To his eldest son he said, 'Good bye, Sam, you will do the best you can for them all, won't you?' Apparently exhausted with that slight effort, my dear husband then sank into a doze. After a time he roused again and said, 'good bye' to John, adding, 'It will be all right some day; I think it will be all right;' and again he relapsed into a stupor.

At another time he said with quite a strong voice, '*I know—I know—I know.*' I quoted his favourite text—'I know whom I have believed,' and it seemed to afford him satisfaction.

Another time I said, 'Do you know me?' He replied, 'Yes,' 'Do you love me?' 'Yes,' I asked, 'Do you remember the promise, 'When thou passest through the water I will be with thee?' Again he said, 'Yes.' '*Is Jesus with you?*' and again he replied, '*Yes.*'

Articulation was difficult. I stooped to kiss his cheek, and found it was cold already. He tried two or three times to speak, but we could not understand what he meant; he said distinctly, '*harp,*' and I feel satisfied he wanted me to understand that he was happy.

Not being sure whether he was conscious, I quoted now and then a text, and I think he understood some.

He gradually grew weaker, his breath became shorter and shorter, and without a struggle or a groan, he sank to rest, like a weary child, at a quarter to six o'clock on Wednesday morning.

'Yes, he is safely landed
Upon the shores of bliss;
And there with powers expanded,
He dwells where Jesus is.'

The Memoir of Mr. John Vinall, (price 6d) may be had of C. G. Verrall, Brighton, with the address delivered by Mr. John Grace.

Preparing for Publication.]

THE ORIGINAL
BAPTIST ALMANAC AND CONGREGATIONAL
HAND BOOK FOR 1860.



"Where am I to go as soon as I am Dead?"

THE AGONIZING CRY OF

MR. BROWNLOW NORTH,

THE GREATEST LAY PREACHER IN THE WORLD.

WE had prepared some notes of the Irish Revivals; and we have many reports of English anniversary refreshing seasons; but we lay them aside, in order to give the following account of the conversion of that noble gentleman, Brownlow North, Esq, whose labours the Lord has most wonderfully blest.

George Sinclair Esq., has drawn up the account from whence this is taken. It is printed in Dr. Massies' '*Visit to the Scenes of Revival in Ireland*;' and is published by John Snow, 35, Paternoster Row.

Mr. North is said to have made the following confession :

"While residing in Dallas Lodge (in the vicinity of Elgin), in November, 1854, Mr. North, when he sat playing at cards one evening, suddenly experienced a kind of sensation as if he were going to drop down dead. He rose up, and said to his son, 'I am a dead man—take me up stairs.' As soon as this was done he threw himself down on the bed, and was convinced that he was going to die.

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His first reflection was, '*Where am I to go as soon as I am dead?*' a thought which at once burst upon him in this season of trouble, and impressed him deeply with his need of mercy. He felt that there were but a few minutes between himself and hell, and how wretched and worthless did all these things for which he had sold himself at that moment, appear! Still he was conscious that he must call for mercy; and it has often since struck him how wonderful it was, that, at such a moment, when nothing but God's mercy could save him, he was ashamed to kneel and ask for it because a maid was in the room lighting the fire. The conflict was sharp, whether he should wait until the maid went out of the apartment before he began to pray, but through God's grace, he did get up, and in her presence, threw himself down on his knees, and began to call upon God. On the following day he made a public announcement to his friends in the house, and to others by letter, that from that instant he had become a changed man—a resolution which, in the strength of the Saviour, he has ever since been enabled to keep. He immediately commenced family worship, and by prayer and reading of the Scriptures, strove to find God, and pardon, and peace; but, during many, many months, he rose every night from his wife's side, that he might retire in agony of soul to the dressing-room, and engage in earnest supplication. As far as he can recollect, he first derived comfort and encouragement from the precious words, '*Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out.*' This gracious declaration enabled him to perceive that God's own truth was pledged to forgive even him, if he believed in His Son; and these words '*no wise*' still stand him in good stead, in his conflicts with unbelief. For about a year he was employed in distributing tracts. In March, 1855, he went to reside in Elgin, where he employed himself in reading; but beyond the distribution of tracts, attempted nothing for the service of God, until November (a year after his first awakening). After that time he was almost constantly required to address anxious inquirers and small meetings of careless people. Having exhausted himself in this kind of work, he went to reside in the quiet of the country, where he first addressed a congregation. Since then he has been constantly preaching to large assemblies."

**THE BEGINNING AND THE END OF A GOOD
MAN'S LIFE.**

A neat, unassuming, yet pretty little book, bearing the following title, is now before us:—'*A brief Memoir of Mr. Benjamin Wilkins, and a sketch of the Baptist Church, North Bradley;*' of whom, for twenty-one years Mr. W. was the pastor; altogether he spent forty years of his life, as 'a faithful preacher of the gospel of Jesus Christ;' and his excellent surviving son, Mr. Joseph Wilkins, the present pastor of the Queen Square Baptist Chapel, in Brighton, has compiled this Memoir in a spirit and style very commendable indeed:—(from his residence, 4, West Hill Road, Brighton, copies may be had.)

There is, in us, a deep-rooted curiosity—or feeling of concern respecting the commencement, and the close of a good man's life. There is not always a prominence either in the conversion, or the closing-up, of the earthly career of a man of God; but in many cases, the circumstances connected with these events are powerfully declarative of the Divine, the Sovereign, the Omnipotent, the Compassionate Hand of the Eternal God.

My dear reader, hast thou begun to live in the fear of the Lord, and in the faith of the Gospel? If thou hast, you will say, and sometimes sing,

'Grace led my roving feet
To tread the heavenly road.'

If thou hast not; how full of danger doth thy present state appear! I would invite thee to read the following brief account of the conversion of this good man—the late Benjamin Wilkins. A very few lines will describe the up-rising of his natural life. His son says:

When this took place can be gathered from a few lines in his

own writing, which have just been discovered. In a letter written in 1828, among other things he says, 'I was born in the year 1790, lived in sin, though at times under great conviction, till 1800, then sought the world for happiness. I married in 1808. Disappointed, confounded, and convicted in 1809, sought salvation by the works of the law till 1810, then lived in despair nearly two years, when I was enabled to roll my all upon Jesus, and enjoyed Him as my own. Peace and joy now filled my soul, and I felt a desire to live to His glory, and was baptized in 1812.' His baptism was in connexion with the church at Chapmanslade, where he was received into fellowship by Mr. William Clift, the pastor, in August, in the twenty-second year of his life. It was not long after his baptism, that he began to speak in the name of the Lord.

But his conversion to God is the essential point. Little things, as we might call them, led him to think seriously, and to feel his sinful condition deeply. But here is the issue:

One morning as he was walking early in the fields on his way to his daily employ, with his burden more than he could tell how to bear—he heard, as in an audible voice, the impressive words, 'Awake, O sword, and smite the man that is my fellow.' He stopped, and with trembling anxiety looked around him, expecting every moment to receive the final blow, consigning him to that pit which for two years he had had no hope of escaping; when instantly a light flashed across his mind which led him to see he was not God's fellow—on which he exclaimed, 'O Lord, I am not thy fellow, I am a guilty, hell-deserving sinner, but thou art a just and holy God. I am not thy fellow, Lord.' Then again the voice came with more force—'Awake, O sword, and smite Jesus Christ, and let this poor sinner go free.' This at once opened to his mind the fulness of the gospel—in which he saw the Shepherd of the flock, and Surety of the Church smitten—that the transgressors might be pardoned, nor did he longer doubt his own interest in the Saviour's blood—for himself he saw

Divine Justice was satisfied, and the Father was well pleased—while he could say—

‘ The opening heavens around me shine,
With beams of sacred bliss;
While Jesus shows his heart is mine,
And whispers, I am his.’

Joy and peace now filled the hitherto dejected breast, and long did the lawful captive ‘weep to the praise of the mercy he found.’ He went on to his employment, but was completely unfitted for his work, for ecstasy of soul made him like David before the ark. The realities of that day were ever fresh in his memory: nor does it appear that the adversary could ever cast a cloud over the scene. The change was so great, that it was evidently of God, and not of man. His burden having dropped into the sepulchre, and his fervent cries answered—he felt himself a new creature in Christ Jesus; old things had passed away, and all things had become new.

We have turned over all the pages of this useful man’s earthly career, (we may review them another time,) and come to that place ALL MUST COME TO, HIS DEATH BED. There he lays in Jordan’s gently rolling waves. Around him are gathered children, wife, and friends. Hear how the conflict finished!

Only those who have witnessed such scenes can enter into the feelings which could not be suppressed, as train after train brought one after another to add to the sorrowing household. When he was told there was no hope of his recovery—he calmly replied, ‘Well,

‘ More happy but not more secure,
The glorified spirits above.’

To various questions he replied, ‘It is *all* done. There is *nothing* left for me to do.’ ‘I used to think ‘what shall I do when I come to die?’—ah foolish thought, there is nothing to be done, it is all finished; there is not a stitch to be put in the garment.’ ‘I am just waiting.’ ‘The waters are quite clear.’ ‘I know whom I

have believed.' On a brother minister visiting him, and asking if he should pray with him, he answered, 'Yes, I should like to hear you pray, though I don't need anything to help me on to heaven; Jesus alone is ALL in all.' On his beloved wife asking him some question relative to the future, he said, 'What can I say to you, my dear? You know in whom you have believed. Put your trust in God. You must tell the Lord all about everything.' Thus was he able to leave not only himself, but his ALL in the hands of the Lord. The nature of his disease prevented him from saying much, though he retained his consciousness to the last. On being asked by his eldest son if he had any choice as to where his body should rest, he replied, 'I should like to lie with my own people.' That there should be no mistake, his son further interrogated, 'Do you mean at Bradley, father?' on which he replied, 'Yes.' This was a source of satisfaction, as it opened the way for the painful pleasure of placing the mortal remains beside those of his venerable predecessor, and in the midst of numbers who had been turned from Satan to God by his instrumentality. To the astonishment of all he lingered till Thursday, Feb. 17, when softly he breathed his last, and sweetly fell asleep in the 70th year of his age. The anxious watching and affectionate tenderness of weeping relatives could yield no further succour, and at 3 o'clock in the morning they had to quit the room which contained all that death had left of the husband, father, preacher and friend.

"THE WONDERFUL NAME."

Such is the beautiful title of a new book, recently edited by the Rev. John Knapp, of St. John's Chapel, Portsea; and sold by G. J. Stevenson, in Paternoster Row; and in Manchester, by Joseph Pratt. This volume contains Six Lectures on six of the most wonderful names of Jehovah; and it is full of Gospel words, Cheering Words, and words of deep instruction too.

**THE KEYS OF THE KINGDOM OF HEAVEN
AND HOW PETER CAME BY THEM.**

THE first sermon preached by Mr. James Wells, after his return from Exeter Hall to the Surrey Tabernacle, bears the above title. After shewing that these keys mean the truths of salvation, the preacher shews, how Peter became possessed of these keys in the following paragraph, which we think is full of 'cheering words.'

I now notice how Peter came by these keys; that is, how he came by the truths of the gospel: that is what I mean by his coming by these keys. First, then he came by the truth—I may as well now use the singular for the sake of convenience—he came by the truth, by the Lord's adopting Peter, accepting Peter, and manifesting himself to Peter. I refer now to the first, then. Andrew, Simon Peter's brother, found Peter and said, 'We have found the Messiah.' Andrew had the key. Had you but asked Andrew, what do you mean by the Messiah? He would have said, I mean him who is described and set forth by the prophet Daniel; that Messiah that should finish transgression; we have found him. Ah, that is the one thing needful, my hearer, to be able to say that you have found him, that is every thing. The Messiah, that should finish transgression, that should make an end of sin; we have found him; the Messiah that should make reconciliation for iniquity; we have found him; the Messiah that should bring in everlasting righteousness; we have found him that should seal up the vision and prophecy; that should confirm the prophecies of the prophets, confirm the promises; we have found him. And we learn from another scripture that Peter knew he was a sinner; so much so that he said, 'Depart from me, Lord, for I am a sinful man;' ah, but stop, Peter, we have found the Messiah; you did not know that. Ah, but I am a sinful man. Well, we have found the Messiah. Who is the Messiah? Why, he that puts an end to sin, that finishes transgression. Ah,

then, I will no more say, 'Depart from me ; for that is just what I want.' And Andrew had to use no arguments to get Peter to come ; ah, if it be the Messiah, that will do for a sinner like me ; I should be afraid to go if it were not the Messiah that you have found. The Lord knows how to adapt the character of the Saviour to your necessities ; the Lord knows how to adapt the special revelations of his mercy to your necessities. "We have found the Messiah." And Peter came, I will go, sinner as I am ; I will go fearful as I am ; I will go, swearing fisherman as I have been ; I will go, ill-bred, illiterate, ignorant, as I am ; Galilean as I am ; I will go, mixed, mongrel sort of breed as I am, neither Jew nor Gentile, yet partaker of both. Now, my hearer, this same blessed Saviour is the same now as he was then ; he is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Peter came, "Thou art Simon ;" Simon means *hearing*, you are a hearer. Yes, Lord, I have heard that my brother Andrew has found the Messiah ; and I know a little of my brother Andrew's history ; he has not been much better than I have ; he has been very much like me ; the same occupation, and the same bad man that I have been ; and if he has found the Messiah, I felt that I might not despair. No, that you shall not ; for "thou shalt be called Cephas ; which is by interpretation a stone." That is the new name I will give you ; a good solid name one that will wear well ; one that will stand the storm. It will not take much to blast people's names, you see, under the sun ; if people get hold of some materials with which they can blast your name, they will do it. But the Lord gave Peter a good solid name, that would wear well ; a new name. So, my hearer, the Lord calls his people saints, and they are saints for ever ; that is a name that will wear well ; he calls them righteous, and they are righteous for ever ; it is a name that wears well ; he calls them sons, and they are sons for ever ; he calls them kings, and they are kings for ever ; he calls them priests, and they are priests for ever ; it is a name that will wear well. A new name ; that let Peter into the secret of something new.

TWO WHITE COFFINS IN ONE GRAVE.

I have often gone to Nunhead Cemetery to speak, and read, and pray, at the Interment of the bodies of the Saints; but this month of September, 1859, has seen me there twice on most unusually solemn occasions. First, I went to bury Mr. Richard Moss, of Peckham, and his little daughter, both in one coffin, deep down at the bottom of a newly-made grave. The dying days of Richard Moss were very remarkable. They were remarkable—first, for the apparent want of soul concern about eternal matters. It seemed to me, on my first visits to him that he would, if he could, (*but he could not,*) think there was no reality in religion: he said, it was no use his reading, or hoping, he was altogether wrong. Secondly, they were remarkable for the power which attended the simple lifting up of Jesus, as bleeding on the Cross of Calvary. I asked him if he did believe that Christ died on the cross to save sinners? ‘Oh! yes!’ he said, *‘that I do believe; and if ever I am saved, it must be only by Him.’* I do hope, that a lively faith in Jesus then sprung up—his tears flowed! his heart was softened; and he wished me to pray. I did so; and I did try to plead with the Almighty for him; and I felt an inward assurance that mercy would come. But, poor dear man, he had many hard, deep sorrows for days and nights; and many a cry from his smitten soul went up too, in agonizing groans and tears. Those dying days were remarkable, for a long afflicted widowed mother to witness with her own eyes, and to hear with her own ears, PRAYER ANSWERED. Oh! who can tell the holy joys of that mother’s heart? She had prayed for him for many years; and now in his dying hours, all was answered. Ah! and more than answered. But in the EARTHEN VESSEL I hope to give this

more fully. Let this suffice, Richard Moss died in the Lord. Then his infant daughter died. We buried them together. A few days after, his two sons (one four, the other six) also, died; and in two little white coffins we laid them in the same grave with the father and the babe.

As I looked upon the poor and deeply afflicted widow and bereaved mother, she burst out, as they removed the coffins from the house—'I cannot bear it!' As I looked on her, Jacob's words came to my mind—'If I am bereaved of my children I am bereaved.' I said those words contain three things—first, *Grief*;—'I am bereaved of my children.' Oh, what heart rending grief! Death! What a stern reality. Takes away the husband, the stay and staff of all the house. Then, the pet darling; the sweet babe! the child in whom the mother's fondest affections were placed; and, then the two boys—the two pretty, amusing boys; engaging and deeply beloved! Ah! Grief indeed. In those words, a sense of weakness is expressed—'If I am, I am.' I cannot help myself. *Resignation* also is there,—'If I am, I am.' The Lord has done it, I must bow down. Oh! how I prayed, that such scenes might speak to all who yet survive, even to the children of one of the least,

CHARLES WATERS BANKS.

ROWLAND HILL'S CHERRING WORDS IN THE
VALLEY, AND
THE CHRISTIANS WATCH-WORD IN LIFE AND IN
DEATH.

From that richly laden and delightfully interesting Scotch Monthly, called "*The Family Treasury*," we extract the following very pleasant and useful words:—

'During the last two or three years of Rowland Hill's life, he very frequently repeated the following lines:—

"And when I'm to die,
Receive me I'll cry,
For Jesus has loved me,—I cannot tell why;
But this I can find,
We two are so joined,
That he'll not be in glory and leave me behind."

"The last time he occupied my pulpit," writes his friend and neighbour, the Rev. George Clayton, "when he preached excellently in behalf of a charitable institution, he retired to the vestry after service, under feelings of great exhaustion. Here he remained until all but ourselves had left the place. At length he seemed with some reluctance to summon energy enough to take his departure, intimating that it was probably the last time he should preach in W——. I offered my arm, which he declined, and then followed him, as he passed down the aisle of the chapel. The lights were nearly extinguished, the silence was profound; nothing, indeed, was heard but the slow, majestic tread of his own footsteps; when in an undertone he thus soliloquized—

And when I'm to die, &c.

To my heart this was a scene of unequalled solemnity, nor can I ever recur to it without a revival of that hallowed, sacred, shuddering sympathy which it first awakened."

When the good old saint lay literally dying, and apparently unconscious, a friend put his mouth close to his ear, and slowly repeated his favourite lines—

"And when I'm to die,
Receive me I'll cry," &c.

The light came back to his fast fading eye, a smile overspread his face, and his lips moved in the vain attempt to articulate the words. This was the last sign of consciousness he ever gave.

We could almost wish that every disciple of Christ would commit these lines, quaint as they are, to memory, and weave them into the web of his Christian experience. *Confidence in Christ*, and *unwavering adherence to him*, can alone enable us to triumph in life and death.

MR. SPURGEON'S FATHER AND MOTHER.**A CHERRING WORD FOR GODLY PARENTS.**

WE almost pledged ourselves to give another word or two from the meeting when the Metropolitan Tabernacle stone was laid. We shall then redeem our pledge by fetching a sentence or two from the simple, but most sweet address of Mr. Spurgeon's father; and if we could draw pictures, we would here give a view of the place where Charles's mother was so solemnly and so powerfully pleading with the Lord on behalf of her son. Surely, this is most delightful! Having ourselves known a little of this parental influence, we feel a deeper sympathy with this part of the history than any we have yet read; and without one word more we here give it from the published document. Mr. Spurgeon's father said:

My Lord Mayor, I am very happy to meet you to-night. . We are Essex men; we come from Colchester. Colchester has something to boast of great men. The chief physician of London comes from Colchester; the Lord Mayor comes from Colchester; and I need not tell you who else. I have never had the headache in my life, friends! but if I ever had it, it would have been to day. I feel nervous and excited. But I do feel very happy to-day to acknowledge my fault; and when a man confesses his faults, he has done a great deal towards amending them. I always thought my son did wrong in coming to London; now you see that I was wrong. I always thought he was wrong in not going to college; I tried three or four hours with him one night with a dear friend that loved him, but it was no use; he said, "No, I will never go to college, only in strict obedience to you as a father." There I left the matter; and I see that God has been with him, though I thought it was a wrong step in him to go to London. And I thought it was a wrong step for me to come here to-night; but perhaps I may be mistaken again. I can tell you it is one of the happiest days of my life. I feel beyond myself, when I think of

the kindness that has been shown to him when but a youth. I ascribe it all to God's goodness and the earnest prayers of his people. He has been exposed to temptations from every source, and even now, my friends, he is not free from it. You have prayed for him, and God has sustained him. Oh ! let me entreat you to continue your prayers. Every one here to night go home and pray for your pastor. A meeting like this is enough to carry a man beyond himself and fill his heart with pride ; but the grace of God is all-sufficient. God has been very merciful to him. I think if there is one thing that would crown my happiness to-day, it would have been to see his grandfather here. I should have loved to see him here. He said, " Boy, don't ask me to go, I am too old ; I am overcome with God's goodness and mercy to me." He is always talking about him. Old people like to have something to talk about, so he always talks about his grandson. And next to that I should like to have seen his mother here. I believe, under God's grace, his mother has been the means of leading him to Christ. You are well aware that I go and talk in the best manner I can to a few poor people on the Sabbath day, and God has blessed my labours. I thought, however, I ought not to go out on the Sabbath day, as God's people should train up their children in the best way they can ; I thought I was neglecting my children, and as I came home one evening about seven o'clock, and went up stairs, I heard the voice of a mother pleading for her boy Charles, and talking to him and others, and pouring her heart out in prayer in such a way as I never did in my life, and as I never heard before. It is for the encouragement of mothers that I mention this, that you may pray for your children, for God is a prayer-hearing and prayer-answering God. My heart is too full to say more. May God bless you and keep you.

THE CHEERING PROSPECT.

By T. W. MEDHURST, OF KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

DAVID very sweetly says, ' I shall be *satisfied* when I awake with thy likeness.' This sweet prospect encouraged his heart amidst the continued opposition of the world, and

continued persecution of enemies; and this same cheering future belongs to all who, like David, are cleansed from all transgression by the atoning blood of a dear Redeemer.

I shall be satisfied *with what I am*, for I shall be like him who is now my Saviour, my all in all. What this likeness will consist in I know not; but certain I am, it will far exceed my most sanguine expectations. I shall be satisfied *with where I am*; for I shall be *with Jesus*. Heaven is where Jesus is; I know none other; I desire none other. I shall be satisfied *with the company I am in*, for they will be those who belong to Christ *made perfect*. I cannot be satisfied with my companions *here*—but *there* all will be union, peace, and love. I shall be satisfied *with the time I have to stay there*.

"There I shall see his face,
And never, *never* sin;

| There from the river of his grace,
Drink endless pleasures in."

I shall be satisfied *with my employment there*:

"There loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding, mansions ring,
With shouts of sovereign grace!"

I shall be satisfied *with the way I arrive there*. It may have been a trying one, but it was a *safe* one, and the *best* one, for infinite wisdom marked it out, while boundless mercy compassed it round. *Here* I meet with much that is dissatisfying: an evil heart, a proud nature, a persecuting devil, a cruel world, and unkind brethren; but, *yonder*, all shall be serenity and joy; no sorrow, sighing or grief, but the continued enjoyment of a smiling Saviour!

Reader, are you satisfied *now*? if so, you will not be satisfied hereafter; for the believer *only* can look forward to heaven; and he will never be satisfied till he arrives there. No continued satisfaction save in a personal realization of union with Christ: "O! that I had the wings of a dove; then would I fly away and be at rest."

Lord, give me grace to exercise patience!

MERCY'S FREE!

By faith I view my Saviour dying
On the tree, on the tree ;
To every nation he is crying,
Look to me, look to me !
He bids the guilty now draw near :
Repent, believe, dismiss thy fear.
Hark, hark, what precious words I hear !
Mercy's free, mercy's free !

Did Christ, when I was sin pursuing,
Pity me, pity me ?
And did he snatch my soul from ruin ?
Can it be, can it be ?
O yes, he did salvation bring ;
He is my Prophet, Priest, and King ;
And now my happy soul can sing,
Mercy's free, mercy's free !

Jesus the mighty God hath spoken
Peace to me, peace to me ;
Now all my chains of sin are broken,—
I am free, I am free !
For as I in his name believed,
The Holy Spirit I received,
And Christ from death my soul retrieved :
Mercy's free, mercy's free !

Long as I live, I'll still be crying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free !
And this shall be my theme when dying,
Mercy's free, mercy's free !
And when the vale of death I've passed—
When lodged above the stormy blast,
I'll sing while endless ages last,
Mercy's free, mercy's free !

“ONWARD! ONWARD!”

ONWARD! Christian, is our motto;
Joyful in our road we go;
Christ, our Captain, goes before us;
He has conquered every foe.

Christ erects the Gospel Standard;
He unfurls the banner wide;
He invites the poor and needy;
Hark! he cries, ‘*For you I died.*’

Come then, sinners, come to Jesus—
Sick and helpless, come for aid;
By the proud world all forgotten,
He will raise thy drooping head.

Come, poor doubter come to Jesus;
Cast thy doubts and fears aside;
Jesus knows thee—Jesus loves thee;
Hark! he calls, he says ‘*my bride.*’

In all thy sorrows I have seen thee;
Have heard thy prayers and feeble cry;
With nought but filthy rags upon thee,
Still thou wert comely to my eye.

Come, cast thy sin-soiled rags away,
I’ll clothe thee fresh in spotless white;
Like a king’s daughter shalt thou shine,
In gems, and gold so dazzling bright.

Come join the throng who onward ‘onward!’
‘onward!’

Through rough and thorny paths pass on
To that blest land where lies your portion,
Your Father’s house! your heavenly home!

Poor sufferers on your beds of sickness,
Fainter growing day by day,

Cheer up! our Jesus will sustain you;
His love in death will be your stay.

Bright seraphs who await his bidding,
Around thy feet a glorious band,
Are ready to conduct thy spirit
To that blest place, that glorious land.

Where no more racking pain or sorrow,
No sleepless nights, no weary days;
But glory bright in Jesus’s presence,
And never ending songs of praise.

Then ‘onward,’ Christian, take thy station,
Under the banner of our Lord;
Safe he will keep his trusting tried ones:
Its promised in His Holy Word.

E. B. BARBER.



The late John Angell James,
(OF BIRMINGHAM.)
**HIS CONVERSION; COMMENCEMENT OF PUBLIC
LABOURS;
DEATH AND FUNERAL.**

ONE miserable Sunday morning, in the year 1841, I slowly stepped into Carr's Lane Chapel, Birmingham; and there I saw a mighty mass of people listening to the soft and sacred sounds of Mr. James's voice. He was not a powerful advocate of the doctrines of grace; but he aimed to preach salvation by Christ; and, as God's servant, to lead sinners to believe in the Lamb of God for life eternal. But very few men ever stood so long in one place, with so much success and esteem, as Mr. James has done. But he is gone. I shall review his life, notice his death; and give some account of interesting events connected with his burial, &c. But in this number I only notice his quiet departure. By one of the public prints, it is said:—

It is our melancholy duty to record the going down to death of

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one full of years and honours, the venerable John Angall James. The sad event took place about seven o'clock on Saturday morning, Oct. 4, at his residence in the Hughley-road.

For some time past the venerable old man had manifested symptoms of wear and tear of years. Indications of physical decay made themselves felt now and then, but his intellect was as clear and vigorous, and his imagination as fresh and buoyant as it was fifty years ago, age only seeming to render it more brilliant and acute. For the last ten days preceding his death he had, however, become perceptibly more feeble, but his illness assumed no very distinct or serious aspect, though he occasionally suffered greatly. On Sunday morning last he preached at the Edgbaston Congregational Church, and, although the hand of time was evidently tracing dissolution upon him, yet he delivered a discourse marked by his old eloquence, vigour of thought, and practical piety. There was much that was remarkable about that sermon and the preacher that day. He took for his text the words, 'Unto you is the word of this salvation sent: 'How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation,' and, in the course of the sermon founded upon this text, he declared with the deepest solemnity of tone and manner, as if with some mysterious presentiment of coming dissolution, that if he knew that was the last discourse he should ever preach, these were the words he should choose for his dying theme. The sermon and the occasion were all too surely realised. He left the chapel that day, and never entered it more. He was very feeble and ill during the week, but was much better on Friday. On the evening of that day, however, he was seized with an attack of indigestion. Dr. Evans, who occupies the adjoining residence, was called in, prescribed, and succeeded in alleviating the pain to some extent. No danger was anticipated, and Mr. James retired to rest apparently almost in his usual health. He was, however, frequently sick during the night, but slept from half-past four till six on Saturday morning, when he awoke. His appearance then somewhat alarmed his attendant, who instantly sent for Dr. Evans and Mr. Bindley (his usual medical adviser,) while Mr. T. S. James, his son, was likewise summoned. At a

glance the medical gentlemen saw there was no hope. The nervous system was utterly exhausted, there were symptoms of heart disease, the physical structure had fallen into perfect decay. The venerable minister lay upon his death-bed calm and unmoved; he held out his hand and muttered a word or two to his son, and, with a calm smile upon his face, he closed his eyes and placidly fell into the sleep of death. The dread, perhaps the morbid dread—not of death, but of pain—which he had previously experienced, seemed during the past fortnight to have passed entirely away. He was cheerful and happy under the consciousness that his end was approaching. He talked much of heaven, and seemed to anticipate with great satisfaction ‘the rest that remaineth for the people of God.’ During the week his friends were struck with the elevation of his religious joy, and were not without their fears that the end could not be far off. In the course of the day he penned several letters, in one of which, addressed to his brother the Rev. Thomas James, of London, he wrote thus:—

‘My condition just now is very low, not my spirits. I thank my Heavenly Father I am peaceful, I may say happy, quietly and contentedly waiting to see how it will go with me. My appetite entirely fails. Through mercy I get tolerable nights; but I believe it is the beginning of the end.’

On that day, also, Mr. James corrected the proofs of the last production of his pen, a review of the life and labours of the Rev. Richard Knill, which is about to appear in the memoirs of that good man. He forwarded it to the editor, the Rev. C. M. Birrell, of Liverpool, accompanied by a letter, in which the following interesting and touching words occur:—

‘I think it probable that with these few notes on dear Knill’s life and labours I shall lay down my pen, which has written much; would God it had written better. But while I say this, I am not without hope, yea I may add conviction, that it has in some degree written usefully. In some humble degree I have aimed at usefulness both in my preaching and writing, and God has, to an amount which utterly astonishes and almost overwhelms me, given me what I have sought. Oh! my brother, how delightful is it, not-

withstanding the humbling and sorrowful consciousness of defects and sins, to look back upon a life spent for Christ. I thank a sovereign God, I am not without some degree of this.'

The career thus closed, although long, honourable, and prosperous, was like that of many other eminent men, uncrowded by incident or striking events. Mr. James was born at Blandford on the sixth of June, 1785, and was consequently in his 75th year when he died.

From a life so full of ministerial and literary labour, we shall have some good things more to give. In the mean time, one can but think—what a happy place! What a busy place! What an everlastingly interesting place! What a glorious place heaven must be! There the servant sees his MASTER; and with all the good old patriarchs, apostles, and millions more, recounts the mercies of our God! Oh! to be prepared to join them! Then it will be well.

THE CONVERSION OF MR. JAMES.

We love to read, or hear, of the means whereby the Lord brings his ransomed children into the visible fold on earth.

The Rev. Mr. Dale, in his funeral sermon for Mr. James, thus referred to the means of Mr. James's Conversion. Mr. Dale said:

His father was an honorable and upright man, but did not till late in life profess faith and love towards the Lord Jesus Christ. His mother, as many of them had heard him often say, was a woman of unusual devoutness and godliness, and to her care and her prayers, to his very latest years, he constantly expressed the largest and most humble acknowledgements. There was no family prayer in the family when he was a child, but his mother used to take the children one by one to her chamber and pray with them there, and earnestly beseech God to take them into His family, and make them His own. The blessed result of this matronly piety was that all the children who lived embraced the faith and became

Christian people. One of his brothers, gifted with all those elements, intellectual and moral, which make men great, was for many years a deacon of that church. The only surviving brother was that dear friend who was with them that day sorrowing over his irreparable loss, the Rev. Thomas James, of London. When school life was over, the late John Angell James, was apprenticed to Mr. Baily, a draper at Poole, in Dorset, who died only a few years back.

The story of his conversion, copied from a Southern journal, was, he might venture to say, wholly apocryphal; it was founded on an event in the life of Mr. James's grandfather. 'The true history was this. When he went to live at Poole as an apprentice, he fell into the sin which youths educated in Christian families too often fall into. Under the influence of a false shame, he discontinued the habit of morning and evening prayer. A new apprentice came, who slept in the same room with himself, and the first night the new comer knelt by his bed-side before retiring to rest. The susceptible heart and conscience of their late pastor was struck with self-reproach, and that solitary act of fidelity in a fellow apprentice, without a single word to sustain him, was made by God, to sink into his heart and become the germ of all his future usefulness. There was a solemn and sad sequel to the story, however. The youth who had produced this impression on Mr. James plunged afterwards into infidelity and led a life of wickedness. He was in heaven now to welcome there his departed friend. There lived in Poole at that time a very humble but most useful Christian. He (the speaker) had often heard Mr. James speak of an old shoe-maker at Poole who was always on the watch for the appearance of religious thoughtfulness in young people, and was accustomed to invite them to his house. Night after night the young apprentice went to the shoemaker's shop, an 'anxious enquirer.' In that cottage was first heard the prayers of that voice which had since awoken the devotions of thousands of Christian hearts.

THE COMMENCEMENT OF MR. JAMES'S MINISTRY.

This one fact stands out very boldly, and beautifully too—that all, or nearly all, the men the Almighty has taken

to be of signal service in his church, have been *early* called to their work, and kept in it until they have been called home.

Young Men! let this cheer and encourage you. Read the commencement of this good man's ministerial life.

It was while Mr. James was a mere youth of nineteen that the event occurred through which he became connected with Birmingham, and was destined to be one of its most honored citizens. Dr. Bennett, then minister at Romsey, happened to visit Birmingham. He preached to the congregation of Carr's Lane, and with so much fervour that they pressed upon his acceptance their vacant pulpit. He declined the offer, but promised to recommend a pastor to them. In August, 1804, then, the youthful Mr. James entered Birmingham to preach to the Carr's Lane congregation temporarily, and with no conception that he would be chosen its pastor. He had not, however, preached to them more than four times, when a deputation waited upon him with an invitation that he should become their minister as soon as he might be permitted to leave college. Looking back upon that period in his history, Mr. James used to say that 'with perhaps too little reflection, and a promptitude that savoured more of boldness than of prudence, he gave at once a favourable answer to their invitation;' that in after years "he did not know at what most to wonder, their precipitancy in giving the invitation or his own in accepting it;" and that, although "results proved that it was of God, yet circumstances at the time argued little for the wisdom of either party." The youth, however, returned to college, and, after another year spent there, came back to Birmingham to enter upon the serious and responsible duties of the pastorate. On the 8th of September, 1805, he preached his first sermon, taking these words for his text, "Whereby are given unto us exceeding great and precious promises, that by these ye might be partakers of the Divine nature." What the young preacher felt on that memorable occasion he has left on record. "I have," he said, "a very clear and vivid recollection of the impression of awe which I received on my first survey from the pulpit of the congregation, which was

produced, not of course by the number of hearers, but by the unusual prevalence of venerable, noble, I might almost say majestic, old men that sat around me, waiting for the presence of the juvenile preacher. I now seem to wonder how I could open my lips on that occasion, can only account for it by thinking that the Lord helped me." However, he succeeded well, and on the 8th of May following was ordained. At that time Carr's Lane congregation was not the numerous, wealthy, and influential body it now is. It consisted of not more than 150 persons, and the church itself of only about 40 members. The pulpit ministrations of the young minister for nearly seven years did not tend to increase the number of his hearers. Still he laboured on, heavy at heart with want of success, and sometimes resolving to seek another and more favourable sphere of action; but he persevered, and the result was the gathering of a congregation always needing an enlarged structure for worship, and a constant stream of prosperity attending all his ministerial efforts. It is impossible to conceive the closeness of the affection existing between Mr. James and his congregation. They were bound up together in the promotion of every good work—in education, missionary labour, in works of charity. They were mutually proud of each other. In such harmonious relationship Mr. James's life passed smoothly by, varied by incidents of chapel extension, the establishment of schools, the promotion of missionary enterprise, the publication of works, and occasionally by special favour. Thus, in 1845, in completing the fortieth year of his pastorate, the congregation, while congratulating him on the event, resolved to commemorate it by founding a scholarship in Spring Hill College, for the education of young men for the Christian ministry, to bear the name of John Angell James. This was the mode in which he wished presentation to himself to be applied.

THE FUNERAL.

Certainly we never read, nor heard, of any funeral *cortège* (except in the case of Wellington, or any of royalty) in which such demonstrations of real sorrow and esteem were

openly manifested, as were seen on Friday, Oct. 7th, 1859, in Birmingham, when the mortal remains of John Angell James were laid in the tomb, at the foot of that pulpit, in which for so many years he had preached of things concerning salvation by CHRIST JESUS THE LORD. He was not by 'us,' considered a thoroughly sound Divine, in point of New Covenant doctrine; but he was a noble-minded philanthropist; he was a real lover of all who saw with him in matters of theology and Christian practice; he was a laborious messenger of mercy; and an able advocate of all that is moral, virtuous, and of good report. Therefore, as he lived for more than fifty years, beloved and esteemed by all, it was but meet, that all persons and parties should be anxious to shed the silent tear of gratitude and sorrow over the grave of the man whom the Almighty had so highly honoured. No one can more thoroughly ignore all creature merit in the great business of a sinner's salvation or acceptance than myself. SALVATION is *of* God—*through* CHRIST—*by* the SPIRIT—and *for* the Chosen Bride of Heaven alone. Still, I can appreciate—yea, more, I can very deeply love, the excellencies of any good man; therefore, to me there is something 'cheering' in the following sentences with which Mr. Dale closed his oration over the vault. After saying much, he said—

In this town the nobleness, the magnanimity, the meekness of his character will not be easily forgotten. As for us who are called still to labour in that earthly ministry from which he has departed, we shall often look back upon him as an epistle of Christ sent to tell us the virtues that we should cherish, the graces that we should cultivate, and shall often endeavour, in the silence of our solitary musings, to quicken our failing ardour and to sustain and intensify our flagging earnestness by the remembrance of all that he was. He dwelt in love, and therefore dwelt in God and God in him; and after this sacrament of grief, of which we partake in common this

morning, our hearts shall cling together with a warmer affection, and we will strive to perpetuate the unity and the mutual trust which it was one of his chief purposes to further. But now we must soon depart from this scene, in bitter sorrow, yet rejoicing with hope. We are here this morning not to utter bitter lamentations over a shameful defeat, but to celebrate, though with tears mingling with our joy, an immortal victory. Even through our tears we dimly discern the splendours into which he has entered, and even in our grief we can rise for a moment into fellowship with his bliss. Farewell, happy spirit farewell! The glory of the Lord has arisen upon thee! Thou art dwelling in the secret place of the Most High! Thine eyes have seen the King in his beauty, and the land which is very far off! Thou art for ever with the Lord, and the Lord shall be to thee an everlasting light, and thy God thy glory! Thou hast finished the work which was given thee to do! Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the kingdom of thy Lord!

MR. DALL then gave out a couple of stanzas of the hymn—

“Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb!
Take this new treasure to thy trust!
And give these sacred relics room
Awhile to slumber in the dust.

While these lines were being sung, the coffin was lowered into a vault in front of the pulpit, and the “sacred relics” of John Angell James rested in the spot he had himself selected. The sorrow of the vast congregation was painfully manifest during the whole proceedings, but at this point it was especially distressing, as well as during Dr. Tidman’s closing prayer, the emotion of that gentleman being very affecting.

“THE VILLAGE PREACHER” IN THE WEST LONDON UNION.

MINE is a singular mission indeed! Sometimes in the midst of a multitude of citizens; sometimes in a crowd of rustic villagers; occasionally in a waggon, on a green, preaching to a mixed assembly; and now and then in a London Union, addressing the aged

and well-disposed inmates who love to 'seek the Lord; and to celebrate his praise.' The other evening I was invited to preach again in the Hall of that large Union near Smithfield. The master and his beloved partner, are both decided believers in the gospel; and the sight is most pleasing, to witness the master and mistress gathering together the people for prayer and praise, himself reading the hymns to them, and leading the choir in a most cheerful and powerful manner. As I stood in the pulpit that evening, I saw the withered hands and faces of many an aged female; and the hoary head of many a pilgrim who had seen, what the world calls 'his better days.'

I preached to them from these words, 'According as His divine power hath given unto us all things that pertain unto life and godliness, through the knowledge of Him who hath called us to glory and to virtue.' I simply said, there are four excellencies connected with the gospel when it is accompanied with power divine. The first is the excellent *oneness* and *unity*, it gives us with the whole church of God. It addresses itself 'to them that have obtained like precious faith with us.' It is '*like*' faith; it is '*precious*' faith. 'I wish I was like such a man—' we sometimes say, when we see a good Christ-like traveller to Zion. Well; this precious faith is the same as Abraham had; as David had; as the apostles and martyrs had; and it will bring all who have it, into union with one precious Saviour; into possession of one glorious kingdom. The second excellency in the gospel is that of *fulness*. The Lord gives his people '*ALL THINGS*' which pertain to life and godliness. Not one good thing for time or for eternity can be wanting by them who in the Lord believe; and have Christ formed in their heart as the hope of glory. What a fulness! and given too! The third excellency is that of *dignity*. He calls us to *glory*. What is this glory? It is nothing less than the Lord Jesus Christ himself. '*He is the King of glory!*' Sin casts man down: it flings him away from all that is holy; from all that is heavenly; from all that is God-like, and from all that is good. Jesus Christ raises the poor fallen sinner up; and says to them that stand by, (his waiting and ministering servants) 'take away his filthy garments from him; clothe him with change of raiment;

and let them set a fair mitre on his head. So they set a fair mitre on his head ; expressive of his being both a king and a priest unto God. Oh ! this is dignity indeed ! The last excellency is that of *purity*. ' Called us to glory and *virtue*.' That word *virtue* is a choice, a chaste, a comprehensive term. It is here used to denote the work of the Holy Spirit in the heart of a vessel of mercy. In the blessed Spirit's work there is holy life implanted ; a holy Christ revealed ; holy blood applied ; holy knowledge, strength, and liberty bestowed.

' Yea, every grace which brings us nigh,
Is by the Spirit given.'

As I left the Hall, three cheerful, venerable, and intelligent men shook me heartily by the hand ; and asked me to come again. I retired, feeling thankful that such merciful favours are still vouchsafed unto

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

CHEERING WORDS

ABOUT

THE LATE DAVID DENHAM ; THE REV. E. SAMUEL,
A CONVERTED ISRAELITE ;
AND MR. HUGHES, OF HACKNEY.

DAVID DENHAM was one of those excellent men that even Nature appeared to stamp, and make up, for a Christian. Every feature in his face ; every kindly look he gave you ; every word he spoke ; every gesture and movement, seemed to say he was a saint ; a servant of God ; and a really good man. Ah ! and a good man he was too. The Grace of God made him so ; the grace of God kept him so ; as a gracious man he lived ; and as a gracious man he died : and he has left behind him a sweet little monument of his work, in remembrance, in the shape of a noble Selection of Hymns, called 'The Melody,' or, 'Denham's Selection ; which book is now used in a great many of the Baptist Churches in London ; and in

some of the provinces. David Denham was a useful minister of Jesus Christ ; but good man as he was, he had his trials, he had his foes ; he had his deep temptations and afflictions. These, I think, broke his heart ; and home he went to glory. When those who loved his ministry, were deprived of him ; and left the chapel, where for years they had worshipped with him ; then they commanded me to come and speak to them in the Lord's name ; I did so ; first, in the Welsh Chapel ; then in Crosby Row ; and now, for five years and more, we have returned to Mr. Denham's Old Chapel, Unicorn Yard, Tooley Street ; where sometimes we are very happy. On Tuesday, November the 28th, we hope to hold our sixteenth anniversary in Unicorn Yard ; and shall be glad to see all those good-working Christians who love Cheering Words.

You will see, as you read on, in this article, that I have taken a leaf or two out of the Rev. Edward Samuel's little Shilling Volume, entitled '*A Memoir of the Early Life, Conversion, and call to the Ministry of the Rev. Edward Samuel, Minister of the gospel, at Salford.*' This Memoir has been read with the most profound interest by some thousands ; and a new and large edition of it is now preparing for publication. Mr. Samuel's memoir is a book, I believe, destined to be of immense benefit both to Jew and Gentile. I have no doubt, but its circulation will be extensive, even to the ends of the earth. I had purposed to review the life and ministry of Mr. Hughes, of Hackney, in this paper ; but that is deferred for another number.

The following is taken from Mr. Samuel's memoir ; after relating his trouble of soul under the law ; Mr. Samuel describes his deliverance in the following manner.

One day Mr. David Denham, a godly minister, now in glory, came to see me. I now and then attended his ministry, being

near to where I lived. Seeing me so cast down, he said, 'Brother Samuel, why are you so cast down? Why is your countenance so sad?' I replied, "A heavy heart makes a sad countenance." As he was a kind and humble man, I generally felt liberty in opening my mind to him. He told me that "he was as sure that I should enter glory as that the Apostle Paul is now in glory," and spoke many things to comfort me. I told him I believed in the promises of God, but that they did not belong to me, they were only for regenerated characters; except these promises were applied by the Holy Ghost, I dared not lay hold of them. I said, 'A wounded spirit who can bear?' and that nothing less than an application of the blood of atonement could heal my wounded spirit; that the Lord had sorely wounded me, and He only could heal me. Thus Mr. Denham left me, saying that he believed the Lord would soon reveal Himself to my soul, as the night was very dark. However, this was but the beginning of the night.

One Tuesday evening, soon after this conversation with Mr. Denham, I went to hear Mr. Hughes. As I went along I begged the Lord to give the minister a message that should comfort my soul. I then hungered and thirsted for the bread and water of life. I used the means, and embraced every opportunity. Neither rain, snow, darkness, nor distance, which at least was three miles from Bermondsey, kept me away, and was generally there before the service commenced; the Lord strengthening me so to do. My reason for being early was because I knew the Lord is a Sovereign, and that He could bless as much in singing the hymn or in reading the chapter, as in the sermon.—But to return. The minister read and prayed, then gave out his text. The text I cannot remember; the substance I do. He entered into the inquiry how far it was possible to go in a profession, and yet to be lost at last, and went on to expose hypocrites in a variety of forms and ways. It appeared to me that he fixed his eyes upon me, and as he was speaking I feared that I was most assuredly the character he described. The distress of my soul was indescribably great. On coming from the chapel, I met with the friend before mentioned, who was the first cause of my going to this place. Asking me how I got on that evening, I replied, "I am lost! I am lost to all

eternity!" She said, "No, no, no; not as long as Christ can save; you are one of his sheep, and they shall never perish." With these words I wished her "Good night," and left her. As I was going home a new temptation came; that was to destroy myself, thinking the longer I lived I only added sin to sin, and that my condemnation would be greater. This appeared blacker than anything before; it disabled me for a time from attending to my employment. The people with whom I lived were professors; they considered I was in a melancholy state, and that I should soon go out of my mind. Under all these temptations I was still enabled to wrestle with the Lord for His divine appearance, and at times felt much liberty in so doing. Then these temptations would come in again. One day being confined to my room, it was suggested to my mind that I had been guilty of the unpardonable sin: here I seemed quite to sink. In this case I was afraid to pray; I thought my prayer would only sink me deeper in the gulf. I attempted to walk the room, but could not, feeling so weak and distressed. Sometimes I "roared like a bear," and sometimes "mourned like a dove." My language was, "O Lord, I am oppressed; undertake for me." I was afraid to pray, yet could not help crying to the Lord. In the evening, while reading the Word of God, these words came to me very forcibly, "This night thy soul shall be required of thee." After reading this portion of the Divine Word, I was afraid to shut my eyes, fearing that if I went to sleep I should open them in hell. This passage remained on my mind during the whole week, day and night.

About this time, one evening between eleven and twelve o'clock, having a candle burning in my bed-room, and my Bible open before me, musing upon my miserable state, thinking upon a solemn eternity, and upon the Judge of all, and the great day of judgment, feeling as standing before Him a condemned criminal, I told the Lord that if He sent me to hell He would be just and righteous in doing so; but that if He could bestow mercy in accordance with His divine justice, for Christ Jesus' sake I begged he would have mercy upon my soul. "O Lord, have mercy upon me! Son of David, have mercy upon me!" Then these words came to me, "But thou hast utterly rejected us; thou art very wroth against us" (Lam. v.

22). I cried out, "I am damned; my damnation is sealed." In this horror of soul I remained until the night following, when the Lord spoke pardon. The promise is that "At the evening time it shall be light," (Zech. xiv. 7). The Lord is faithful to His promise, and I blessedly experienced His faithfulness to the joy and rejoicing of my heart. The night following was very dark. Having a candle burning in my room, and my Bible before me as usual, deploring my unhappy state, these words came with very great power, "I am the God of Abraham, and the God of Isaac, and the God of Jacob. God is not the God of the dead, but of the living." I exclaimed, "Lord, is it me? Art thou my God?" The clouds immediately began to disperse; the horror of my soul fled; I burst into a flood of tears, and said, "Lord, can it be me?" when the same portion was repeated thrice, with as much power as before. Glorious light broke into my soul; the light appeared greater than the former darkness; I went down on my knees, blessing and praising the Lord for this infinite deliverance. "What," said I to myself, "instead of hell, have I heaven? instead of damnation, have I salvation? instead of the wrath of God, have I His love? instead of His frowns, have I His smiles? O my soul, bless, bless the Lord, and forget not all his benefits! Who forgiveth all thine iniquities, who healeth all thy diseases." Tears continued flowing, when another portion came, "I have blotted out as a thick cloud thy transgressions, and as a cloud thy sins. Return unto me, for *I have redeemed thee.*" The words, "I have redeemed thee" were very precious to my soul. "What," said I, "me! Redeemed me from eternal destruction! Blessed be thy dear and precious name." Another portion followed. "Yea, I have loved thee with an *everlasting* love, therefore with lovingkindness have I drawn thee." And another, "Son, be of good cheer; thy sins be *forgiven* thee." Also many others which I cannot now recollect. Oh, what a happy change! to be brought out of the power of darkness, and to be translated into the kingdom of His dear Son. A deliverance from eternal darkness into eternal light! From eternal death to eternal life! Instead of being eternally separated from the fountains of living water, to have Divine assurance of being with the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost to all eternity; to be with Christ, see Him as He

is, and be like Him. This was my case; I was *sure* that my sins were forgiven; I could feel nor find none; I could say, "My Lord! and my God! My Beloved is mine, and I am his." He was and is the altogether lovely, and the chiefest among ten thousand. I felt heaven in my soul; all, all was calm, serene, and tranquil. It was joy unspeakable, and full of glory. I by precious faith then sat at the feet of Jesus, clothed and in my right mind, and, with Mary of old, washing His precious feet with tears. I could sing with the poet,

' Here would I sit and gaze away,
, A long and everlasting day,'

And with the Apostles, 'It is good for me to be here : ' the suretyship of Christ was gloriously opened to me, also the sovereignty and electing love of God. I felt and was assured that I had not chosen Christ, but that he had chosen me, and loved me first, and that from all eternity. That His holy love, and divine choice, was the cause of mine; His the root, mine the fruit from the root. This happy deliverance took place between eleven and twelve at night, being precisely the same time, that on the preceding evening that portion came Lam. v. 22. It was jubilee to my soul, all liberty, and freedom, walking my room, singing for joy. The old gentleman and lady with whom I lived, told me the next morning that the nature of my madness had changed, for instead of being a melancholy madness, I now sang and rejoiced. So, according to their opinion, I was out of my mind both then and previously. I told them it was soul sorrow before, but now it was soul joy.

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THE ORIGINAL
BAPTIST ALMANAC AND CONGREGATIONAL
HAND BOOK FOR 1860.

THE VOLUME OF CHEERING WORDS
FOR 1859.

With Ornamented Cover, will soon be ready.



Cheering Words by Cheerful Men.

THERE are a wonderful many gloomy, melancholy-looking, sour old parsons in this pretty little kingdom of ours. They make young people think that religion is a sad and sorrowful thing; and Satan takes advantage of this; and tries to persuade many that religion is only fit for a dying bed; and, therefore, when the gospel comes to them, and says, 'I beseech you be ye reconciled to God.' They say, 'Oh, no! cannot think of putting on mournful garments yet: cannot endure the thought of being miserable all our days; going hanging down our heads, as though we had been guilty of the most dreadful crimes that ever man could commit. Oh, no! good gospel, go thy way for the present; at a more convenient season, we will send for thee. We are not prepared to sit down three times every Sunday, and hear the parson groan out a forty-minutes prayer every time; and then listen to his awful description of his 'Old Man,' his woeful denunciations of everybody but himself and a very few; and his closing up by sending us all to perdition, as far as his roaring can do it. Oh, no! no, no; we pray to be excused.'

Religion is a pure, a powerful, a precious, a beautifully preparatory mystery, laid in the immortal soul by the Holy Spirit; which mystery is developed by the uprising of a life that is spiritually holy, and divine; by the diffusion of a light that is most penetrating, illuminating, and awfully grand; discovering as it does the

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blackness of the sinner's sin on the one hand, and revealing a SAVIOUR, a gracious and a compassionate High Priest on the other. The gospel is full of good news, expository of this Religion, which, in fact, is an embodiment of the Holy Purposes of the FATHER, the Glorious Person of the SON, the Sanctifying Powers of the Eternal Spirit: and to possess this religion, is to possess all that can make us happy here, and Holy and Blessed for ever.

In this day, there are some young men springing up in almost every section of the Church of God, as *ministers of the religion of the Bible*: they have not travelled through the Slough of Despond, as John Bunyan writes; they have not waded through such scenes and sufferings of soul, as William Huntington experienced: they have not the deep-details and hard researches of John Gill; neither are they spiritual birds of paradise exactly like Robert Hawker; but they commend the gospel to our consciences by that smiling and cheerful simplicity which grace has evidently favoured them with, knowing, perhaps, but little, as yet of the terrors of Sinai; or, of the deceitfulness of the human heart; yet, blessed with a living faith in Christ, a pleasant love to him, and a happy talent for preaching his gospel, they come forth with much acceptance, and with considerable success. Almost in the front ranks of these cheering lads, there stands Bloomfield, Pells, Cracknell, Butterfield, and some others, whose progress in the gospel kingdom is a feature of gladness in our times.

I can only now remark that J. E. Cracknell is evidently honoured of his MASTER, in his pastoral labours at Dacre Park Chapel, Blackheath, Kent, where, on the first Lord's-day in November he baptized some dear friends who had previously declared something of the Lord's work in their souls, in bringing them to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, their Saviour and their God. This young man, Mr. Cracknell, appears exceedingly happy in his work; and on Sabbath evenings he devotes himself especially to the consideration of such vital themes as with God's blessing, are calculated to awaken many minds; and to fill the house with earnest seekers, which is always a joyful sight to a good young man.

Having noticed our young friend, Mr. Butterfield, it would be sinful not to notice the cheering sight witnessed the other day

when his pretty new Bethlehem was opened. If you take a ticket at the Greenwich Station, on London Bridge, and train it to the Dock Station, any Wednesday evening, you may see, at about five minutes' walk from the Dock Station, as pretty a Sanctuary as you will find in any nook this country over; it stands close to the China Hall Gate. Mr. Butterfield is a young man of good mental and vocal powers. The Lord has given him a work to do; and although during the last twelve months he has been nearly at death's door, still he lives; and was enabled to preach one of the opening sermons of his greatly loved Bethlehem. The evening meeting following the opening, was a joyful sight. James Wells presided, and poured forth his original rustic eloquence in such a pleasing and purely evangelical style that all were delighted. John Bloomfield, Thomas Ohivers, James Butterfield, William Flack, John Pells, Henry Wyse, and many others praised God for the erection of such a house, and earnestly besought the churches to help this 'little one' to pay the price of its erection.

CHEERING WORDS IN REVIEWING THE MINISTERIAL LIFE OF MR. HUGHES, OF HACKNEY.

In noticing, last month, the new edition of '*a Memoir of the conversion and call to the ministry of Edward Samuel, a converted Israelite*,' we were led, perhaps rather precipitately, to refer to the ministerial life and labours of Mr. Hughes, the minister of the large Independent Chapel, at Hackney; and promised to enter more fully into some features of his pastoral career, from whence lessons of caution, and cause for gratitude may be drawn for all who love the Lord, and sympathise with His servants in their sorrows and successes in the work given unto them.

There are few men whose entire life has been so exclusively devoted to one branch of the visible Church, as Mr. Hughes's has been. While some good men run the nation through, and are useful to tens and to hundreds of thousands, Mr. Hughes has given himself to the one church the Lord gave him to feed and

nourish ; and there in comparative seclusion he has spent his days. There are many most interesting and delightful results of his ministry which the church ought to possess ; but a friend has advised us to pause until our notes are more perfect : our knowledge more complete. We hope to resume this subject, and considerably enlarge.

THE SONG OF A GRATEFUL HEART.

When all thy mercies, O my God !
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise.
O how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart ?
But thou canst read it there.
Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redressed,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear ;
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.
Unnumber'd comforts to my soul,
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
Ten thousand thousand precious gifts,
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.
Thro' ev'ry period of my life,
Thy goodness I'll pursue,
And after death in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

SKETCHES FROM MY NOTE BOOK.

BY T. W. MEDHURST, KINGSTON-ON-THAMES.

NO. I.

Susan ——— has been laid on a bed of affliction for a long time. Satan had been permitted to harass her soul, by infusing hard thoughts concerning her Saviour's love. She has been tempted to doubt her interest in the Saviour's atoning work, and to fear that after all, her hopes are but bright pebbles, which in the days of her comfort, shone with a seeming brilliancy, but are now worthless. I called several times, to see and converse with her; but found her still dark, still tormented with the suggestions of the enemy of God's family. I offered many an earnest prayer at the throne of grace, that the Lord would graciously remove the cloud, by bringing her soul from the house of bondage. At length the answer, which had seemed to tarry, came, and with it light, peace and joy broke into her soul, enabling her to triumph in the midst of Jordan's cold stream. Her Saviour was made increasingly precious; the Holy Ghost opened to her the well-springs of salvation; the Father shewed his love, while her spirit panted for release from its clay prison. During her last night below, she shouted 'Victory! *Victory!* *Victory!* through the blood of the Lamb!'—her impatient soul, longing to be at rest, enabled her to pray, 'Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come. I long to see thee. Come, Lord,—come.' Thus she took her departure from a land of grief to a city of joy, where hope should not be needed; where faith should be sweetly lost in sight; where she should be satisfied, because *with* and *like* her Saviour.

On the following week, I buried our sister in the new cemetery, at Kingston-on-Thames, and on the following Lord's-day preached her funeral sermon, from the words of Paul, as recorded in the second epistle of Paul to Timothy, the 4th chap. and the 6th, 7th and 8th verses.

Dear reader, what knowest thou of an interest in the Person and work of Jesus? Know, that without an interest therein thou must for ever perish, for

None but Jesus
Can do helpless sinners good.

THE MARTYRS' MEMORIAL, OXFORD.

[SEE FRONTPIECE.]

THE inscription states this monument was erected in the year 1841, by public subscription, to the glory of God, and in grateful commemoration of His servants, Thomas Cranmer, Nicholas Ridley, and Hugh Latimer, prelates of the Church of England, who, near this spot, yielded their bodies to be burned, bearing witness to the sacred truths which they affirmed and maintained against the errors of the Church of Rome, that to them it was given, not only to believe in Christ, but also to suffer for His sake. The memorial cross is of the decorated period, and has for its model the Eleanor Cross, at Waltham, which lovely monument, in some respects, it may be said to surpass. It was built from designs drawn by Messrs. Scott and Moffatt, of magnesian limestone, taken out of a quarry near Mansfield, Nottinghamshire. The first stone was made May 19th. 1841. It is divided into three stories, in the centre of which are the figures of the bishops. In the northern compartment of the lower story is the inscription, stating the object for which the cross was erected. Over this, facing St. Giles church, is the figure of Cranmer; that the Corn-market is Latimer; the other, facing Balliol-ward, is Ridley. The entire height of the monument is 73 feet.

The precise spot of the suffering of the martyrs is not known the most likely supposition is, that it was in the town ditch, the site of which is now occupied by the houses in Broad Street, which are immediately opposite the gateway of Balliol College, or the foot path in front of them.

Where the disease is so strong, the physic must be strong, or else the cure will never be wrought. God is a wise physician, and he would never give strong medicine if weaker could effect the cure. The more rusty the iron is, the oftener we put it into the fire to purify it; and the more crooked it is, the more blows, and the harder blows, we give to straighten it: therefore, Christian, if thou hast long been gathering rust, thou hast no cause to complain if God deal thus with thee.

TWO HEAVENS BETTER THAN ONE!

OR,

HOW TO DIE HAPPY.

A FUNERAL SERMON preached on the sudden and mysterious death of the late Robert Abbott, has been published by G. J. Stevenson, bearing this title—'How TO DIE HAPPY!' We have really been pleased with some of the blessed things this sermon contains. The principal theme is the Completeness of the Church's Salvation in Christ. Take the following sample :

The *Preparation* of the bride for Christ her husband is the theme. Herein is the foundation of all real happiness in time, in departing out of time, and in eternity.

This preparation is—(1.) by God the Father—(2.) by Jesus Christ—(3.) by the Holy Ghost—(4.) by the gospel—(5.) by the work of faith—(6.) by the consecrating and comforting power of the promise applied and verified; and lastly, this preparation will be consummated by the dissolution, the resurrection, and the fashioning of our mortal bodies, that they may be like unto our Lord's glorious body—then indeed, will the church be "prepared as a bride adorned for her husband."

That "*all things are ready*"—that this New Covenant completeness of the Church's salvation in and by Christ, is a Precious Bible theme—(a glorious revelation from the ancient mountains, and from the everlasting hills,) this indeed, is the joy of my heart; and is the good news of the gospel which I see is very extensively eclipsed and hidden in these days. I love Perfection. I delight to revel in the undying beauties of the Bible. I am happy in telling out the seven-fold brightness and completeness of the truth as it is in Jesus. I cannot withhold the declaration that salvation was as much ready for the poor crying and dying thief on the cross, as it was for good old Simon, who said "Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation." The Omnipotence of the Holy Spirit is such that in one moment he

can quicken the soul into life—reveal Jesus to the heart—produce an apprehending and an appropriating faith in the mind—purge the conscience from all dead works—seal home the pardon of sins—wrap up the *new man* in the Righteousness of the dear Redeemer, and catch it home to glory; where, with all the justified it shall sing the New Song—“*Unto him that loved us,*” &c., &c.

The doctrine of “*two heavens better than one,*” I do not despise. Ever would I be thankful that so many years have been given me in which; in my little way, I have strove to serve the Lord; and have so much enjoyed his presence even here on the earth. I thank Him for my mother’s early teaching—I bless him for so thoroughly convincing me of my fallen condition,—I desire to praise Him for coming Himself, and speaking so powerfully to my heart:—for giving me any employment in his vineyard:—with Paul I would say—“I thank Christ Jesus my Lord:” and that I may live yet many years in the Church below; and be more than ever useful—and, at last, *FINISH my course WITH JOY*”—is really the daily prayer of my heart—but, this, nor all this cannot *essentially* prepare me for glory, or entitle me to heaven. Oh no! That is by THE GLORIOUS TRINITY OF PERSONS IN THE GOD-HEAD alone. See then, where, by whom, and how this READINESS is prepared.

I have enjoyed myself in taking a seven-fold view of this well prepared—this eternal—this complete and glorious fitness given by the God of Israel unto His people; of whom the apostle so plainly speaks. “*Who hath saved us—(mark well every word here is in the past and positive tense) and called us with an holy calling; not according to our works—(not dependent upon, or meritoriously for, any good wrought by us,) but according to His own purpose and grace which was given us IN CHRIST JESUS, BEFORE the world began.*”

There is the *Giver*, it is GOD: there is the *Gift*, it is CHRIST JESUS; and all the purposes and graces of the New Covenant in Him: there is the period when the Gift was bestowed: it was ‘*before the world began.*’. There are the glorious results, ‘*SALVATION*’ and ‘*SANCTIFICATION.*’

This is surely the gospel of the ever-blessed God: or, I know

not the meaning of words. *To die happy*, then, is, to be saved in Christ from everlasting to everlasting—and to be called in time, with that *Holy CALLING*, which the Eternal Spirit performs and works by the *Breath of God* breathed in, and by the revelations of Christ given to all the chosen seed; of whom Peter says—“they are kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation, **READY** to be revealed in the last times.”

CONSIDER THE WORTH & EXCELLENCY OF SOULS.

A SOUL is a spiritual, immortal substance; it is capable of the knowledge of God, of union with God, of communion with God, and of a blessed and happy fruition of God. Christ left his Father's bosom for the good of souls; he assumed man's nature for the salvation of men's souls: Christ prayed for souls; he wept for souls; he bled for souls; he hung on the cross for souls; he trod the wine-press of the Father's wrath for souls; he died for souls; he rose again from death for souls; he ascended for souls; he intercedes for souls; and all the glorious preparations he has been making in heaven these sixteen hundred years are for souls.
—*Brooks.*

CLOSE OF OUR NINTH VOLUME.

“Ann Bishop, of Bell Farm,” is a kind heart, and opens the way for our reply. “The Carpenter's Son” has been resting awhile. His next communication is just to hand: will appear in January, and be regularly continued. He is, as Ann thinks, “a useful man in a most remarkable position,” in one of the provinces. “Theodosia” is also to appear in January.

“The Original Baptist Almanack” is once more issued. I have filled it as full of good Bible words, and useful hints, and necessary information as it can hold. I am sure if grace enable the people to read it, to enjoy the scriptures, and to practice the suggestions, we shall be none the worse for it. It has cost me, and others, a great deal of labour; I hope my friends will all see it well circulated in their neighbourhoods. Get your bookseller and chapel-keeper to sell it.—ED.

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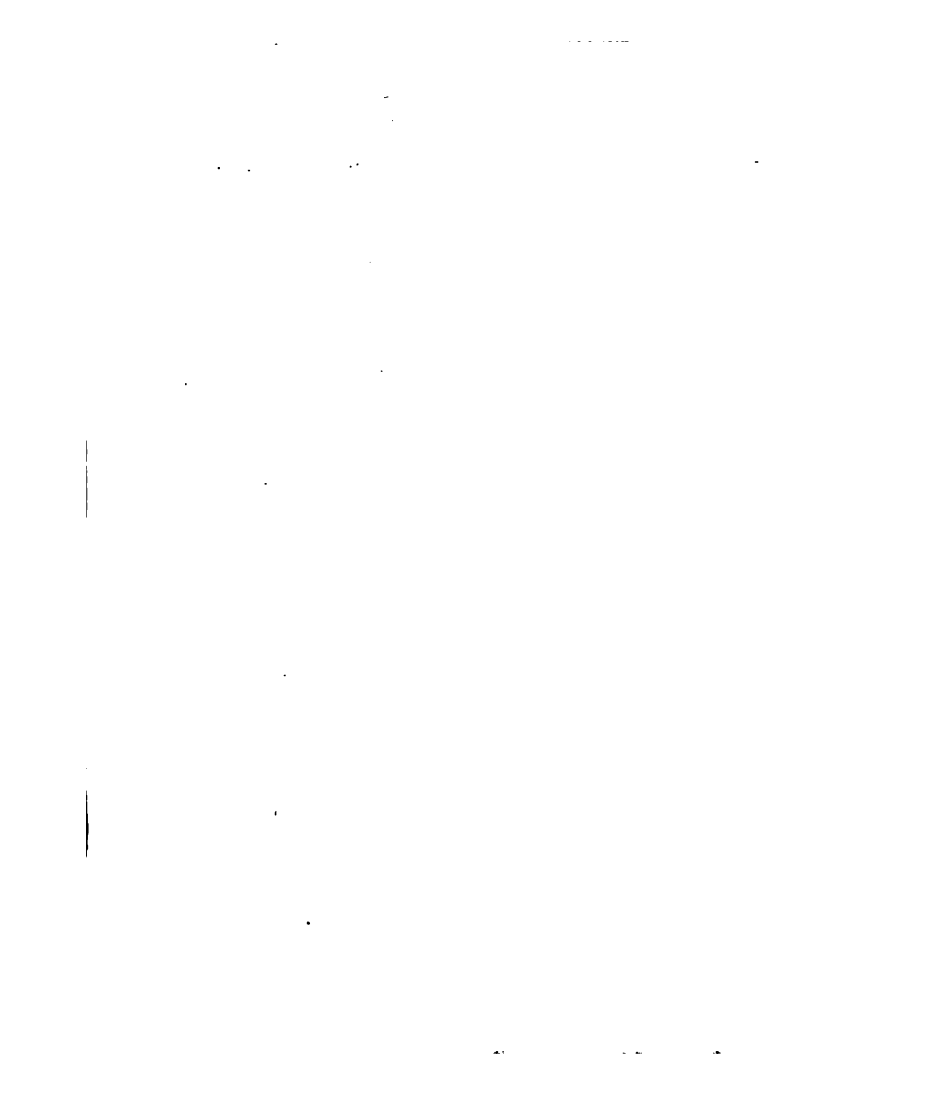
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JANUARY.						
1	S	M	17	T	W	1
2	M	18	T	Th	2	W
3	W	19	Th	3	Th	3
4	Th	20	F	4	F	4
5	F	21	S	5	S	5
6	S	22	M	6	M	6
7	M	23	T	7	T	7
8	T	24	Th	8	Th	8
9	Th	25	F	9	F	9
10	F	26	S	10	S	10
11	S	27	M	11	M	11
12	M	28	T	12	T	12
13	T	29	Th	13	Th	13
14	Th	30	F	14	F	14
15	F	31	S	15	S	15
16	S			16		
FEBRUARY.						
1	W	17	F	1	F	1
2	Th	18	S	2	S	2
3	F	19	M	3	M	3
4	S	20	T	4	T	4
5	M	21	Th	5	Th	5
6	T	22	F	6	F	6
7	Th	23	S	7	S	7
8	F	24	M	8	M	8
9	S	25	T	9	T	9
10	M	26	Th	10	Th	10
11	T	27	F	11	F	11
12	Th	28	S	12	S	12
13	F	29	M	13	M	13
14	S	30	T	14	T	14
15	M			15	M	
16	T			16	T	
MARCH.						
1	Th	17	S	1	S	1
2	F	18	M	2	M	2
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SAMUEL AND ELI.—(See page 220.)

**CHEERING
WORDS.**

VOLUME XIII.

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THE MIDNIGHT CRY.

BY THOMAS GEORGE BELL, LL.D.

"And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold the bridegroom cometh, go ye out to meet him."—Matt. xxv. 6.

"———— in whatsoever form
Death comes to me : in midnight storm,
Whelming my bark ; or, in my nest,
Gently dismissing me to rest :
O grant me in thy word to see
A risen Saviour beckoning me ;
No evil then my heart shall fear
In the dark valley—*Thou art near.*"

THE Midnight cry is in the future. The scripture from which the passage is taken is part of God's prophetic truth. The bridegroom is Christ : and he is coming according to his own promise. My reader ! are you watching for him in a waiting and longing spirit ? The Midnight is *the World's Midnight*. Men of the world live and act as if it would last for ever. . God says,—No !—Its hours are numbered. He points to the clock—the fingers move—the minutes pass—the hours depart : what hour is it now—10?—11?—thank God it is not Midnight yet ! Who knows how soon it will come ? "The Saturday night of the World"—the world's last Saturday night—then comes the Midnight knell, sounding away for many a thousand their last vain hope. O my God ! let thy Spirit work and thy truth prevail.

VOL. XIII.—No. 141.

ONE HALFPENNY.

Draw poor sinners to thyself by thine omnipotent grace through the precious Jesus!

But I was not intending to write on prophecy now, I was going to *adapt* or *apply* to the present time a Scripture, which has undoubtedly its *primary* application to the solemn future. If the world has its dark Midnight before it—so has many a poor sinner, even in the circumstances under which death may come to him. I want to sound a voice of warning. Should there not be occasionally such a voice mingling with all our cheering notes? “CHEERING WORDS” often gets into the hands of *Sinners* as well as of *Saints*.

“A word of solemn warning to all. The day of the Lord is at hand. It is the day of the Lord’s vengeance. In view of that awful day, let us remember that safety is in Christ alone. READER! are you a child of God, or a child of the devil; an heir of glory or an heir of hell; is Christ’s righteousness imputed to thee, and thy sins taken away by Christ? Let not Satan persuade you, that because you are a member of this or that church—sit down at the Lord’s table, or even ascend the pulpit to preach the gospel, that you are *therefore* a Christian. The devil was a liar from the beginning, and is every moment seeking to destroy your soul. Cast yourself, like a man without any other hope, at the foot of the Cross. There is no time to spare. When Jesus comes the door of hope is closed—to his servants by possession—to the lost by despair.”

The above is an extract from a tract entitled—“TOO LATE,” which I wrote and circulated twenty-three years ago. Hundreds who read it, are now in eternity. Jesus came not, but death came to them. To some death came in a fearful form. On a Lord’s day in 1841 I put a copy of that tract into the hand of a man I knew. He was entering the door of a railway station to go on a “Sunday pleasure trip.” He threw the tract on the ground and scraped his foot along it. Within four days at *Midnight*, amid the wild ravings of fever, his soul departed into eternity. It is no new thought, but has long since attracted the notice and enquiry of many, that the Midnight hour, or just when the day is about to depart, is the time when the most

people die. It is a fact, that in many cases—solemn cases—of the death of wicked men of which I have heard, the hour of their end was *Midnight*! I will relate another case. A young man, with whom I was well acquainted, was invited one evening to a ball. He went and danced on until the following morning. A few of the thoughtless young men of the party determined as the day was broken to “*make a day of it.*” This was a common expression then, it may be so yet. Accordingly they finished up the day by drinking. Late on the second night this young man was carried home quite intoxicated. They laid him on a bed and left him to sleep himself sober. Alas! Alas! he woke no more! One went back to see him in two hours or so—found him lying on his face *quite dead*. They said that *about Midnight*, in his deep stupor, he must have rolled over and been smothered. O my God! what a roll was that! Into the place of darkness with all his sins upon him. Another *Midnight scene*. It is a wretched room in a back street of a large town. In the corner is a miserable bed and on it two women lying. It is early morning, they have just been discovered dead. *Midnight* had not long passed. They had taken poison together. Strange to say they had been brought up in the same village; after years of separation, they had met again, two poor wretched outcasts—they had many a weary night walked the streets together, and now too weary to continue such a wretched existence, they agreed to die together! I never knew a more touching case. It made women faint and strong men weep. They had each belonged to “respectable” people. They had been two happy girls together, playing on the village green. They had grown up loved and admired. Alas! these days of pleasure passed away. Reader! What hath sin done! What wretchedness and woe fills this sin-stained earth.

The rich grace of God is gathering out a people—redeemed by the precious blood of Christ—quickened by the Holy Spirit of God—united to the Lord Jesus as members of a living body to the living Head—God is leading them through the wilderness of this world up to the heights of the better land. He sends for them one by one. Death is His messenger. The sting extracted

and all his terrors gone, the angel of death comes off in brightest form. At Midnight? Yes!—Off at Midnight too—but not in darkness—the dawn of the brighter day sheds radiant light about the Midnight traveller, bound for glory, and just winging his way from earth.

Twenty years ago, one evening a person came to ask me to visit a dying youth. I was ill myself and could not go. I went two days after. I was asked, “would you like to see him?” I said, “Yes!” and followed the woman expecting to be led into a sick room where I might speak to the suffering one. The woman gave no explanation, or I did not understand her, but soon I learnt the truth. She opened a door of the next adjoining room and two or three steps placed me beside the coffin. *At Midnight* the same day they came for me, he departed. On the coffin lid they had placed his Bible and prayer-book. When I looked at them I found they had been both given by me, ten years before, when I was a teacher and he a scholar in a Church of England Sunday school. He learnt his need in the Sunday school; he found Christ in the Sunday school, and in God's great mercy he was ready when the summons came. I found that he had been ill for some time, without my knowing anything of it. He bore all his suffering with great patience, saying continually, “God knows what is best for me.” He slept away in much peace. The feeling of his heart was expressed in the words he repeated not long before he died.

“Nothing in my hands I bring,
Simply to Thy cross I cling.”

MY READER, these are solemn things for your consideration. Death might come soon *to you*. He may come sudden as a Midnight cry. Are you ready? May God by his Holy Spirit show you your true condition; a sinner guilty and condemned. May He show you the great Surety undertaking his people's case; dying in their stead; pouring out his precious blood. May you have faith given you to believe in Jesus as the only Saviour, as the full Saviour—as your Saviour—that you may know the blessedness of his *complete* salvation. Yes! my friend, may God give you to meet Christ now by his Holy Spirit. By faith in

him may you know the sweetness of the Spirit of adoption calling God your Father and Christ your Lord—your friend—your portion and your joy ; then will you sing with joyful notes,

“ I'm glad I ever saw the day
When first I learnt to sing and pray.
’Tis glory’s foretaste makes me sing,
And praise my Saviour and my King ;
He taught me how to watch and pray,
And live rejoicing every day :
Happy day ! Happy day !
When Jesus wash’d my sins away.”

Lynnmouth, May 6, 1863.

“MY FATHER’S DEATH-BED.”

By S. THOMPSON, MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL, ST. IVES, CORNWALL.

“ Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace.”

THE wise man, Solomon, had seen the end of all *creature* perfection, so that this “*perfect man*” whose end is peace, must have got his perfection in another, and not in himself. Yes, we get it in *Christ*, through God’s grace. Those Christians who have had much experience in visiting the sick and dying, have often seen this passage of God’s holy word verified. The presence of Jesus “makes dying beds soft as downy pillows are.” The sweet sense of God’s grace in the soul makes the Christian’s countenance beam, as he departs from earth, as the setting of the summer’s sun beneath a cloudless sky.

The first time the writer saw death stripped of all its terror, was when he stood at the death-bed of his father. My father had been an active man, and never more active than when seeking the extension of the Saviour’s kingdom. For many years he went amongst the poor of his own town, and to dark and destitute villages, preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ. He was, like God’s people generally, the subject of many trials ;

these the Lord blessed to him in producing patience, experience, and hope. When little more than fifty years of age, he received the summons to go *home*. It was unexpected to my mother, and her numerous family, but to him it was welcome. He experienced the sweetness of the promise, "Blessed is that servant whom his Lord when He cometh shall find watching." He had been unwell for some weeks, but able to attend to his business; then dangerous symptoms appeared, which compelled him to take to his bed, and in five days he ended his earthly pilgrimage. When told that the time of his departure was near at hand, he smiled, and raising his eyes to heaven, said, "*Thy will be done.*"

The day before he departed, he said, "All is peace within; on the rock Christ Jesus I rest all my hopes, and the powers of hell cannot prevail." Afterwards, in reply to the enquiry, "How are you?" he said, "I shall soon be well," alluding to his going to be with his Lord.

The solemn hour of his departure the writer can never forget. His wife and nine children stood weeping around his bed, weeping at the prospect of soon losing so dear a husband and father. But he, with his eye fixed on heaven, waiting for the summons, anxious to depart and be with Christ—the tears already dried from his eyes—said, in a voice both clear and calm, "*I commend you to Him who has promised to be a husband to the widow. You, my dear children, I commend you to God: He will be the Father to the fatherless; look up to Him, confide only in Him; He will never leave you, nor forsake you.*" When he had spoken these words, his eyes closed, and without a sigh, he fell asleep in Jesus. We had all thought before this, that he had spoken his last. We were looking for the death struggle. There was none. His strength was given to pronounce these parting words, then came the end. His end was peace.

The writer, one of the surviving children, and now a preacher of the everlasting Gospel, has often prayed, since the day of his father's death, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

"I DO FEEL THANKFUL TO DAY!"

THUS spake one of the great orators on the platform at Exeter Hall, when one of the large Missionary meetings was gathered together: it was a very cheerful note—it was a pleasant sentence—it was a grateful word flowing from a heart exceedingly warm in the good cause of sending the Gospel into heathen lands.

And is there one Christian on the face of the earth, but should really have this self-same feeling? May we not also say, "I—even I—and I—do feel thankful this day?" We may have trials; we must have sorrows: we cannot attain to *PERFECTION* in this world; still, if we have been called by the Spirit of the living God, if the cry for mercy has been poured into our souls; if Jesus has been revealed to our hearts; if we have fled to Him; found Him; and if we have the promise, that very soon we shall drop the painful house of clay into its native dust; and rise up into the likeness and kingdom of Jesus: then to be thankful unto the Lord, and to rejoice in hope of the glory of God, is a privilege great and sweet indeed. Mr. Hart says:—

"The saints should never be dismayed,
Nor sink in hopeless fear,
For when they least expect His aid
The Saviour will appear.

"Wait for His seasonable aid,
And though it tarry, wait;
The promise may be long delayed,
But CANNOT COME too late."

I have looked into Exeter Hall, and Freemason's Hall, during the May meeting gatherings; and I have listened to some of the bold speakers on the platforms, but I have not caught anything of a very soul-satisfying character yet.

There is quite a first class gentleman among the Wesleyans, by the name of WILLIAM MORLEY PUNSHON, who sometimes delivers excellent addresses, discourses, &c., &c. And when the sad lamentation was made the other day respecting the little good that all the societies appeared to be doing, Mr. Punshon came

in to cheer them on, and to save them from sinking into hopeless despondency. He said although all had not been done we might desire, yet, said he, "I do feel thankful to-day to Almighty God." And that one lively sentence flew through the hearts of the people like hot fire, and they smiled and cheered with great delight. Oh! gratitude to God; and thankfulness for all the mercies every moment bestowed, is a beautiful, healthy, and happy emotion. It fired old David's soul one day with so much force and fulness, that he sat down and wrote that sun-shiny Psalm, the thirty-fourth, which begins, "I will bless the Lord at all times; his praise shall continually be in my mouth." Then higher, higher still he rises, and says, "My soul shall make her boast in the Lord; the humble shall hear thereof, and be glad." Then warmer yet his soul becomes; and unto them who fear God he calls, "O magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt his name together." And if anyone should ask what all this praise, and boasting, and magnifying is about, he tells you "I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears." "This poor man cried," says David, "and the Lord heard him, and saved him out of all his troubles." That is good ground for thankfulness beyond all question. Grace had done much for him. Grace made him know and feel he was "*a poor man*." The first letter in the alphabet of God's inwrought salvation. Then grace led him to cry and look unto the Lord. The Lord heard him; delivered him; *saved him out of all his troubles*; and so from himself he turns to all who would listen, and exclaims, "O taste and see that the Lord is good; blessed is the man that trusteth in him."

TWO SABBATHS IN ONE WEEK.

I AM no Wesleyan—no Arminian—no free-will pleader—no universal redemptionist, because the **ELECTING LOVE OF GOD THE FATHER**, like a sun-beam, shone into my soul full thirty years ago, with such heat and clearness, that I could never question the harmony existing between the Eternal Three in the covenant made for man's salvation from that day to this. Besides, in those days when my heart was soft and tender, I frequently would run

into the Military-road, near Canterbury's city, and sit down amid a few poor people, and hear a one-eyed man preach most earnestly the love of God (*through CHRIST*), to all who in his heart did dwell. And although that preacher was no perfect pattern either of preaching or practice, still, he did, instrumentally, rivet in my soul the comfortable assurance that salvation is altogether of THE LORD.

Ah! that was a scene; talk of preachers, and pulpits, and preaching-stations; that was a curiosity. In one corner of a dusty room, mounted on a chair, with a desk and Bible before him, stood this singular minister. His clerk and deacon was a chemist and druggist in the city, and the congregation consisted of a tall old gentleman, and two or three dames and children. But parson, clerk, and congregation, had lungs made out of deeply-toned and sweetly-tuned brass and silver; and when Luke Spencer (for that was the clerk's name), was in good heart, he would read out most musically that choice hymn of Dr. Watts—

"Jesus, we bless thy Father's name,
Thy God and ours are both the same;
What heavenly blessings from His throne
Flow down to sinners through His Son.

" 'Christ be my first elect,' He said,
Then chose our souls in Christ our Head,
Before He gave the mountains birth,
Or laid foundations for the earth.

"Thus did Eternal Love begin
To raise us up from death and sin;
Our characters were then decreed,
'Blameless in love, a holy seed.'

"Predestinated to be sons:
Born by degrees, but chose at once:
A new regenerated race,
To praise the glory of His grace.

"With Christ our Lord we share our part
In the affections of His heart;
Nor shall our souls be thence removed
Till He forgets His first belov'd."

And after reading it, they would make the house ring again with the delightful chorus and harmonious sounds of heartfelt joy. Oh!

how enraptured my soul has often been while listening to that humble but hearty company of much despised worshippers. They called them "Antinomians," but I knew nothing of them, more than this, in their singing, reading, praying, and preaching, there was a sacred and mysterious power which quite filled the sails of my little faith, and made me sometimes ready to say, "Surely, God is in this place," it was most truly the gate of heaven to my soul.

Fetching my thoughts back from those early scenes of earnest zeal for God's glory and Christ's gospel, I stand for one minute and listen to this splendid orator—William Morley Punahon. He has been carrying his audience into the distant islands, Feejee, New Zealand, the Friendly tribes, Madagascar, and I cannot tell where else; and comes at length to shed a tear of pity over the Hebrew nation. Here I give you a few of his own words. He is expatiating largely on the re-gathering of the Jews. In one rich stream of intelligent ideas he is charming the hearts of the people into one; and then he says, "How great is the debt of gratitude we all of us owe to the people who were—not in Christ unhappily—but who were chosen of God before us and whom He is yet able to graft again to be partakers of the root and fatness of the olive tree. If the antiquity of a family and the great names it can boast but aggravate the calamity of its fall, then surely our pity for the Hebrew nation, homeless and ruined, should be intense and terrible indeed. The president of the Israelite Alliance only about twelve months since said, 'Brethren, let us hereafter recognise Christian creeds as sister creeds.' What a glorious thing that prejudice has broken down to an extent like that! The Continental Jews are keeping now what I wish with all my heart we kept in this country—two Sabbaths in the week. I could see my way thoroughly to legislate for Sabbath observance then, if you gave us two Sabbaths in the week, one for rest and one for worship. But sir, the Jew is following after truth, and I do not know why they should not rise—I don't mean to this world's grandeur, but to be true Israelites, in the grandeur and fulness of Gospel privilege, just as they were in the palmiest days of their history. Are not they inheritors of a magnificent heritage of whom, as concerning the flesh, Christ came, who is over all, God

blessed for evermore! Oh, I rejoice to think that they are coming rapidly; not in large masses perhaps, but rapidly, to the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. It is said they have been mocked so often that they have got a curse for those who shall calculate the time of the Redeemer's coming; and although there is, as some believe, a special obduracy about the Hebrew heart—although in Luther's own old word it is a stony, iron, devil's heart, yet there is something in the power of the Gospel that can break it down; and the one common salvation which saved their fathers, and which can save themselves, shall overleap the barriers of Jewish prejudice and find its way straight to the hearts of the children of Israel, and they shall be brought in with the fulness of the Gentiles in the time of the Redeemer's coming. Yes, all Israel shall be saved. God has promised it, and it shall be so. In deepest sorrow for the great wrong they did the Crucified they shall look upon Him whom they pierced, and mourn apart as one mourneth for his only son. And in the great day when the nations gather for the coronation of the Saviour, there shall be the Jew among the rest, first to bend the knee, foremost to lift the song, foremost to bring forth the royal diadem and crown him Lord of all."

There, now, although to hear a man pour out his thoughts like that is almost enough to take your breath away, enough to take your soul out of your body, enough to turn a rocky heart into a river of shining tears, yet, I do love to hear a man who can feel for, and can believe these ancient sons of God shall yet again bring forth a seed to serve Him; a generation to call Him blessed, whose name is Jesus! and who shall save his people from their sins, among whom I do hope may be found,

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

"THE MAN THAT IS BORN OF GOD."

By MR. JAMES WELLS.

ON Mr. Wells's return from the North, where he delivered some deep and powerful expositions of the prophecies, &c.,

he gave his own people one of the most simple and experimental discourses, as perhaps, he ever delivered. It is printed in No. 220 of Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit. The following is a definite word for doubting souls.

"Thus saith the Lord that created thee, O Jacob." Here is evidently a new creation; what is called being quickened and born again—"and that formed thee"—here is not only creation, but here is the mind formed into order, brought into that order of things which the Lord hath designed—"Fear not, I have redeemed thee." You observe that the person who is thus created in Christ, that the person who is thus formed for God, God gives him eternal redemption. "I have redeemed thee." And that redemption is for such persons as needed redemption: they feel their need of it, and they receive the testimony of that redemption in the endearment of it; as saith the apostle upon this subject, after a very beautiful order, for he says it is "not by the blood of goats and of calves, but by His own blood He entered in once into the holy place, having obtained eternal redemption for us." So if therefore we are the work of God's hands, this is one point to which we shall be brought; we shall see the essential importance, we shall see the infinite value, we shall see the eternal certainty of the redemption that is in Christ Jesus. Here we shall see God to be our redeemer; here we shall see that ransom that delivereth us from going down into the pit. Here, then, is the man that is born of God. And see how nicely this accords with what the Saviour saith, that "every one that hath heard and learned of the Father cometh unto me." "I have redeemed thee." Now such, then, will pray, "Forsake not the works of thine own hands." So that, if Jesus Christ as Redeemer, if He be in the infinite value of His blood, if He be in the eternal redemption that He hath obtained, glorious in your eyes and dear to your heart, you are as surely born of God as that Jesus Christ is the Son of God; and God is as surely your Father as he was Christ's Father; and heaven is as surely your home, and He Himself has arrived safely there; and you will be eternally welcome there, and eternally happy there, and eternally satisfied there, as sure as the dear Saviour Himself is comforted on every side, and must be eternally happy there.

**"THEY SHALL LOOK ON HIM WHOM THEY HAVE
PIERCED."**

FROM a neat and very powerful tract (issued by J. Paul, 1 Chapter House Court, St. Pauls) entitled, "The Way into the Kingdom," by Henry Stricket, Minister of Antioch Chapel, in Dartford, we extract the following—

After a painful detail of the effects of the fall in his own experience, Mr. Strickett says, "By some means or other I was invited to a Wesleyan tea meeting in the neighbourhood of my home, and was forcibly impressed with the cheerfulness, union and love, which reigned among that body of Christians; and there arose in my mind a question, like a ray of hope, Why may not I be as these are? For some time I regularly attended their services and meetings. Now I wish to say nothing against this worthy, zealous body of people; yet, with all their fervency and zeal, there was nothing there to relieve my mind, and I was fast lapsing again into a state of despondency, when a friend recommended me to hear Mr. William Caunt, then pastor of Ebenezer chapel, East-street, Greenwich. Impelled by curiosity, one Sunday evening I went, and well remember how Satan seemed to tempt me all the way thither to return. But I came on to the chapel,—a dark, gloomy place, in a dirty back street, and took my seat in the gallery. The minister, fixing his large dark eyes right on me, gave out his text, "They shall look on him whom they have pierced!" I believe to the day of my death I shall never forget that season. As if by magic, my eyes were opened, and I saw that deer bleeding from Calvary, and was enabled to cry for mercy; and, oh! the unspeakable contrition that filled my soul at that sight; my hard heart was fairly broken, the law lost all its terrors; sin, its burden and condemnation. The minister was a plain, homely preacher of Christ's gospel; no eloquence or high flown language; and if ever a sermon was preached from heaven to a sin-burdened soul, it was that one to me. So blessedly did the Divine power flow in upon my soul, that the very language seemed the assurance of Divine love.

Oh! joy unspeakable, bliss indescribable, that filled my breast at that time; it was not ecstatic mirthfulness or exuberant joy, but an overwhelming sense of the mercy of a covenant God, flowing through a precious Christ. I could not give utterance to praise or prayer; could only gasp out in broken accents, "Oh, my precious Jesus, my altogether lovely Saviour, how utterly unworthy of such love as this."

I continued to attend Mr. William Caunt's ministry, and was, by Divine grace, fed and nourished by it. Many and blessed were the enjoyments of the presence of my Jesus I realized; sometimes so overwhelming were the emotions kindled by Divine grace, that I have felt as though my soul would burst its fleshly casket, and have cried out, in the very excess of joy, "O Lord, thy love is so great t'will kill me." If I had been previously plunged in the depth of soul exercise, I was now lifted up to the heights of sweet enjoyment; and to add to this, a way in God's providence was opened mysteriously for me to rise out of my temporal difficulties.

There is one sacred, secluded spot, I look back upon—a shady avenue of trees—where I have often, in the stillness of a summer evening, walked in most delightful communion with God; and such nearness have I felt to him that it seemed but a step further and I should be in his immediate presence. Thus, beloved, has the Lord led me, and in his boundless mercy revealed himself to me, as a reconciled Father in Christ, for I could feelingly say,—

"This is the way I long have sought,
And mourned because I found it not."

CHRIST'S TREASURE.

By THE REV. T. W. MEDHURST, OF GLASGOW,

(author of "Astounding Grace," etc.).

"YE ARE CHRIST'S." 1 Cor. III. 2, 3.

AS Jesus Christ is the Creator and Preserver of all men, so all men by *creation* and *providence* belong to Christ. All things were made by Him, and without Him, not a single creature

was made. By Him all creatures subsist. For Him the world, with all its inhabitants, continues. Believers belong to Christ in an especial manner, they are His peculiar treasure. They belong to Jesus by *election*. Chosen from all eternity for Christ, that they might be a people formed for His praise, to show forth His glory. They belong to Christ by *donation*. Jesus received the church from the hand of His Father as a gift. The members of Christ's mystic body were all given to Him in the everlasting covenant. The covenant which is ordered in all things and sure. They belong to Christ by *redemption*. They had sold themselves as slaves. They are redeemed by blood, and thus brought back to liberty. Their redemption is two-fold. From the hand of justice, by price, not with corruptible things such as silver and gold, but with the precious blood of God's sacrificial Lamb. They are redeemed from Satan by power. They belong to Christ by *purchase*. Ye are not your own, you are bought with a price, is the express declaration of the Word, concerning all who are redeemed from among men. They belong to Christ by *possession*. He holds all His sheep in His hand, and not one of them shall be lost. They belong to Christ by *voluntary surrender*. When the sinner is quickened and enlightened by the Holy Spirit, it at once heartily, and freely surrenders itself to Jesus. We love Him because He first loved us. We choose Him because He first chose us. We surrender ourselves to Jesus to be His alone, because by His love He constrains us.

Christians belong to Christ, then how *safe* they are. If one believer could, by any possibility be lost, then Jesus would lose a portion of His property. This, both scripture and reason assure us, can never be. Our Jesus is omnipotent and immutable, therefore, we are always confident He will take care of His own. All who belong to Christ, are kept by the power of God, and until one can be found stronger than God, not one of them can perish. It is impossible. Utterly impossible. None are able to pluck them out of the hands of Christ.

Brother Christian, if we belong to Christ, what is our *duty*? Ought we not to *confess* His name before men? Should we not *live* wholly devoted to His glory? Shall we not freely *give up*

all to Christ? Surely, surely, if Jesus has trodden the wine-press alone, it is but right that He should drink the wine alone too. Aye, and he will do so. He is jealous of His people's love. He will have all their hearts. And He is worthy. He is the fountain of all blessings, the spring of all joys, to His elect family. What an altogether lovely Jesus is ours! How infinitely precious is His sin-cleansing blood!

Precious to take our sins away—
Precious to point us out the way
That leads our souls to God;
Precious to cheer when we are faint,
Precious to fill our every want,
Is Christ's most precious blood.

Precious to give us sweet relief—
Precious to mitigate our grief,
When we're oppressed by sin;
Precious to whisper peace and love,
Precious to plead for us above,
And to assure us we shall win.

Precious to strengthen our weak heart,
Precious to quench the fiery dart,
Which Satan casts at us;
Precious in our most gloomy frame,
Precious, the dear Redeemer's name,
Immanuel, God with us.

Precious in death His blood will be,
Precious when we our Saviour see,
And taste the joys above;
Precious to sing to harps of gold,
For ever telling, yet untold,
Our Jesus' dying love.

MARIANNE MEDHURST, Glasgow.

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OUR CONSOLATION:

BY MR. C. H. SPURGEON.

GOOD old Simeon called Jesus the consolation of Israel ; and so he was. Before his actual appearance his name was the *day-star*, cheering the darkness, and prophetic of the rising sun. To him they looked with the same hope which cheers the nightly watcher, when from the lonely castle-top he sees the fairest of the stars, and hails her as the usher of the morn. When he was on earth, he must have been the consolation of all those who were privileged to be his companions. We can imagine how readily the disciples would run to Christ to tell him of their griefs, and how sweetly, with that matchless voice of love, he would bid their fears be gone. They would consider him as their Father ; and to him every want, every groan, every sorrow, every agony, would at once be carried. He, like a wise physician, had a balm for every wound ; he had mingled a cordial for every care ; and readily did he dispense his mighty remedies to allay all the fever of their troubles. Oh ! it must have been sweet to have lived with Christ. Surely, sorrows were then but joy in masks, because they gave an opportunity to go to Jesus to have them removed. Oh ! would to God, some of us may say, that we could have lain our weary heads upon the bosom of Jesus, and that our birth had been in that happy era, when we might

VOL. XIII.—No. 141. ONE HALFPENNY.

have heard his kind voice, and seen his kind look, when he said, "Let the weary ones come unto me."

But Jesus could not always remain with his people in the flesh. Great prophecies were to be fulfilled, and great purposes were to be answered, and therefore Jesus must go. It behoved him to suffer, that he might be made a propitiation for our sins. It behoved him to slumber in the dust awhile, that he might perfume the chamber of the grave to make it—

"No more a charnel house to fence
The relics of lost innocence."

It behoved him to have a resurrection, that we, who shall one day be the dead in Christ, might rise first, and in glorious bodies stand upon the earth. And it behoved him that he should ascend up on high, that he might lead captivity captive; that he might chain the fiends of hell; that he might lash them to his chariot-wheels, and drag them up high heaven's hill, to make them feel a second overthrow from his right arm, when he should dash them from the pinnacles of heaven down to the deepest depths beneath. "It is right I should go away from you," said Jesus, "for if I go not away, *the Comforter* will not come." Jesus must go. Weep, ye disciples: Jesus must be gone. Mourn, ye poor ones, who are to be left without a comforter. But hear how kindly Jesus speaks: "I will not leave you comfortless, I will pray the Father, and he shall send you another comforter, who shall be with you, and shall dwell in you for ever." He would not leave those few poor sheep alone in the wilderness; he would not desert his children, and leave them fatherless; albeit that he had a mighty mission which did fill his heart and hand; albeit he had so much to perform, that we might have thought that even his gigantic intellect would be overburdened; albeit he had so much to suffer, that we might suppose his whole soul to be concentrated upon the thought of the sufferings to be endured. Yet it was not so; before he left, he gave soothing words of comfort; like the good Samaritan, he poured in oil and wine, and we see what he promised: "I will send you another Comforter—one who shall be just what I

have been, yea, even more; who shall console you in your sorrows, remove your doubts, comfort you in your afflictions, and stand as my vicar on earth, to do that which I would have done had I tarried with you."

[Extracted from an excellent volume published by Passmore and Alabaster, entitled "Gems from Spurgeon."]

W. P. LOCKHART, ESQ., AND THE YOUNG MEN OF MANCHESTER.

THIS gentleman, Mr. Lockhart, was at one time a celebrated cricketer, but, grace and mercy having changed his heart, Divine truth doth now direct and enable him to seek the present and eternal welfare of the young men in this country, and not unfrequently is found giving them warm and eloquent addresses.

Very recently he spoke to a crowded assembly of young men in the Mechanics Institution at Manchester. Some of his sentences ought to be read and reiterated to the ends of the earth. He commenced by saying—"I have come here this evening to speak to you about the salvation of your immortal souls, therefore let us spend a few moments in prayer. He did so, and rising, commenced instantly an address which flowed eloquently from him in one continuous stream for about an hour and a half. He observed, "you are all either saved or unsaved, and therefore let me, first, say a word to you who are saved. As you are complete in Christ, as you have a complete Saviour, as you purpose arriving at a complete heaven, what return are you making to God who in love and mercy hath saved you? Are you completely consecrated to him in your lives, or are you only giving him half your lives? Are you wholly devoted to him with your heart, or are you only half-hearted?" &c.

Then he spoke principally to the unconverted in the following strain—"You will say, O! don't trouble me about these matters now, I am young and healthy, such subjects are only for the aged, the sick, and the dying. I want to be happy and enjoy life, and be a man, not a mawkish, religious, gloomy creature.

Well, let us examine these wants of yours. You want happiness; ah, so did I once, and possessed everything in this world that could make me happy, if it were possible; but it was not. They all vanished from my grasp like a meteor; they were all illusive; I tried again, and again, and again, like a boy catching a butterfly; but the painted-winged pleasure flew away and all was delusion: with all the worldly advantages I possessed over many to attain happiness, I never found it until I found Christ, or rather, was found of Him; when he became my treasure, then I was truly happy, and I am happy in him now.

"You, young men, you will never be happy until the peace speaking blood of Jesus is sprinkled on your conscience, that is, until you have faith in him." He illustrated this by a striking instance of one whom God had made him useful to; he had heard him preach in a theatre, and God had sent conviction to his heart, when he went to Mr. Lockhart and told him his heart; from 8 to 12 o'clock that evening they sat earnestly talking upon the way of salvation; but the young man got no peace. He went several times to Mr. Lockhart who turned over the Scriptures and prayed with him for his deliverance; and after a few days he appointed to meet him on the Pier head, and at the time he came to him with his face beaming with joy, and said, "I have found peace! I am happy! I am happy in Jesus!"

Then as to enjoying life. There is no life but Jesus Christ. "He that believeth on the Son hath everlasting life; he that believeth not the Son shall not see life." So that if you are not believing on him your life is death, and must end in death, for "the wrath of God abideth on him."

Then as to your wanting to be a man. Why there is no manliness but the image of God; and if you have not got that, you are not a man. We lost that image by sin. "By one man sin entered into the world and death by sin, and so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." And how can it be restored? Why, "as by one man's disobedience many were made sinners, so by the obedience of one shall many be made righteous." We are only made true men as we are united to Christ. Mr. Lockhart's addresses are strikingly interesting. The Lord prosper him in his work.

OLD SARAH, AND THE MANCHESTER MISSION.

HOW various the means—how cheering the miracles—which sovereign grace uses and accomplishes in bringing home the ransomed of the Lord to their own eternal rest! What an immense variety of experience and of holy triumph is revealed in heaven by the millions of precious souls who thither come to crown the exalted God Man; and there to enjoy His smile, to bow at His feet, to converse with His family, and to fill up that kingdom which THE FATHER for them prepared ere Time its grand mysterious course began.

“O! what amazing joys they feel
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on ev’ry heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King.”

John Hudson, the laborious little City Missionary of Manchester, has again sent in their annual report. It opens many scenes of mercy and misery; but the following by one of the missionaries is touching and true:—

“It is four years since I first visited old Sarah. She was at that time sadly ignorant. ‘Well,’ she said, ‘You have come to see us once more; you will make a prayer for me.’ This she repeated three or four times. Having taken a seat and drawn my Bible from my pocket, she was about to kneel at once, but I asked her to sit still. ‘Are you not going to pray for me?’

“‘We’ll just see what God says to us in His word first, please; and then, perhaps, we shall be better able to speak to Him after He has spoken to us.’

“I read the 23rd Psalm, and said, ‘I hope, like David, you know something of the good Shepherd’s keeping—that you are indeed one of His sheep, and He your Shepherd.’

“‘Eh, mester! I wish I was fit for that.’

"'Fit, mistress? What do you mean by being fit? Why, if you are not good enough now you never will be.'

"'Eh, dear mester; you freeten me.'

"'If it is God's truth that frightens you, 'mistress; I can assure you I am not sorry.'

"'If I am not to make myself good, how is it, then?' said the old woman, trembling in every limb.

"'Just let's see what God's word says on this matter. At the last verse of 119th Psalm, David (the very same man who could say, "The Lord is my Shepherd)," says, "I have gone astray like a lost sheep: seek thy servant." Isaiah says, "All we like sheep have gone astray." Peter says, "Ye were as sheep going astray." Now you have often confessed, "We have erred and strayed from thy ways like lost sheep," but have you felt this solemn fact as you ought in your soul? Are you lost?"

"'Mester, you make me tremble. I am a great sinner.'

"'Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners.' 'He came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.' 'The Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost.'

"The poor woman was silent some time, and both mother and daughter were in tears. I continued, 'You see a straying sheep cannot find his way back to the fold; so we sinners, by nature and practice having broken the law, which cannot be broken by impunity, can do nothing to repair the breach which sin has made. Isaiah says, 'Your sins have separated between you and me.' Again he says, 'Our iniquities, like the wind have taken us away;' that is, from God. Thus you see by nature we are ruined, helpless, lost, without hope and without God in the world. But how precious are those words I read just now: 'The Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost.' The whole of the Scriptures seem given to assure us that Jesus Christ, the good Shepherd, is able to save to the uttermost them that come unto God by Him!'

"'Eh, mester, what a mistake I have been making. I always thought I should make myself better by my prayers and my good works, and *then* he would save me.'

"'God's ways are not our ways. We generally do good to

those who do good to us ; but God commendeth His love towards us in that while we were yet sinners Christ died for us.' When we were enemies, we were reconciled to God by the death of His Son, Jesus having given a perfect obedience, and yet having suffered the righteous penalty of God's law in the stead of the guilty, now invites them to Himself, saying—"Come unto me, ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

"Eh, dear o'me! How different it all seems now. I never felt able to trust Him before. Now I will trust Him for everything. I feel He has found me a lost sheep; but I never saw that I was altogether lost before. You will pray with me now, will you not?"

"The poor old woman wept much, and we knelt before our Father's throne to ask His blessing on His own word and our conversation respecting it. On another occasion, when talking to a neighbour of hers who was remarking how puzzled she was to get into a clear understanding of the truth about salvation, she said to her, 'Eh, wench, and I was puzzled too once; but I see through it all now. It's what Jesus has done for us that makes it how God listens to us when we pray to Him.'

"During the last few months of her life she ripened fast for the kingdom above. Often, when in great pain, she would cry out, 'Precious Jesus! What is this to what Thou didst suffer for me? Blessed Jesus!' One day, as I sat by her bed reading the Bible, and speaking of those words of Christ, 'It is finished,' she burst out in a strain of rapturous joy, which surprised me as she exclaimed, 'One word from the lips of Jesus to my poor soul is worth more than bags of gold.' As I read a part of the 10th chapter of John, she said, 'These are abiding words; burnt in.' She now really pined for glory, longing to see Him whom her soul loved. One day she raised her failing eyes toward heaven, and cried, 'Blessed Saviour! I would not part with Thee for a thousand worlds! Thou hast provided for me all my life long, a poor, helpless, unworthy sinner. I would never offend Thee! I shall see Him when I get to His kingdom, shan't I, dear sir?' I could scarcely answer. I felt humbled, hearing such an artless expression of her fervent love to the Saviour.

The day before she died she called her daughter to her bedside, and faintly whispered, 'Blessed Jesus! precious Jesus!' and then, in a louder tone, 'O death! where is thy sting? O grave! where is thy victory?' and immediately fell asleep, at the advanced age of nearly 90 years."

HENRY ALLNUTT.—CHRISTMAS EVANS,

AND OTHERS.

RIPLEY GREEN, in Surrey, is a fine open plain, with which is connected a village population, a parish church, and two Baptist meeting-houses. Henry Allnutt, a deep-toned preacher of the Gospel, enjoyed the pastorate of the old meeting for several years, during which time I went once a year to assist in the anniversary services. Well do I remember good old James Osborn, from America, preaching there one morning from Moses "choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God, than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." I was fastened to the dear old man's lips through the entire discourse; and afterward occupied the pulpit in afternoon and evening, and preached as well as I could. What changes time works! my friend Allnutt has removed from the rectory of Ripley to the incumbency of Brockham, where, I hope he is ripening for the Great Harvest, when, if the Lord shall say to him, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord;" it will make Henry Allnutt's face shine brighter than it ever yet has done. The sweet light and holy shining rays of the Sun of Righteousness beaming upon his ransomed soul, will remove at once and for ever, those deep furrows sorrow has engraven on his solemn looking frontispiece; and, on beholding the open arms of the dear Redeemer, he will most joyfully exclaim,—

"Lo! glad I come, and thou blest Lamb,
Shall take me to thee as I am,
Down at thy feet I prostrate fall;
Yet hope to crown thee Lord of all."

It is said of Christmas Evans, that when, on a sudden he found that Christ from heaven had come to fetch him home, he called his friends around him, and said, "I am about to depart: I have laboured in the sanctuary for about three and fifty years, and my comfort is, that I have not laboured without blood in the vessel. Preach Christ to the people, dear brethren! Look at me, in myself and in my preaching, I am nothing but a lost and ruined man! But, look at me in Christ, I am Heaven and Salvation." As he entered the Glory Chariot, he waved his hand, said, "GOOD BYE, DRIVE ON!" and so he hastened towards his higher sphere of holiness and bliss. I shall be glad thus to leave these valleys of sorrow when my work is done; when every atom of reproach is wiped away; and if through Jesus's all-atoning, ever-prevailing perfection and power I am permitted to enter that city of the Redeemed, I shall, I trust, again behold, amid the happy multitude of Christ-extolling-songsters, the spirit of him who, for so many years would sing,—

"Pilgrims we are, to Canaan bound,
Our journey lies along this road."

On the —— of May, in this year, I was requested to preach two sermons at Zion Chapel, Ripley, for Charles Turner, who is the legitimate and spiritual successor of the departed rector, Henry Allnutt. We had plenty of rain from the material heavens; refreshing showers from the Divine Spirit; interesting companies; with an abundant supply of provisions, which Mr. Robert Dawes handed out most freely: while the pastor, his devoted wife, and excellent sister, left nothing undone to make the people thoroughly happy. Some people write and speak quite angrily of these gatherings. They forget that Jesus said, "When ye make a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame, the blind; and thou shalt be blessed;" and many poor souls are often thus gathered together; and if the LORD bless His Word to their souls, who shall condemn? I hope soon to hear that my brother Turner's Chapel at Ripley is enlarged, and made to stand on a more solid foundation.

They call Old Ford "*a village*." In this village, on Whit

Monday, we had preaching, singing, and pleading with the Lord, all day. Among the ten thousand holy hills on Zion's Mount, where God comes down to dwell, I hope this little valley is not forgotten. I know my spirit has many times been so enlarged here, it has almost burst my frail tent: and even while I write I feel almost a wreck, from hard and often speaking. Oh, that the broad seal of heaven may yet upon my work be found!

What is the broad seal which God is pleased to put upon the ministry of His own sent servants? The difference between a letter and a living ministry is just this. A ministry which has not the Holy Ghost in it, is *ONLY A SOUND*—only a human voice—only man's tongue telling out the borrowed and uprising thoughts of man's natural mind. That mind may be strong, comprehensive, extensively fruitful, pleasingly intelligent, and useful to a degree—but a living ministry is a glass, a mirror—not a glass to give natural light, as the window doth to the room, but a Reflector, wherein three glorious sights a living saint shall see:—(1.) He shall see that God beholds him in Christ, and loves him as he is in Christ, and only there. (2.) That Christ beholds him in the love of the Father, and loves him as he sees him in the Father's love. (3.) He sees himself in Christ, and sees the love of God flowing down to him through the Eternal Son of God. These are transforming sights beyond the power of words to describe. "All we with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed from image to image, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." To know that Scripture experimentally, is to know salvation and the foretaste of glory. Journeys to Erith, Tooting, Keddington, &c., in the next note from

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

THIS IS "THE KINGDOM OF GOD WITHIN."

WHEN my soul has been for a long time chasing after something that has God for its Author, how sacredly and solemnly, how quietly and sweetly I rest, and rejoice in the

hidden treasure when found; and surely I have the witness that in the following simple narrative you have delineated the planting of the kingdom of God within. Oh! that this little myrtle-tree may grow stronger and stronger; and may the sweet perfumes fill the chambers of many a living soul; that they with me may break out in hearty and honest praises to the Great and Good Shepherd, who did, I hope, send me to Old Ford, to gather in this little lamb. So prays

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

Dear MR. BANKS,—I will try, the Lord helping me, to write what I can remember of my short experience until now; for I do not fear in the least to open my mind to you, because my soul, though young in the divine life, often can go hand and hand with you in spiritual things. I was a sinful child, and very troublesome to my dear parents ever since I can remember: angry because I could not find perfection on earth, and the creatures of earth; often impiously wishing I was dead, because nothing came up to my desires after happiness. I thirsted for education; and not being able to get really useful books, I read any pernicious trash I could get, and buried myself for awhile from thought. But they could not satisfy me: I felt they did me no good; and I wondered where I could find anything worth living for in this strange world. I wished I could become religious: I thought, if I have a soul that must live to all eternity, what is so important to me as salvation? Then I began to think of my sins. Would they sink me to hell, I asked? All within was silent; I could not think so ill of myself all at once. Again, I thought what hope have I of heaven? where all is love, joy, peace; where every heart, every tongue, every harp, is overflowing with praises to God. How can I hope to get there? Oh, I thought, my position is indeed unsafe, I now am, without a hope of heaven, hell must be my portion for ever. From this time I was determined not to give way to evil. I had a strange idea of the blessed SAVIOUR. I thought, if he forgave the past, I would take care to sin no more. I armed myself in self-confidence, and went forth, as I thought,

well prepared to encounter those mighty enemies of the soul—The world, the flesh, and the devil. I prayed; but I knew not what to pray for: until the blessed Spirit taught me, I knew not how to come to the Strong One for help in the time of need. Oh, how soon was I put to shame and confusion in my vain attempt to make my earthly building reach to the very heavens! When temptation came, I was as a reed before the wind. I found my weapons could do me no good: my own righteousness became hateful to me: and I said, in what can I appear before God? where shall I find a wedding garment that I may be clothed in in that great day? Oh God, I cried, is there no help for me? Then Satan sneered and said, After all other means have failed, you go to God: but he will not be mocked thus. You should have tried free mercy before. Oh, I thought, this is too true: and very humbling it was to my soul, so that I tried to wait for God, and hope in his mercy; but there was no peace for my soul. The tempest was heaving around me; and sin threatened to overwhelm my frail bark. I wished I had never commenced this mighty struggle: but I found there was no going back; for within were the company of two armies; and while the flesh vainly tried to keep out the mighty CONQUEROR, the Spirit was indeed prevailing, though I knew it not; for my hatred to sin grew more intense, and a living desire after Christ was continually with me. "Oh, that I knew where I might find him," was my spirit's prayer day and night. "Saviour of sinners! if thou wilt, I know thou canst help me!" It was here I learned to pray; helpless and without any hope, I laid right down at Jesus' feet, but I did not find immediate relief. I often prayed, and often again was cast down by my arch foe, and many times thought Satan would have me for his prey at last.

My friends, little knew what was going on in my soul, and if before I was disobedient and troublesome, now I was even worse; for Satan stirred up all things within and without to fight against my soul: so that I thought, surely in a twofold sense my enemies were those of my own household. Oh, that dark, drear season! I look back upon it with wonder and adoration. How thick was the darkness of that long, long night. But the day arose, and

led me to Jesus, above the cruel taunts of Satan. I heard the voice of the Good Shepherd, "Come unto me, O ye weary and heavily laden; and I will give you rest." I sought him where he loves to reveal himself, in the assembly of his saints. But oh, I cannot tell the rapture my soul felt when my ears were first opened to hear those glad tidings. Oh, it is indeed a joyful sound to the wounded sinner, that there is balm in Gilead, and a good Physician there.

To know that there is One that cares for us above; and will in no wise cast out any who come to Him for salvation. But while I was thus rejoicing in this glorious light which had burst upon my soul for a short interval, I was snatched away from this heavenly enjoyment; and I thought of my wretched state, and I thought, shall I be permitted to carry this holy triumphant joy beyond these walls? Satan is against me, the world is against me, and my own flesh against me. How can I keep this precious pearl? O, heavenly Father, I cried, Thou hast saved my soul from hell; wilt Thou not keep my feet from falling? Then, with joy, I remembered the text, "He will keep the feet of His saints." I could not at first receive the appellation to myself; but it was made plain to me how the Lord made saints, even by the sanctification of the Holy Spirit, which makes the soul to hate sin, and turn to Jesus. O, I felt it was amazing grace, every want provided for. Jesus Christ waiting to be gracious, even to His enemies; and

"All the fitness He requireth,
Is to feel our need of Him."

(To be concluded in our next number.)

**"CHRIST AND HIS CHURCH WILL REIGN ONE
THOUSAND YEARS."**

By DR. BELL.

THREE lectures, delivered by Dr. Bell, at Beresford, in June, 1863, are published in Paul's Thursday Penny Pulpit. They are of a beautiful order. From the third the following is taken:

"Christ and His Church will reign for a thousand years. So it

is distinctly declared in the book of Revelation. Some express great objections to what they call the carnal expectations of those who believe in the personal reign of the Lord Jesus Christ. They say, "Will Christ and His people dwell on the earth? will they walk about—build houses—plant vineyards—sit under fig-trees," &c.? They quite misunderstand our views. They cannot have searched the Scriptures on the subject. It is Israel and the inhabitants of the restored earth who will do these things upon the earth; Christ and His Church, as I have shown, reign in heavenly glory. They reign over God's entire universe. God may have many wrlds—we do not say He has—but He may have—worlds upon worlds, heaped up in boundless space. He has but *one Christ*, and Christ has but *one Church*. To the Church belongs that one precious Christ, and all things that are Christ's are ours. This world and all besides belong to Christ, and therefore all things belong to us. I now refer you to some Scriptures which refer to the reign of Christ and his Church:—Jer. xxiii. 5; Micah v. 2—4; Zech. xiv. 9; Matt. ii. 6; Luke i. 32, 33. This last scripture is most explicit. "The Lord shall give unto him the throne of His father David, and He shall reign over the house of Jacob for ever, and of His kingdom there shall be no end." Acts ii. 30. Here it is said of David, that he knew "that God had sworn with an oath to him, that of the fruit of his loins, according to the flesh, *He would raise up Christ to sit on his (David's) throne.*" These scriptures are conclusive. There can be no doubt about their application to the Lord. He came to His own, and His own received Him not. Yet Pilate wrote over the cross, "King of the Jews." Yes, our Christ is also King of the Jews, and He will yet restore the kingdom to Israel. The time is quickly coming, when the angel's voice shall proclaim that "the kingdom of this world are become the kingdoms of our Lord, and of His Christ, and He shall reign for ever and ever."

JOHN THE ELDER—AND JAMES THE LESS.

THERE is nothing on this earth so beautiful to look upon as God's *rich variety*,—through the telescope of a grace-en-

lightened mind; you may see this variety look on whatever part of God's creation you may. Whether the Almighty make a world, or a Church, or a gospel minister; or new create the soul of an elect vessel of mercy, there is always something beautifully new. Oh! I love to see the new waves dashing one after another, on the shore; and you can never say—"I have seen that wave before!" Then, the clouds, which sometimes seem to congregate together in the heavens, and are piled up one over the other, and open their bosoms, and unfold their immense and immeasurable recesses with such splendour; even these are elegantly new, and as full of variety as the star-studded heavens themselves. Could we look among the angels, how softly and sweetly glorious must their different phases, forms, flights, and services appear! And around the lofty throne of our Adorable TRUVE-JEHOVAH, are millions of ransomed spirits, from Abel down to the last one gathered into the garner—all "LIKE HIM!" and yet not any two so alike that you could possibly mistake them. One happy, holy, splendidly varied family, in heaven—who, with one never-ending song—

"Crown Jesus, Lord of all."

I cannot love man's stale stories, and double-dried systematic ways and words; but anything the LORD reveals, every thing the LORD does, any word that He speaks, is always new. Yea, human nature, divine providence, all the heavens, the earth, the seas, all of God, is good, glorious, grand, and greatly to be praised. I have just got a new book, it is called "Life's Bye-Ways; and what I found in them." It is to be had at Paul's Pulpit Office, in Chapter House Court, near St. Paul's, and is full of startling stories; it opens up some of the never-ending *secrets* of every day life; and its pages I will review in CHERRING WORDS, if all go well.

Just now I had a peep into Orford Hill Chapel, in Norwich. It was, their anniversary meeting. Some hundreds were gathered together. They had enjoyed tea, and were now listening to the minister's kind words. The noble-looking pastor, JOHN CORBITT, the original Bedfordshire farmer, was standing up with as much genuine and native greatness and goodness in him, as you would

find in most men. And in grateful, homely, honest terms, he thanked God, and encouraged the people. Forgive the thought, but, said I to myself, had he been regularly trained for the sea, what a "Captain a-board-a-ship" he would have made! or, had he entered the army—oh! what a Stonewall Jackson, (leading on his troops to conquest and a crown,) would this fine piece of human nature have furnished. But he has had much higher work to do, and after many years of toil, and of telling forth the blessed gospel story, still he stands in full-dressed gospel uniform, happy, and hoping to be happier still.

Beside him is his patient old deacon, just come back from the edge of the grave for a few days, to throw a salutary influence, and utter a few deeply-toned, solemn words of warning to the Christian friends so dear to his heart, ere to heaven for ever he flies. Happy saint! ripe for glory; soon among the crowd you'll stand.

There is that venerable man of God, John Gowing, with his tender features, trembling voice, loving heart, suffering spirit, and undaunted faith. "Ah!" he says, "and soon from scenes like these I shall remove to that blest land where pain or parting never come." Good old soul! may his end indeed be peace. He has done his best in the best of all causes, and his reward is sure enough.

James Clark, the rosy-cheek boy from Buckland Common, too, is there (now the honoured minister of new Stowmarket church). In his bold and broad Hertfordshire dialect, he speaks of free-grace, of God's abounding mercy, love, and compassion towards Adam's fallen race; and his happy, good-tempered manner of telling it out quite pleased the Norwich folk; and after the choir had sung sweet songs and solos, and after several little sermons had been delivered, this nice little bundle of myrrh and myrtle-trees separated, praising God from whom all blessings flow.

C. W. B.

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WHAT IS GOD'S GLORY?

BY REV. JOHN CUMMING, D.D.

IF we go down the tide and current of history, and ascertain what revelations God has given of Himself, we shall find a yet clearer revelation of His name in the 34th chapter of the Book of Exodus, one of the most beautiful chapters in the word of God. In the 33rd chapter, and at the 18th verse, Moses says to God, "I beseech Thee, show me Thy glory?" WHAT IS GOD'S GLORY? "And God said, I will make all my goodness pass before thee:" implying that the goodness of God and the glory of God were convertible terms. I cannot but stop to remark how precious it is that when Moses asks the sight of God's glory, God should give him a view of His goodness, as if to say, "The more I am loved, the more of My glory is seen." God's glory is what we see of God. A creature, in order to be glorified, needs to have some grand title added to his name, or to have some great deeds done by him: but in order to glorify God we need just to see Him as He is. The more clearly God is seen, the more we see of God's glory; because He is infinite in every excellence, and infinitude is glorified, not by addition, which is impossible, but by manifestation, which is just the characteristic of the Gospel. It is interesting to know that God's goodness is His greatest glory; and that when God shows His greatest mercy in the for-

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ONE HALFPENNY.

giveness of the greatest sinner, He manifests His greatest glory. And, therefore, when I draw near to God, and ask of Him the forgiveness of my sins, I can say, "Glorify Thy name by forgiving my sins, the sins of the chiefest of sinners." How remarkable is this, that we can positively rest our appeal for the forgiveness of our sins, not upon the mere mercy, but upon the glory of God; as if God would lose an opportunity of glorifying Himself by refusing to forgive the sins of the greatest sinner. But the fact is, He will not refuse, He cannot refuse; and if a sinner is not forgiven, it is because he will not ask, and not because God will not forgive. And it is added in the 34th chapter of Exodus, and at the 5th verse: "The Lord descended in the cloud, and stood with him there, and proclaimed," what Moses called His glory, and what is now called, "the name of the Lord." Now, "this is the name that shall be great among the Gentiles, and to which incense and a pure offering shall be presented from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same." Hear its beautiful accents: "And the Lord passed by before him, and proclaimed, The Lord, the Lord God, merciful and gracious, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, keeping mercy for thousands, forgiving iniquity and transgression and sin, and" yet "that will by no means clear those that are found guilty." And look how every syllable of the name suggests an answer to a sinner's difficulties. If one, thus convinced that God's glory is God's goodness, should say: "I am guilty, I am nothing, lost, ruined, undone;" the very first syllable in this name is "Jehovah"—He that can make something out of nothing. But if he should say: "I am worse than that; I have an obstinate heart, a law in my members warring against the law of my spirit, so that I cannot do what I should;" the answer is suggested by the next syllables—"The Lord God," which means omnipotent power to turn the heart of stone into a heart of flesh. But if he should say: "I am sinful, and how can I approach Him?" the very next syllable is "merciful," showing that just because you are sinful, His love is refracted in His mercy: for love is goodness when in contact with the unfallen, but it is mercy when in contact with the sinner. But if he should say: "I have nothing to

pledge, I have nothing to promise;" the next syllable is "gracious,"—He does all graciously, without money and without price. But if he should say: "I have gone on too long repenting and sinning, and sinning and repenting again;" the next sentence tells us that He is "long-suffering." But if he should add: "I have drawn upon His mercy so much, that it must be exhausted;" the next sentence tells us that He is "abundant in goodness and truth." But if he should say: "Perhaps so many have appealed to Him, and drawn so much upon His mercy, that it is exhausted;" that is answered by the next sentence, which tells us of His "keeping mercy for thousands." But if he should reply: "I have committed all sorts of sin in thought, in word, and in deed;" the next sentence, which tells us of His "forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin," is a sufficient answer. But if he say: "Such a name will make men presume, and break loose into a life of sin;" the next sentence informs us that He is one "that will by no means clear those that are found guilty."

Now, here is the name of God. And where was this name revealed? God said: "Thou shalt stand upon a rock;" and the apostle says, "That rock was Christ." And thus, this name manifested in the Lord Jesus Christ is the name that "shall be great among the Gentiles," and to which "incense shall be offered, and a pure offering, from the rising of the sun even unto the going down of the same."

—From "Redemption Draweth Nigh." By Dr. Cumming. Published by Richard Bentley.

EVERY GOOD THING IN JESUS CHRIST.

A WORD ON MR. ROBERT DAW'S JUBILEE.

"A jubilee shall that fiftieth year be unto you."

SO said the Lord unto His ancient Israel, and so I was constrained to say at Ripley, when we commemorated the jubilee of Mr. Robert Daws by holding three services in the chapel where Charles Turner preaches the Gospel. Mr. Robert Daws has been a friend to the cause of truth for many years. May the Almighty Lord God of heaven and earth give him grace more fully

to acknowledge and honour, and more devotedly to follow the Lamb of God, is my deep and earnest prayer. Thinking on the typical design of the jubilee, I said to myself, there is no real, no essential, no perfect jubilee but in and with JESUS CHRIST, the everlasting Son of the Father in truth and love. Take five things as connected with the jubilee, and you find and enjoy, know and possess, them nowhere but in the person, work, and kingdom of the Lord Jesus Christ.

There was atonement, the blowing of the trumpet, release, returning to a free and full possession, and a very hearty rejoicing in the jubilee year. In Jesus Christ, the believer has full satisfaction made for sin; he is reconciled to God, to God's covenant, to God's way of salvation, and to all that is revealed in Him by the Holy Ghost respecting the way of life and peace. To be against God is dreadful; to be ONE WITH HIM in all He has revealed and wrought is safe, and full of holy anticipations of blessedness and glory. That is one jubilee mercy—ATONEMENT. Then,—

II. In Jesus Christ we have the jubilee trumpet—the Gospel of the grace of God. The Gospel is nothing to them who are not in Christ. They may have forms of worship, creeds, and ordinances; but they have not the glad tidings of sin forgiven and heaven secured, as the true disciples of Jesus have. Paul says to them it is "*the Gospel of your salvation.*" They are made "partakers of His promise in CHRIST by the Gospel." And the Gospel comes to them not in word only, but in power, in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance. To a fallen, guilty, rebellious sinner out of Christ, there cannot really be any "good news" from any quarter; but to all who live in Christ doth all the gladness of the Gospel belong for ever.

III. Release from labour, from penalties, curses, bonds, and burdens. These are only found in Jesus. "*If the Son make you FREE, ye shall be free indeed.*"

IV. Returning to their possessions: heaven and happiness, holiness and life eternal; yea, every good thing was given to the chosen seed in the covenant of grace; but, by sin and transgression, they fell, and in their fallen state, they are called "children

of wrath even as others." Jesus comes to *redeem*, then to *RESTORE*, and, finally to *RECEIVE* them all to Himself.

Faith in these great blessings, and fellowship with Christ through them, will lead to much rejoicing even here. Ah! when ministers are happy in preaching,—when believers hear to their soul's great joy,—when burdened sinners lose their load, then how loud they sing, and how sweet the sound! Mr. Wilcockson says (addressing his Lord under such a frame),—

"I see Thy face without a veil,
When precious faith in me is strong;
I then in raptures cry, "All hail!
I'll be with Thee, dear Lord, ere long."

May this be our ever-blessed portion. Amen. Amen.

"The Jubilee-day at Ripley" has passed away. Mr. William Webb, of Rehoboth chapel, Pimlico, preached in the afternoon. The friends took tea on the green; and, if nothing more was done, there were some hearts broken under the Word, and we may hope the Lord will heal them: and of that Mount Zion, humble as it may appear, we believe it will at last be said, "This and that man was born in her."

THIS IS "THE KINGDOM OF GOD WITHIN."

(Concluded from page 146.)

My cup was full to overflowing; and I went home not to weep and despond, not to sleep, but to bless and praise the God of my salvation. O that sacred awe of love, when first I lay in the bosom of my precious Jesus, viewed in His love, all things were new; and I began to think my sorrow was all gone; and Satan would trouble me no more: e'er another Sabbath dawned, my soul was again in darkness; not as before:—the presence of Jesus had left its witness; and though Satan said it was all a wild delusion—a foolish dream—my soul was fully persuaded if the Lord had meant destruction, He would not have revealed His pardoning love as He had done by the mouth of His servant; and thus I clung to the hem of His garment, though I could

not get a glimpse of His precious countenance; until I again heard His word, and fed on the heavenly food His grace provides for His hungry children.

Before, I heard of the pardon; now, I heard something of what my great Deliverer paid for it. The 53rd of Isaiah was much dwelt upon; and as I heard how "He was wounded for my transgressions, and bruised for my iniquities;" my heart swelled with a new grief for sin: and I cried, "What can I render to Him who has done such great things for me?" I no longer desired peace: to hear of His sufferings, was martial music to my soul. Peace with His enemies. O, no! I saw this was not the Christian's rest; this land of sin and darkness, where Jesus suffered, toiled, and died. I longed to praise Him, to serve Him, and tell to all around how precious HE was to my soul; but the thought of my sins kept me silent; and my parents did not know for a long time what the Lord had wrought in and for my soul. I wished then I could join the Lord's people; for I thought they could sympathize with my infirmities, who had, perhaps, experienced the same; but I was not permitted until nearly a year afterwards; meanwhile, I went forth to prove my spiritual strength; and I found it a hard stern reality, fighting FOR CHRIST. It was something like the little book John took from the angel, which was sweet as honey to the palate, but bitter to the belly; it was a glorious thought to be fighting the good fight of faith with Jesus Christ, the Captain of our salvation; and ever will be while I sojourn in this wilderness of sin: but, alas! it is often poor fighting; and unless the Lord had held me up, Satan would have triumphed in all his encounters.

After my enthusiasm was a little cooled down, and I had been in the school some time, an opening was made for me to join the church. I thought to be very happy then; and, perhaps, expected too much from the other members. I thought to find a band of warm-hearted, earnest disciples of Jesus, whom I could love as brethren and sisters, with whom I could feel perfect freedom and confidence; but I did not find them so. I do not now regret it, because it made me cling more closely to Him who

loves me more than any earthly friend can; and I do praise and bless His dear name that He has thus brought me to see how frail is every resting place but that which I have found upon the "Rock of Ages."

After I had joined the church, my worship of joy was ended, and the Holy Spirit led me into deeper water than I had known before. I found to my sorrow Jesus did not *always* smile home His promises to my soul; and, like Mary of old, I have left the place where I had hoped to find Him, saying in my soul, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid Him." A deadness to spiritual things came upon me; and I had scarcely any food from the means of grace. I never felt any real enjoyment at the Lord's table since I joined; so that I wished I had never spoken a word to any one of what the Lord had done for me. I saw no good result from it, either to myself or others. The teachers at the Sabbath school wished to push me forward, and often gave me a class: then, dear sir, I found how hard it was to speak for Jesus, unless the heart be wholly given to the blessed work. It was, indeed, a school to me in which I learned more of my own nothingness. I felt I was not yet ready to teach others, and fled from the work, yet praying the HOLY SPIRIT to prepare me, and give me a door of utterance that in the Lord's time I might do something for His dear name's sake. But my heart was not single for Christ; my eyes wandered with earthly longing over the flowers of the wilderness: when I plucked them, they quickly withered, and left nothing with me but the thorn of disappointment.

It was about this time, dear sir, my friend, Miss Tettmar, took me to hear you. The Lord did indeed speak to my soul by you; and though it did not exactly increase my happiness, it stirred up the smouldering fire within; and I was enabled to pray more earnestly for deliverance from the snares which Satan was spreading around me: but the distance prevented me attending much; and I wished if possible to stay at Bloomsbury, though I could not get on as I wished, either in the school or the church. But I got very unhappy; so that the house of God was no more a pleasant resort to my soul; and twice on ordinance nights I stayed

home to weep, and asked the Lord to make my path plain. I was then led to see baptism—not all at once; but gradually the HOLY WITNESS sealed it home to my very soul. It is so full of my precious Jesus, that I love it for His sake; and long to go through that ordinance so emblematic of the glorious resurrection of all who are buried with Him. I long to feel more of it in my soul; more life; more love; more liberty in Him who has said, "Every one that loseth his life for My sake shall find it."

Our dear pastor, Mr. Bayfield, being laid aside, seemed to break the strongest tie that bound me to the place, and I could not feel at home there any longer. As I could get no profit from the ministry, I commenced regularly attending at Bethel; and the Lord has, I believe, made it very plain to me that He will bless me there. O I have richly enjoyed the presence of my blessed Jesus through your instrumentality, so that I feel I could give up my earthly privilege rather than be deprived of the spiritual good I receive therefrom.

After I had written to you, I was much tried about it, and many times wished I had not, fearing it was not the Lord's way, and I should not be permitted to join after all. I felt it was presumptuous in me to wish it; and I feared I had no right to enjoy your ministry as I am so young in the Divine life, and you have been in such deep waters; but I cannot help it; and I know the Lord often sends a message to my soul by you: it has His seal upon it, so I know it is with His good pleasure. Your ministry has been very searching to my soul; but that has done me no harm. I can say with David, "Let the righteous smite me; it shall be as goodly oil which shall not break my heart." It may have broken my confidence in an arm of flesh; but it has not broken my trust in the living God; nor has it loosened my hold upon the Rock of Ages. The Lord has made my soul to get strong upon it; it has stirred up my spirit within me to a more earnest faith in my ever faithful Friend; and my fervent prayer is that you may long be spared to minister in holy things to the Lord's tried and hungry children; and may He abundantly bless and prosper you in your sacred work for Christ and His kingdom. Amen.

ADA BROWNING.

OUR PRAYER-MEETING.—No. I.

FOR some years I have been favoured to have some sweet little scriptures come up into my mind, while I have been listening to the prayers of the brethren who were thus engaged. In Crosby Row, in Unicorn Yard, and in our Bethel at Bow, I have realized this mercy. Ah! and two special occasions at the very outset of my ministry, are deeply engraven in my memory now, and I will refer to them, that others may read them. They were useful, and they may be again.

Very early in my ministerial days—when I was preaching to a happily-united flock at Sturry, next Canterbury, I remember one Thursday evening running from my printing-office over to Sturry—full two miles—and on reaching the chapel, those words of our Lord to the Samaritan woman pressed themselves upon my mind—"If thou knewest the gift of God, and who it is that saith unto thee, Give me to drink, thou wouldest have asked of Him, and He would have given thee living water." Directly opposite me sat the village blacksmith's daughter—SORNIA THARP; by those words the Lord much impressed her spirit, yea, she became a believer in Jesus, a follower of the Lamb, and a most decided and devoted friend to the righteous cause down to the time of her departure, which was some fifteen years after that memorable evening. I believe her soul waded through many floods: her spiritual conflicts and sorrows were deep and of long duration, but like CARRIE, I think she often sighed out in mental strains—

My soul, O Lord, prepare
To enter on my lot:
Thy face to see, Thy glory share,
Whose favour changeth not.
Abounding sin, farewell;
Hail! more abounding grace!
Hush! fiery lake of threatening hell!
Christ is my paradise.
There 'gainst thy rage I plead
The water and the blood;

CHERRING WORDS.

There stands the man—the God indeed —
My ark against the flood.

I hear the accuser roar
Of ills that I have done ;
I know them well, and thousands more ;
But God remembers none.

He counts with deep delight
The drops His JUST ONE spilt !
And though I'm sin : not in His sight,
He will not see my guilt.

I might appeal to my once homely friend, C. H., and ask—
Was not this something like the language of her who was for a
few years thy companion and spouse, but who now—with the
ransomed spirits of thy brother and her brothers, and with
millions more—unceasingly adore the Lamb, in the midst of the
throne, chanting in sweet and heavenly lays—

Alone He took the field—
Alone the battle fought—
With His own arm and shield
The mighty work He wrought :
The glorious work was all His own,
And He shall ever wear the crown ?

Methinks the echo of these noble words flies through the
heights and lengths of boundless space, and touching anew the
loving hearts of myriads they all break out in one full swelling
chorus—

Crown Him ! O, crown Him, saints of God,
O crown His royal brow !
Crown Him who shed His vital blood,
O crown your Jesus now !
Crown Him with all your zeal and zest,
O crown your worthy KING :
And let it be your very best,
That you to Jesus bring !

Ah ! we believe the Hancocks, the Tharps, the Fulforths, the
Fosters, and many, many more, whom we have known on earth,
will

See their Saviour's happy face,
And ever cease from sin ;

And from the rivers of His grace
 Drink endless pleasures in.

That sacred little spot—the Baptist Chapel at Sturry, in Kent, certainly was made the birth-place of immortal souls. And still it is a house of bread; still the living sons and daughters of the Lord God assemble there; and if any CHEERING WORD readers halt at Sturry station on their route to Herne Bay, or the Isle of Thanet, and the Margate coast, it would be no loss to them to turn in any Sunday morning or evening, and there unite in seeking the Lord, with those happy souls who still together cleave.

My second "Prayer Meeting" incident was of a much more solemn character, which, with one or two more, shall be given, if the GOOD SHEPHERD will still give grace and strength to this poor

VILLAGE PREACHER.

THE THREE-FOLD PERFECTION.

BY MR. JAMES WELLS.

THE "Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit," No. 237, contains a fruitful exposition of "The Good-ground Hearer," toward the end of which are the following excellent and consolatory remarks:—

Now, there is a three-fold perfection that every child of God must hold fast. What is that?

The first is that typified by the men that came to David: they came with perfect heart, and such as could keep rank, were bold as lions, and swift as the roes upon the mountains. You are to perfectly decided for God's truth; no wavering; no turning, no shuffling, no compromising, no surrender, no twisting, no craving for quarters. You have no need to crave for human quarters when your shelter is from on high, or is on high; your refuge is on high, your place of defence is the munitions of rocks. What! have the great God on your side, He being for you, and crave quarters of men in these things? Nay, nay, nay; the thorny-ground hearer never came into this decision, nor the stony-

ground hearer, nor the wayside hearer; but the good-ground hearer does come into this decision. I never am at a loss upon this point—never. You may wake me up at any time in the night, and ask me to preach a sermon upon decision, and at it that minute. Yes, when I have only one eye open, before I get the other eye open, preach half a sermon almost. Bring any other gospel—distinguish it in a moment. I believe that the Lord makes His people of quick understanding in these things. They came to David with perfect heart; stood right out decided for him; no wavering, none of that.

The second perfection the child of God must hold fast is, let him have decision first, look well to that. Make your calling and election of God's truth sure, not make God's election of you sure, but make your election of His truth sure; you will stand out decided for it; God will take care of you; He will, you can testify of this, some of you; I can, and so can some of you. The second perfection the Christian has to hold fast is that perfection he has in Christ. Perfect in Christ—"Ye are complete in Him;" hold that fast, never give up this.

The third perfection the Christian has to hold fast is that perfection into which He shall personally come at the resurrection, at the great rising day. Then we shall be perfect; then, when that which is perfect is come, that which is in part shall be done away. Now the Lord said to Abraham, Abraham, I am God Almighty. What, my God almighty? Yes. What, my Father almighty? Yes. What, He who hath sworn to bless me almighty? Yes. What, He who hath revealed to me a city which He hath founded almighty? Yes. What, He who hath appointed the great Melchizedek almighty? Yes. What shall I do then? "Walk before Me." Don't pay attention to any one else; and "be thou perfect;" perfect in decision for Me, perfect in the great Melchizedek I have revealed to you. For Abraham saw the day of Christ, and was glad, and well he might; enough to gladden any poor sinner who sees it. Perfect in prospect, for he looked for a city that hath foundations. Here then is fruit to perfection; here is evidential fruit to perfection; here is relative fruit to perfection; and here is prospective fruit to perfection.

"HE SHALL DELIVER THEM."

WHO is this "HE?" Read Isaiah xix. 20. "He" is called "a SAVIOUR, and a GREAT ONE!" Very lately, before preaching, I sunk into a cloud of darkness, a sense of emptiness; and if any one had said, "Give us an idea—a text—a sermon—something good"—I must have said, "I cannot—I have nothing." The time was close at hand. I looked in the Bible—looked in books—sighed—begged hard. In one moment I caught the words, "They shall cry unto the Lord because of the oppressors:"—"because of the oppressors." Ah! every earthly thing to a living soul is an oppression: this body of sin and death—the deceitful heart—the way in the world—the trials of family, of business—the sense of unholiness, and unfitness for God's good service—and all the disappointments of life—all are oppressors. Oh! how I sigh and mourn, and go down fathoms inside, in feeling, under oppression—

"Yet have been upheld till now."

How positive is the provisionary promise, "They *shall* cry unto the Lord." That implies He is a long way from them—as they think and feel—but they cry unto Him. Five things are said of them.

1. They have been taught to speak the language of Canaan.
2. They have sworn unto the Lord.
3. They have set up an ALTAR—that is Jesus Christ in the Gospel ministry, and by a living faith.
4. They have set up a PILLAR—they have become united to the church.
5. But now they have great oppression. They cry to God. He sends them His Son; His Son becomes their Saviour: and He takes them for His own inheritance.

Reader! Is it a great Saviour you need? Oh! cry to heaven, and may a full deliverance come. So prays,
C. W. B.

BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH:

HOW beautiful must the heavenly glory be! Many of the departing saints have seen something of it ere they left the body. Oh! ye worldly, careless, lukewarm, undecided ones, think not little, think not lightly of heaven and eternal bliss. Amazing wonders fill my soul at this moment, as I think of three grand pieces of workmanship carried out by the Almighty Maker and Father of all good and gracious inheritances. I. He has built a city, established a kingdom, and intends one day to throw it open to all the ransomed, and to bid them welcome there. II. Because heaven is so high, and we are so low, God hath set a ladder on the earth; it is Jesus, His Son—the God-Man and our Mediator: then (III.) because no man of himself can come to this ladder—the Father and the Son unite to send among the fallen family the Eternal Spirit of life and power to bring the chosen to the Redeemer's feet, that, by Him, they might to glory rise.

Young M'Assey, a devoted minister of Christ, died in Dublin, not long since. He was not much over twenty; but he lived in heaven before he really walked the golden streets. As he drew near the end, he asked for his brother, kissed him, commended him to God, bid him good-bye, and asked his mother to pray. Soon after, he took his mother's hand, kissed her, commended her to God, said he thought their separation would be a brief one, asked the hour—which was 6.40 p.m.—opened his eyes, raised his hand, and said—"Oh, what an opening I see all round! What brightness! Glory, glory, glory! God is love! Yes, God is love! His word is truth. Blessed are all they that put their trust in Him." His mother again enquired if he suffered much. He said, "No," and looking up, exclaimed, "Jesus, Jesus, precious Jesus, coming—coming—coming." He seemed to engage in prayer; his mother scarcely heard it, but could distinguish the words committing his soul to Father, Son and Holy Spirit; and at a few minutes before seven o'clock, his redeemed spirit had exchanged earth for heaven. His sun has gone down while it was yet morning, but already has it risen, in cloudless skies, to set no more for ever. The hearts—and they are many—that clung to him in life, that appreciated his genial nature, his

vigorous intellect, his unstudied suavity of manner, his pulpit efficiency and promise, and above all and through all, his piety to God, while mourning his departure, will rejoice in sure and certain hope of re-union in everlasting glory.

AGUR'S PRAYER.

Thus Agur spoke.

"O Lord, of Thee
 "This I've required: away from me
 "Remove both vanity and lies;
 "Let not vain thoughts within me rise;
 "Give neither wealth nor poverty;
 "But food convenient, Lord, for me,
 "Lest I be full, and Thee deny,
 "And say, 'Who's He who reigns on high?'
 "Or, lest my soul should hunger feel,
 "And I be tempted, Lord, to steal."

Thus should the Christian ever pray,
 If near his God he longs to stay,

New Cross.

T. G. C. A.

THE POOR MAN.

[In our February supplementary number, there was an original paper by "A. S. G." entitled, "The Intolerable Voice, and the Peace-speaking Voice;" from whence the following beautiful lines have derived their meaning.--Ed.]

FULL oft, within a lowly shed,
 I stood beside a humble bed,
 Whence earthly hopes for aye were
 fled.

But calm content and peace were
 there,
 And steadfast faith and fervent
 prayer,
 And patience, strong to wait and
 bear.

But once, the sufferer's face awhile

Had lost its bright accustomed
 smile,
 As though dismay'd by Satan's
 [guile:
 I took his hand, and bade him say,
 What caus'd his mournful glance
 that day?
 If aught on heart or conscience lay?
 And then he said, a wondrous dream
 The night before had quench'd the
 beam [gleam.
 Which o'er his couch was wont to

He thought, that through the
opening skies,
He heard a voice from Paradise
Pronounce his name, and bid him
rise.

He heard it, and had fain obeyed,
But o'er his limbs a chain seemed
laid, [weigh'd.

This form to earth some potency
When lo! a poor man at his side
In human tones his name had cried,
Then rose he, and to meet him tried.

The sufferer's tender heart seemed
riven,

At thought that he, a child forgiven,
Obey'd not at a voice from heaven.

While yet he rose at sounds of earth,
Pronounc'd by lips of human birth,
His Christian faith seem'd little
worth.

Then straight with simplest love I
sought

To crush the self-accusing thought
Which in his heart such grief had
wrought.

"You could not rise, my friend," I
said, [o'erhead,

"At that loud voice from heav'n
"Like trumpet sounds, and thun-
ders dread.

"And so the voice from Sinai
heard,

"The fiery law's inspiring word,
"Can only point to guilt incurr'd,

"The power it hath to bid us rise,
"And keep its holy statutes wise,

"Till Jesus comes in human guise,
"A poor man born on earth below,

"A child of grief, an heir of woe,
"Yet source whence all true bless-
ings flow.

"Then rise we, and His call obey,
"The chains and fetters pass away,

"Which rest on heart and spirit
lay."

The sufferer's grief seemed past and
o'er

At that most true, though simplest
lore, [more.

His peaceful smile return'd once
And ever, when I went again,

Till death had loos'd his earthly
chain,

He spoke the same exulting strain.
"The poor man hath been here
to-day,

"And still beside my couch will
stay,

"Till death shall make me His for
aye."

JANET.

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CHEERING WORDS

SEPTEMBER, 1863.

THE WIDOW AND HER WANTS:

OR,

SATAN BEATEN—SOULS REFRESHED—CHRIST EXALTED.

"As they sailed, He fell asleep; and there came down a storm of wind—they were in jeopardy."—St. Luke.

A STORM INDEED: and when the clouds began to gather, they looked awfully dark—the thunders of Divine wrath appeared so loud and terrible, that I could feel nothing but the blackness of despair, and banishment from the presence of God and His Christ. Even now, I often sigh and groan in my spirit until my strength fails me—and, I fear I shall never see His face again. At other times—(especially when indulged with liberty in the ministry) as Gerald Massey says in that "*Missionary Cheer*" which *Good Words* brings you,—

"Clouds may lighten; lips may whiten;
Praying looks be dark with dread:
Sails may shiver! true hearts quiver
At Death going overhead!
Yet, though winds and waters wrestle,
Masts may spring, and bulwarks dip;
Safely rides the labouring vessel,
When the Saviour's in the ship."

But, it is clear to me, HE may be in the ship; and yet you cannot see HIM. You may see yourself all sinful and sad; and see your danger, all woeful and bad,

But Jesus seems away.

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ONE HALFPENNY.

And then, between those two quicksands, *Presumption* on one hand and *Despair* on the other, I exceedingly fear and quake; but a living faith lifts up her voice and cries, "HOPETHOU IN GOD!" then my soul responds, "I will bear the indignation of the Lord because I have sinned against Him—until He plead my cause. He will bring me forth to the light; and I shall behold His righteousness."

Let me tell a little tale. Weary and sad, I called one Saturday afternoon on a dear child of God, who, a short time since, lived in a large house in one of the genteel suburbs of our metropolis. But her husband fell ill;—a long illness wasted their substance:—death took him away: mother was left a widow; the delicate and truly affectionate daughters were fatherless; the son-and-heir was out at sea—whether lost there, or cast on some distant shores, no one here could tell: the widowed mother sought, and sent, and searched, and sighed; but, of her boy no tidings came. As bad as lost he seems to be. But there is a nephew in a lucrative office; he occupies part of the house where his uncle dies; and he feels bound to help the bereaved family all he can; until, presently, drunkenness ruins him, and he goes home to his parish a beggar.

Alas! alas! what changes! Husband gone—son gone—nephew gone—all circumstantial dependence gone. The house is given up; a little room is hired; the mother is too far beaten by the dashing of so many waves to do much; yea, she can do nothing towards providing the bread which perisheth. One daughter gets under training in a scientific department, hoping thereby to get some remuneration; the officials claim her time and talents for many months without giving one farthing, so that when I called, three of them had to exist out of the scanty earnings of the one child, whose fingers drove ten thousand stitches for scarce enough to find them bread. I had long promised to call and see a little into the case, because for many years I had known the mother to be a woman of large intellect, having a mind sound in the faith, and devotedly immersed in love to JESUS her covenant Head.

When I dropped in upon them, they were sitting over their

dinner and tea together—(ah!—bread and tea, perhaps twice a day). I made myself very free in speaking and enquiring into the real state of the case; and after some perseverance, I found that a very few shillings per week had to suffice to keep body and soul together: the mother's boots were nearly gone to total ruin; how she was to get to God's house soon she could not tell; the rent for their little chamber had run behind; and although she smiled, and praised the Lord, the conflict was severe. I put a trifle into her hand, and off I started; for I could not well endure to see a real saint so almost on the verge of starvation's point:—poverty carefully carried under the most genteel appearance which the few remaining things would admit of.

I had no sooner left the little cot, than some one said inside, "Be just before you are generous. Pay before you preach." "Good doctrine, that," said I. "Oh! that my Master would but give me the means, and every fraction to the utmost mite should be rendered to all, who, through zeal and misfortune, have now the opportunity of reproaching me. When this first lashing was over—"JUST—*then* GENEROUS! PAY—*then* PREACH!" when this was assented to as being right; when I answered the voice and confessed its Truth; when I pleaded that I was daily begging of the Lord to open a way for me to be JUST to the utmost extremity; when that first voice was silenced, then came another—"Pure religion, and undefiled before God and the Father is this—to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction; and to keep himself unspotted from the world." There I was beat again. Who can say he is keeping himself unspotted from the world? I felt, although to do good to others was my soul's delight; yet was I distressed on the ground that my garments have not been always white; and oftentimes my head had lacked ointment. Out of my poor heart came oozing that oft-repeated cry—

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy wounded side which flow'd,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power."

I retired to my room ; and after some seeking and thinking, my eyes fell on that singular scripture (Matt. xiii. 58), " And he did not many mighty works there because of their unbelief." I saw faith in Jesus was a blessed grace, opening the way for Him to come and do His mighty works. From the connection of those words, I saw the character of the Saviour's ministry, the nature of the Gospel kingdom, and the reality of conversion to God by grace implanted ; with a mind unusually solemnized, I proclaimed four vital truths ; 1, Faith in the Gift of God ; 2, True Faith may be known ; 3, The Faith of God's elect cannot be destroyed ; 4, Faith in Jesus precedes His mighty works.

Now, to myself, I said, Not all that Colenso has written ; not all that Satan has done ; not all the sorrows which over my soul have rolled, has ever shaken my faith in Jesus. I know He is able, He is mighty, He will do many wondrous things, and men shall praise Him.

I mentioned the widow's case to a friend. It was resolved privately to collect enough to clear off her back arrears. Thank the Lord it is nearly done : I hope yet to make the widow's heart to sing for joy. Oh, ye easy-going, wealthy Christians ! Do pray remember, a cup of cold water given in the Saviour's name shall not be forgotten. Dr. Macduff says :—" It is the Christian to whom God our Maker giveth songs in the night." Like the nightingale, the Christian can warble His discant of thankfulness in the darkest night of sorrow. Amid pining herds and famished flocks, and fields blackened with death and pestilence, the Christian can sometimes rejoice in the Lord, and glory in the God of his salvation.

For full thirty years I have been more or less associated with God's poor people. I have some of them now—jewels in mean attire ; they are the living illustrations of that sixty-sixth Psalm. Their language is this : " We went through the flood on foot. *THERE did we REJOICE IN HIM.*"

As in solitude we often walk, in sweetest resignation may we sing,

" I go lonely, I go lonely, and I feel that earth is only

The vestibule of palaces whose courts we never win :

Yet I see my palace shining, where my love sits amaranth twining,

And I know the gates stand open, and I shall enter in."

YOUNG PHILIP, THE SOLDIER; AND THE THREE MINISTERS.

SOMETIMES in the midst of a long and tedious biography, you may find a very striking sentence: a few words full of spiritual glory, and expressive of the immensely rich and beautiful grace of God. They are mental gems. They are indeed worth more than their weight in gold. In July I was invited to a meeting in our chapel at Old Ford, when the *employés* of Messrs. Mace had invited their worthy masters to a friendly gathering. Every morning in that factory, a meeting is holden for prayer. At this friendly gathering, two or three brethren (who are workmen in the firm) spoke of the good resulting from the morning cries to God for help and salvation: and some missionaries and ministers delivered short and suitable addresses. Mr. William Mace presided. Mr. Charles Mace implored Heaven's blessing on them. My heart would rejoice, indeed, if all masters could solemnly manifest the same interest in the welfare of their men. Before I went to that meeting, I read in the *Baptist Magazine*, the narrative of the son who was dead, but is alive again. In it the writer gives the following delightful sentence:—

"Eternal Love had written Philip's name in the Lamb's Book of Life:—he was not to die in his sins."

"In his sins;" he was a wicked youth; he was neither chaste, sober, nor honest; he was cast into prison ere he was much over twelve;—then he came out; being a tall, strong fellow, the recruiting sergeant caught him—enlisted, drilled, sent him to India; nearly three years no tidings came of him. His widowed mother weepingly said, he is gone; he is either killed in action, or the Indian fever has carried him off: nay, *"he was not to die in his sins."* Why? Thousands do. Ah! lamentable fact.

They do; and how little we think of it, or care for them. But, "Eternal Love had written his name in the Lamb's Book of Life." Who could say that? How could that be known? Hear me.

In the regiment where Philip was, there was a sergeant; his name was Waters.

I had an uncle in the army; his name was *James Waters*. Of Sergeant Waters it is said, he sailed in a ship with more than a thousand souls—all dissipated and bad; but one grain of salt, one godly man, one believing, one praying soul! What a situation to be in! What scenes he must have witnessed! What sorrows and snares must have surrounded him every moment. It is said—"He had been converted while in the army; and *yearned with a divine compassion over the souls of his companions in arms.*"

He read the Scriptures! He prayed to God; and during the voyage, three soldiers believed, and joined him. In India, this little band increased: among the number, poor Philip's heart was turned to God; and many loving, praying, and grace-unfolding letters, did Philip write his widowed mother. Not long since I sat in a minister's parlour. I would never forget the holy emotions I had for a moment or two, when he shewed me two photographs of his two elder brethren—both had been missionaries: both were now pastors of large churches in England. Three sons—all devoted to God in the dispensation of His word. My friend said to me, "Under God, I attribute the whole of our position as Christians and ministers to our mother who led us to the house of God, and to the throne of grace. Ah! mothers—loving, tender-hearted mothers—with God's blessing, who can tell what you may do by thus, in early life, leading your darling children to the heaven-appointed means of grace! When I see mothers neglect, and cruelly beat their children; and so become a terror and a curse to them, I feel an agony of soul none can tell. To all ministers and missionaries I would say—talk kindly and faithfully to the mothers. Poor things! Many of them are ruined by their worthless husbands. Let us aim to recover them. In this little enterprise, help

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

GOOD OLD EIGHTY-FIVE!

AT the end of the ninety-first Psalm, there is a cluster of beautiful promises, one of which reads in this way—"With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation." This precious promise was realized wonderfully in the experience of "Pastor Gossner," who, at Berlin, on March 30, 1858, went to rest in heaven, after having spent eighty-five years of toil, and earnest labour for Jesus and His people in this earthly valley. *The Life of Gossner*, a solid little octavo, is published by Morgan and Chase, and details marvellous things as making up the life of a man in whom grace appeared to reign and shine to an unusual degree.

I have been trying to raise a little fund to put some aged saints on the Pilgrims' Friend Society; and in order to carry out this good design, I announced some lectures, one of which was on Gossner. My friend, Mr. Messer, occupied the chair that evening, and gave an opening address, and he so completely carried the people away with him, that when I was called upon for my Lecture on Gossner, I felt myself so entirely eclipsed, that I could neither spread my sails, nor open my subject. I had matter enough for two hours, but people cannot profitably hear too much at a time, and I felt we had all heard enough for once, and we were thoroughly entertained too; so I—to get out of my difficulty as well as I could—said, I would give some account of Gossner in CHEERING WORDS.

In bringing the *Life of Gossner* before the people that evening, I said I had a four-fold design, and a subject with seven most beautiful branches.

I. A four-fold design: (1,) to remove prejudices; (2,) to encourage myself; (3,) to try and stimulate the people to action; (4,) to get help for aged pilgrims.

II. A subject with seven excellent branches. To shew Gossner was—

1. A Christian in the Romish Church.

2. A Christian in heart, loving Christ most vehemently.
3. A Christian in close communion with God.
4. A Christian in self-denying devotion.
5. A Christian in long and deep afflictions and persecutions.
6. A Christian in usefulness beyond all human calculation.
7. A Christian for ever.

If I can, I will work these features out in a few numbers : each piece shall be as complete in itself as I can make it ; and I hope many good people will thereby perceive that though " cast down, I am not destroyed."

GOSSNER'S GRAVE.

I cannot refrain from giving—even now—a few of Dr. Büchsel's words over Gossner's grave. He said—

"We stand around this coffin with feelings of mingled pain and thankfulness. God has blessed us richly by means of the man whose remains we are now committing to the earth, and though he left no child to inherit his name, and to weep at his tomb, yet in this large town, and around his grave, there are many who bewail his loss, and mourn for him as their spiritual father. And we pastors surrounding his tomb can say of him what he never said of himself, 'he did labour more abundantly than us all,' and received a larger share of blessing. And why was he made the honoured instrument of so much good? I know of but one answer to this enquiry: GOSSNER WAS A MAN OF PRAYER. I have seldom known any one who could pray as old Gossner could. By prayer he raised the walls of the Hospital: by prayer he obtained the sisters whose help was needed for the Institution; by prayer he moved the hearts of the rich in many countries to open their hands widely for his mission work; by prayer he strengthened and supported the missionaries in distant countries, amidst their many dangers and temptations; his prayers accompanied and watered that work throughout all the world. His spiritual children are to be found not only around his grave, but they are scattered throughout this country, and over the most distant parts of the globe; and I know that though his body now

lies in the dust, his prayers will still bear fruit amongst us, as the prayers of pious parents accompany their children through life, long after their own lips have been sealed in death. God grant that his prayers may still overshadow the Bethlehem Church and the Hospital, that the peace of God may dwell within it; God grant that his prayers may still remain in India, in Russia, and in all parts of Germany, where he laboured. I know that his one desire was that all those who heard him preach should be saved. *The power of his preaching lay not so much in the beauty of his thoughts and the eloquence of his language, as in the fervency of his prayers.* The confession of his faith rose direct from his praying heart, and thus sunk in the hearts of his hearers. Whilst coming here it was told me that his most gracious majesty the King once visited the Elizabeth Hospital; being pleased with what he saw, he asked Gossner if he had any especial wish which it would be in his power to grant. Pointing his finger to heaven, Gossner said, 'My wish is, your Majesty, to be certain of your being a subject of my King there.' The same wish now rises from his tomb, and if you wish to honour his memory, do so by walking in the ways of Christ, his and our Lord. Would that we could all lay the old man in this grave, and from henceforth walk in newness of life. The power of his spiritual life consisted in the never-ending warfare he waged with the world, the flesh, and the devil. His words were nails and spears when he attacked the old man; but they were sweet and lovely when he spoke of his Saviour, and his grace and love. He could reprove severely, and feel a holy wrath when he came in contact with the unbelief of the times, or the self-righteousness of the old man; but he could also comfort poor sinners, and raise the dejected; and those with whom he once became acquainted shared the benefit of his prayers for the rest of their lives."

All who leave the service of Satan are sure to leave with a bad character, and the Devil never recommends any one of them to enter the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. But it should be remembered that the wages of sin are death; the reward that Christ gives is eternal joy.—*Silverton.*

FINGER POSTS IN "THE RIGHT WAY."

ONCE I remember sitting in Openshaw Rectory with the Rector himself, whose solid and decided conversation for genuine godliness in the soul I much admired. Very lately, this good Rector has preached and printed a sermon with this title—"RIGHT, OR WRONG, WHICH?" and it is so remarkably clear and discriminating, that I would gladly send many hundreds of thousands of them into this country. Toward the end of the sermon, the preacher gives some of

"THE EXPERIENCES OF THE TRAVELLERS IN THE RIGHT WAY."

As we are travelling on toward an eternity of happiness or of horror; and as I think all God's quickened children often need to be confirmed in the real fact that they are in the right way, I give the different experiences of the different conditions of the children of God who are in Zion's narrow path. Mr. Parks says:

"1. Some can hardly realise the fact that they are on the right way at all. They are filled with doubt and misgivings. They want to be right, but they often fear they are not. They want to do good, but evil is present with them. They hate sin, but it is ever following them. They flee from it, but it is as swift as they are. They want to serve the Lord with all their heart, but how to perform it they know not!

"2. Some, again, after they have travelled awhile, feel as if they had no sure footing. Their language, then, is that of the Psalmist—'*I sink in deep mire, where there is no standing: I am come into deep waters, where the floods overflow me!*' (Psalm lxi. 2.) Ah, there is great sorrow of heart and much dejection of spirit in the poor traveller then! Satan, too, comes and says to him, 'Where is your boasted "Rock" now? Where is your

covenant-keeping God now? See! you are all but overwhelmed!"

"3. Others hardly ever lift up their heads during their pilgrimage. It seems as if they could never take courage to look up. Whether this arises from consciousness of more than ordinary sin, or from the short measure of grace given, I cannot determine; but certain it is that there are many who are on the right road whose language is uninterruptedly that of the publican in the parable—'*God be merciful to me a sinner.*' They never seem to get beyond that.

"4. Others, again, walk as if they were cripples: so uneven is their gait; ay, and sometimes they stumble as they walk, and sometimes actually fall! But, Oh! what weeping and mourning there are to be observed then amongst the travellers! What lamentation over the folly wrought in Israel, and what godly sorrow on the part of those who have wrought it! (2 Cor. vii. 9, 10.)

"5. Occasionally there is the sound of merriment and rejoicing amongst the travellers, but it is only when there has been some extraordinary and marvellous manifestation of the Lord's love and care, when the Lord has wonderfully answered prayer, or miraculously rescued a traveller from a desperate assault of Satan. No sooner, however, have the echoes of praise died away than there is a counteraction experienced. The lately singing pilgrims are again found sighing. They themselves have either received a fiery dart from the evil one, or are called upon to sympathise with others who have for the moment succumbed to Satanic, or fleshly, or worldly influence.

"On all hands the experience of travellers on the right way is this, viz.: *They are subject to many changes.* Hardly two days of their journey are alike. If they rejoice one day, they have to sorrow the next. If they walk in light one day, perhaps they walk in darkness the next. But this they can assert, that though they are ready to say with Job, '*Changes are against me*' (Job. x. 17), yet those very changes are instrumental in bringing them into nearer contact with God, whom they find to be kinder than ever in the midst of sorrow and grief of soul.

A VILLAGE ANNIVERSARY AND A GROUP OF GOSPEL MEN.

“The saints on earth, and all the dead,
But one communion make,
All join in Christ their living Head,
And of His grace partake.
In such society as this
My weary soul would rest;
The man that dwells where Jesus is,
Must be for ever blest.”

OLD FORD is only a village running on one side of Victoria Park, and in connection with the old Roman Road, of the antiquities of which, some day, I may write a chapter. But the population in and around this village is immense;—to see, therefore, little churches springing up in the midst, is a pleasing sight, and cheerful to all who love the road which leads to Zion's hill. We have a very industrious clergyman in St. Stephen's church: two chaste little Wesleyan cottages, or chapels, I suppose I must call them; a small congregational church; and in the British school rooms, two years since, I was permitted to form a Particular Baptist Church, and where (through a succession of strange dispensations) I have laboured in the Gospel; and, I hope, *not in vain*. When I came here, I was bound in black sorrow, and often sank as in deep despair; but, from time to time, I am carried out in much earnest concern for the souls of the people. August 16th and 17th, we held our second anniversary. Both my sermons were from texts pressed home on my spirit: the morning was in John's epistle: “This is the victory that overcometh the world, even our faith:” I had some precious views of the different branches of the faith of God's elect, such as I never remember before. In the evening I had Psalm xcvi.: “O sing unto the Lord a new song, for He hath done marvellous things: His own right hand, and His holy arm hath gotten him **THE VICTORY**.” The victory Christ hath gotten for His people is temporal,

evangelical, experimental, and eternal. I pray for a victory over every foe, fear, fault, and failing; for FREEDOM in and by JESUS, and FREEDOM with and through JESUS, is the only real blessing. If ever my soul was like a hind let loose, it was that night.

The next day, John Brunt came from Colnbrook, and gave us a neat sermon on the new song sung before the throne. A closely packed company took tea, and then the delivery of addresses commenced.

A photograph of the scene would make an interesting picture. I had the honour to preside: high on the platform they placed me, so that though "little indeed," every one could see me. On my right hand sat that fine embodiment of Christian harmony—the venerable Elijah Packer—whose reading and singing of hymns so many years has rendered him a favourite in Zion. He will be quite at home in heaven; and if there is anything like one getting nearer the throne than another, the happy spirit of our faithful leader will then press forward to swell that happy song—

"Now to the Lamb that once was slain
Be endless blessings paid,
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
For ever on thy head.
Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,
Hast set the prisoners free;
Hast made us kings and priests to God,
And now we reign with Thee."

They will be cheering words, in a happy place, and all without alloy. Oh! how the softly rolling thunders and gently swelling choruses of ten thousand times ten thousand hearts and tongues (all one in heaven) will lift the name of Jesus high!

"Now they approach the Almighty throne,
With loud hosannas night and day,
Sweet anthems to the great THREE-ONE,
Measure their blest eternity.
The LAMB who fills the middle throne
Sheds all around his milder beams;
See now they feast on His rich love,
And dwell in joys from living streams."

But I am not in heaven yet: no more is my kind brother

Elijah; for there he stands singing:

"Grace all the work shall crown
Through everlasting days;
It lays in heaven the topmost stone,
And well deserves the praise."

Beside him is a young man—tall, thin, pale, but full of devotion, and decision for Gospel truth and peace. His name is Henry Strickett, the pastor of Antioch; and he speaks of deliverance from captivity with much correctness and feeling. One of the sweetest faces that ever nature gave to mortal man is on the same platform seat. It is J. W. Dyer. The Lord Jesus has lighted up his soul with the rays of Gospel beauty, and nothing will do now but he must run in and out among the provincial churches, for ever singing as he flies:

"All ever glorious is my Lord;
Must be beloved, and yet ador'd;
His worth, if all the nations knew,
Sure the whole earth would love Him too."

Ah! I had a thought about that Christ-loving Walworth "Dyer." I shall not be afraid to write it. The hint may be taken. I thought if that God-fearing and constantly-praying saint of God, Mrs. E. Baldwin, who is building a chapel at East Bergholt, could prevail on this devoted servant of Christ to come down and preach there for a few months; and if God would warm his heart in that good cause, the best desires of his soul for the spread of the Gospel in that extensive neighbourhood, would soon be realized. I almost think I see the day when brother Dyer is settled as pastor over the church in aristocratic East Bergholt. What a contrast in appearance between friend Dyer, and the brother beside him, William Webb, the Pimlico preacher, whose "Rehoboth" is near the Queen's Palace. In the case of William Webb, before it was said,

"Almighty grace! arrest that man!"

Satan's dominion was dire and dreadful; and when Moses arrested him, and led him to Sinai, he experienced there, in his own soul, some parts of David's eighteenth Psalm. Referring to that period, he says:

“Death, and the terrors of the grave,
 Stood round me with their dismal shade,
 While floods of high temptation rose,
 And made my seeking soul afraid.
 I saw the opening gates of hell—
 With endless pains and sorrows there,
 Which none but they that feel can tell—
 While I was hurried to despair.”

“Poor William!” (they then would say,) “how awful and how fearful seems his state!” But the Lord had mercy on him, and delivered him; and now William traces out the path the fallen sinner must travel if ever from Sinai to Zion he shall march. But in his face you see the marks of sorrow made for sin, while streams of mercy now and then from that stern frontispiece will fetch a smile or two; although with him smiles, alas! are neither cheap, nor do they in thick clusters come: still, of the crowns which on the Saviour’s head are placed, William spoke to us in sacred and becoming terms.

There is more corporate weight in the men on my left hand. That descendant of Falstaff, JOHN WEBSTER, the good pastor at the Cave, stands up like a cheerful divine, to expound the Mountains of Brass, and having lungs of brass, and a mind well read-up in the high authorities, he never tires till he kindly flings you a parting blessing, and then sits down. John Webster is a free and faithful brother, and thousands now, in different ways, rejoice in the testimonies he delivers. At his feet, intently listening, lays J. T. Messer—the perfectly original and fiery-flying cherubim—which makes the pious Primitives ask the question, “Do you know what it is to feel cross, and cannot help laughing?” He is the fellow to send that hypocritical fiend, “Make-am-believe you are melancholy,” down into the cellar, while the poor soul, who thinks it a sin to smile, and who never has a holyday, is actually so forcibly drawn into the pleasure grounds of the Gospel, that like as when the Prodigal came home, “All begin to be merry.” Oh, I believe, my eloquently, quaint, and philanthropical brother Messer is a man sent of God (in his way), to do much good; and therefore I felt it an honour to have him on the platform with me, and to see him fling his mind about in

all directions with so much pleasing elasticity as to convince you that neither bonds nor burdens can long keep him down. Kind and comprehensive Thomas Jones stands up after the Stepney rector has ended, and gives the people the best address of the evening, on Jesus Christ, the Branch, and Builder of the Temple. An intelligent brother that—he has a soul that has sighed hard enough to burst itself many a time, but “underneath” have been “the everlasting arms.” George Webb, with his heart high up in his head, and pushing out through his sparkling windows, gave us a short but pithy revival speech, and soon, like all the meetings on earth, it came to an end.

But who had we listening to all these sermons and kind speeches? Oh, some hundreds, and among them a group of veteran believers, and not a few of the daughters of Zion who cheered us by the way. As solid as a tombstone sat John Mumford, of Hackney. With eyes and ears as keen and as critical as a hawk, listened that weather-beaten Gospel tar, William Blackshaw, whose ministry has been mercifully blessed to many souls. Not far from him, in the centre of another group, was seated the senior Webb the honoured sire of our ministering brethren, whose heart—in the welfare of Zion—has been for many years, closely bound up. Yes; and the artist (Mr. Cox), who once issued a striking picture of James Wells, John Garrod, T. A. Brooks, the ancient Moses Miller, his son Aaron, and a host of preaching and praying men beside, all came round to unite with us in intreating the Lord to make for us some “brighter clouds, to give us showers of rain, to every man grass in his field;” and to assist in encouraging in this his new sphere of labour,

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CHEERING WORDS

OCTOBER, 1863.

THE SAILOR IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL;
THE OUNCE OF TOBACCO—AND THE CONVERSION OF
THE LATE MR. SAMUEL WILBERFORCE.

JESUS said the kingdom of heaven is like a grain of mustard seed; meaning that by very little things that kingdom in many hearts would begin to come. I remember being much interested (on Wednesday, September 2nd, 1863) with the gentle way in which Christ commenced His conversation with the Samaritan woman. "Jesus saith unto her, Give Me to drink." Sentence after sentence followed, until the poor sinner's heart was so full that she left her water-pot—went away into the city, and said to the men, "Come see a MAN which told me all things that ever I did: is not this the Christ?"

"Who hath despised the day of small things?" The other Sunday evening, Mr. Spurgeon preached a sermon on the prosperity of Christ in His Mediatorial and Gospel kingdom. It is given in *Baptist Messenger* for September. In that sermon he said,—

"I was thinking this afternoon what a book of wonders will be opened at the day of judgment if the conversions of believers shall all be published. In what strange ways have men been

brought to Christ! A sailor, whose mother had been dead some fourteen years, happened to have one day an idle hour in London, and he thought he would see the lions, so he stepped into St. Paul's Cathedral. Well, there was not much there, I should think, except at the special services, that was likely ever to convert a soul. That way of singing out the prayers must always, one would think, rather excite a disgust at such religion than not. I wonder whether they suppose that when the penitent said, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' he intoned it. It seems such a strange, strange thing; but so it happened that this day a lesson was read in which those words occur, 'Pray without ceasing.' Well, Jack went away, and forgot St. Paul's, forgot the text, forgot the lessons, and the prayers. Seven years afterwards, it was one bright moonlight night, and he was walking up and down the deck upon his watch, and all of a sudden something seemed to remind him of the words, 'Pray without ceasing;' and as he walked up and down on his watch he thought,—where did I hear those words, 'Pray without ceasing?' St. Paul's Cathedral came before his mind. 'Pray without ceasing,' said the tar, 'why, I have never begun to pray; there, I have lived forty years, and I have never prayed in all my life.' It was the thin end of the wedge. The consciousness that he did not pray led to his remembrance that there were many other things that he had left undone. He thought to himself—'I wish I had a Bible; there is not one on board the ship I know.' So he walked on his beat up and down the deck still, until he thought, 'I wonder whether there is one in my old chest? I should not wonder but what my old mother put one in there.' It was twenty-one years since that chest had been packed up, and at the bottom of it lay a Bible, with a mother's prayer written in it. He took it out, and as he read it God spake the word of joy and peace to his soul, and Jack became a believer in Christ. You would little have suspected that there was any connection between his idly strolling into St. Paul's cathedral and his gloriously entering into the great Cathedral and Temple of the living God, where they praise him day and night.

"There is another case that shows how the Lord can make his

work prosper in His hands. At Horselydown a young man in connection with a religious tract society went on board to distribute tracts; and he saw nobody on board but one old gentleman, who received his tracts very gladly, and said he liked to see tracts and religious truth everywhere and anywhere. The tract distributor said, well, he did not like to see the Bible used at the butter shops; he did not like to see pages of the Scriptures used to do up bread and cheese, and such like things.

"Well," said the old man, "I am of a different opinion to you upon that point. It is twelve years ago," said he, "and I was a wonderful smoker: one day I went into a shop—I was a godless, careless fellow—bought an ounce of tobacco; it was done up in a leaf of the New Testament; and while I smoked my pipe, I looked at the leaf, and that was the means of making me a believer in the Lord Jesus Christ; and so," said he, "I do not care what they do with it so long as they put it where people may read it." This was a strange instance of one who would never have been caught by any ordinary means; but just indulging in his own habit, God meets with him, and the Word comes as truly from heaven as though an angel had come into his chamber and delivered the message. Truly the Lord's work does prosper in Christ's hand; by some means or other He brings home His banished ones.

"You may remember, perhaps, the case of good Mr. Wilberforce; one of the best, most excellent, and noble of all modern Christians. When he was three-and-twenty years of age, Mr. Wilberforce was very far from being religious; he was said to be the crown and glory of Doncaster races; his affable manners and the general congeniality and humour of his bearing, made him many friends among men of the world. He went to Nice on a journey; while travelling there he had for a companion Dean Milner. They were talking about a certain clergyman in Yorkshire. Mr. Wilberforce said he thought that clergyman carried his religion a great deal too far; for his part he considered religion a very good thing if it was kept within bounds, but he censured those who made too much of it. The dean said,

"Mr. Wilberforce, if you read your Bible perhaps a little

more you would not think so; for I am persuaded there is no such thing as carrying religion too far.'

"Mr. Wilberforce said, 'Come now, you and I are together; I will read the New Testament through if you will.'

"'I will,' said Milner; and being both of them excellent Greek scholars, during their journey they read the New Testament through in Greek. Happy, happy, happy thought for Wilberforce! He who was to speak with voice of thunder—

" Thus saith Britannia,
Empress of the sea,—
Thy chains are broken,
Africa, be free!"

must first hear the Scripture speak to him, and say, 'Wilberforce, be free; Christ hath borne thy sins and carried all thy sorrows; thou art saved.' There are, then, odd ways, strange ways, all sorts of ways, appropriate ways, fitting ways by which Jesus Christ brings His people; and as I look about and read the narratives of their conversion, I can only say. Truth, Lord, 'the pleasure of the Lord doth prosper in Thy hand.'"

"KNEEL DOWN WITH ME."

BENJAMIN TAYLOR, the Baptist Minister of Pulham, has published a little fourpenny book, with this sweet title, "A Bundle of Myrrh. A Gift Book for Sabbath Schools." E. Abbott, of Diss; and J. Paul, London are the publishers. It is full of plain, pithy, warm, and instructive words for parents, teachers, and children; and is certain to be useful to many. One extract is all we can give. Quoting instances of parental influence, our brother Benjamin says:—

"Children, for the most part, act as they are influenced by their mothers. What child can entirely forget his mother, who daily prayed for him? Mr. Knill says, 'My honoured mother was a religious woman, and she watched over and instructed me, as pious mothers are accustomed to do. Alas! I often forgot her

admonitions ; but in my most thoughtless days I never lost the impressions which her holy example had made on my mind. After spending a large portion of my life in foreign lands, I returned again to visit my native village. Both my parents died while I was in Russia, and their house is now occupied by my brother. The furniture remains just the same as when I was a boy, and at night I was accommodated with the same bed in which I had often slept before ; but my busy thoughts would not let me sleep. I was thinking how God had led me through the journey of life. At last the light of the morning darted through the little window, and then my eye caught the spot where my sainted mother, forty years before took my hand and said, 'Come, my dear, kneel down with me, and I will go to prayer.' This completely overcame me ; I seemed to hear the very tones of her voice. I recollected some of her expressions, and I burst into tears, and arose from my bed, and fell upon my knees just on the spot where my mother kneeled, and thanked God that I had once a praying mother. And, O ! if every parent knew what I felt then, I am sure they would pray with their children as well as pray for them.' Parents listen to this, and if you have neither prayed with your children, nor given them counsel and admonition, but have even been so regardless of their moral character, and the everlasting welfare of their souls, as to suffer them to perambulate the streets and the fields, while you have been in the house of God, for shame, turn over a new leaf, and never do the like again."

THE DYING YOUTH & THE JOYFUL LADY.

JAMES CUCROSS, of Stirling, writes some words in "The Church," as fragrant as the dewy May-flowers, on the compassion of Christ towards the poor Samaritan woman—and illustrates the tenderness of the Saviour's heart, and the richness of the believer's joy, in facts like the following. Of the Redeemer's invitations he is writing, and says,—

"I remember sitting many years ago by the bed side of a young man who had misused a richly gifted life, and was now dying; 'just going down the dim shores,' he said, 'to embark for that undiscovered country' which lies out in the eternal ocean. I can still see that pale, sunken cheek, that eye bright with the ghastly fires of death, those thin, white fingers that waved so meaningly and solemnly when he whispered a few low words. He was weak and pained, and quite unable to follow a connected train of thought; but his mind laid hold with apparent confidence and delight upon the Saviour's *invitations*. I remember thinking, as I sat behind him and marked this, what grace is shown in issuing these short invitations, that flash like golden sunbeams right into the heart, and what a different book the Bible would be if they were wanting. Suppose the doctrines of grace to remain untouched; but that an inspired pen were made to go through Scripture, erasing the invitations, drawing a red stroke across them, to signify that they were taken back; how the face of Scripture would be darkened! Your sins are brought into memory some day, far-back and forgotten sins, and you turn up one after another of the invitations that had been your encouragement to draw near to a pardoning God before; and there is the red stroke running through them. Or your soul is cast down and disquieted within you; deep calleth unto deep; all His waves and His billows are gone over you, and you turn to some invitation bidding you '*Call upon Me in the day of trouble:*' and there again is the red stroke cancelling it. Some trembling sinner you are trying to lead to the Saviour; but he is afraid, and draws back, and exclaims, I am too vile; Jesus will never receive one like me; and to encourage him to come you turn to some of the Saviour's invitations; but the first one you turn to there is the red stroke through it, showing that it is erased. Could any one conceive the greatness of that calamity? To blot out the invitations, even though the doctrines of grace should all stand, were like sweeping a mother's face of its love-looks, and smiles, and thousand tenderesses, though her mother heart might remain unchanged.

The invitations, doctrines, promises, precepts, warnings, and

prophecies are all ETERNAL WORDS—none shall ever fail. By the invitations He draws—by the doctrines He edifies—by the promises He comforts—by the precepts He guides—by the warnings He preserves—and in the prophecies He opens up scenes of holy and happy prospects of future glory; and of every sentence He says, “Not one jot or tittle shall fail.”

This is wholesomely cheering—and made one exclaim, “the word of the Lord endureth for ever.” The realization of this pure and perfect Word of God produces a joy unspeakable. The eloquent Culross says,—

“There is joy, then, never failing joy, joy such as the world never gave and cannot take away; unspeakable, overflowing, rising at times even to ecstasy, for the receiver of Christ's salvation. To be “as seeing Him who is invisible,” to be consciously reconciled to Him, to have intercourse with Him in prayer, to bathe the weary, dusty spirit as in living streams, to mount up in worship as on eagle's wings, even to the seventh heaven of praise, to translate His will into daily action, to live consciously under the beaming of His love, to perceive the touch of His pencil in every humblest way-side flower, to hear His Name in the murmur of every brook and in the thunder's awful voice of praise, to stand in the presence of a Divine beauty which eye hath not seen nor ear heard, to receive every commonest blessing as a covenant mercy—all this is in salvation, and all this is joy. And as a house, illuminated some festal night in every room, lets out the inward brightness through the opening door and through every window, so the joy within this man shines outwardly, and brings radiance over his very face. There is an old legend (I quote from memory) which says, ‘Beyond the sea there lived a noble lady on whose house always the sun shone by day, and by night the moon. At this many men marvelled. At last the fame of it came to a good bishop, and he went to see her, thinking to find her of her great penance in clothing, or in food, or in other things. And when he came he always found her merry and glad. And he asked her,

“‘Lady, what eat ye?’

“And she mentioned divers meats and delicate. And then he asked if she used sackcloth, and she said,

“ ‘Nay.’

“And he marvelled that God should show such marvel for such a woman; and when he had taken his leave and was gone his way, he thought he would turn back and ask her of one thing more. So he went again to her and said,

“ ‘Lady, love ye not Jesus Christ meikle?’

“And she said, o

“ ‘Yes, I love Him, f r He is all my love; for when I think of His sweetness I may not withhold myself from gladness and mirth that I feel in Him.’

“There it is, the very thing that Jesus says, ‘Whosoever drinketh of the water that I shall give him shall never thirst; but it shall be in him a well of water, springing up into everlasting life.’”

“TAKEN HOME TO GLORY!”

I MET with the above sweet sentence in a sermon preached by Mr. James Wells, called “Good Children.” It may be had of our publisher; and certainly it is one of the best “*The Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit*” has brought us for a long time.

How precious that word—*Glory! Home in Glory! TAKEN HOME TO GLORY!*” Oh! think; this world is a wilderness. We are passing through to an eternal state; and if now we are truly ONE WITH JESUS, He will soon take us home to glory too. At the close of the above-mentioned sermon, Mr. Wells said:—

“But lastly, ‘and peace upon Israel.’ There is *the ultimate tranquility*. What ought we to look for now? Peace. God is a God of peace; Jesus Christ is your peace; the Gospel is a Gospel of peace, and the Holy Spirit is a Spirit of peace, and the people of God are children of peace; and we have to live in this, and we have to die in this, and we have to rise in this, and to

enjoy this for ever and ever. And there is a Scripture where the Lord speaks of our peace being as a river, and our righteousness as the waves of the sea. I had intended this morning, but time and space will not allow it, to have read two or three extracts from two or three letters of our members and friends that have lately been taken home to glory. One I may mention, a friend, though not a member with us, to whom our Sunday morning sermon was for months before she died, unable to get out, a wonderful solace, a wonderful support, made her happy; the Lord blessed them wonderfully. That is encouraging to us to go on and to circulate them. And I am sure if the two young men are here now, her two sons, they have done everlasting honour to the memory of their mother. Their mother, while living needed their support; they gave that support affectionately and willingly; deplored her loss, and felt as though she had supported them, instead of they supporting her. If you are here now, I say to you, the Lord bless you; He will bless you; you have obeyed His commandment, children honouring their parents. And I hardly ought to say it, but she told them, 'Ah, never leave Mr. —, for if what he preaches be not Gospel, I know not what Gospel is, nor what truth is. I want no more; I can live upon it; I can die upon it.' Such testimonies are truly pleasing. But as time does not allow me to refer to letters much, I will just read a few words, one little extract relating to a member of ours that died at Plymouth. I received a very kind letter, and a very nice account, from a good minister of Jesus Christ, Mr. Westlake, of Plymouth, who is worthy of a better position than he there holds; and that minister writes: 'Amidst other things, just before her departure, she broke out and said, "Hark! hark! hark! oh the music, oh the sound, oh the light, oh the grandeur on the throne, oh the multitude, and all alike!" When I saw her on Saturday morning she repeated it, and said, "The sun is a dark star compared with the light I saw. Oh the music! Nothing on earth can be compared to it. I stretched my ear to hear what it said, but could not catch it. I hear it now at a distance." Then said she, "I cannot tell why I am thus brought back into the body again." Then I said, "Verily likely I shall

write to Mr. Wells; shall I say anything to him from you?" "Tell him," said she, "all the grandeur, all the glory, all the ecstasy that I ever heard from him, or heard him describe, was not to be compared with what I witnessed. None but the ear that heard it can tell, none but the eye that saw it can form any idea of it." But after this a cloud rested upon her mind; but this subsided, and her end was that peace which ultimately must be upon all Israel."

THE HEAVENLY FIRE OF LOVE.

By REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

THIS love to Christ reminds me of the fire which fell of old upon Elijah's sacrifice: there stood the altar made of twelve rough stones; on it lay the bullock and the wood: and over all the prophet had poured water, until it saturated the bullock, and stood in the trenches. But when the fire came down from heaven, it devoured not only the wood and the sacrifice, but the very stones of the altar, and licked up the water from the trenches. So when this heavenly fire of love comes down upon our hearts in very deed and truth, it not only burns the sacrifice and the wood—our own true intentions and our renewed heart—but the stones, the very flesh that seemed as dull and cold as a stone—ay, and those old corruptions which seemed to quench the fire of grace like water, this love licks the whole up, and the old man goes up to heaven a living sacrifice unto God. "My heart and my flesh," said the Psalmist, "cry out for the living God." I used to wonder however he made his flesh to do it, for the flesh lusteth against the Spirit; but there are times when Aaron's rod does swallow up all other rods, and even the heart and the flesh cry out for the living God. Our love to Jesus should be like the love of David to Jonathan, and of Jonathan to David; as Jonathan was ready to take off both his sword and his bow, and his girdle, and give them to David, so should we make no reserve, our selfishness being swallowed up, giving to Jesus all that we are, and all that we have evermore.—From *Spurgeon's Gems*.

"SAY, OUR FATHER!"

[Mr. Samuel Banks, of Canterbury, preached a sermon at Bethel, Old Ford, Sunday evening, Aug. 30th, 1863, which was made profitable to many. The following lines were composed (after hearing that discourse) by ADA BROWNING.]

HARK! 'tis my Jesu's voice,
Bidding my soul rejoice;
From all my cares arise,
And "say, Our Father."
Wondrous that God should care
For my poor wav'ring prayer,
O may I venture there,
And "say, Our Father!"
Yes, soul, draw very near,
Unto thy God thou'rt dear,
And well He loves to hear
Thee "say, Our Father."
O soul! thou'rt not alone
God's well-beloved Son,
In pitying gentle tone,
Still "says, Our Father."
Soul! when the tempests roar,
Knock at this precious door,
And on the threshold pour
This cry, "Our Father."
When darkness spreads around—
When sin and fears abound—
When all thy hopes are drown'd—
Still "say Our Father."
Hope on "gainst wind and tide;"
While Christ for thee abide,
Fear not in Him to hide,
And "say, Our Father."

Lift high his banner royal,
Gladly for Jesus toil,
Nothing thy crown can spoil,
God is "our Father."
Press on, the vict'ry's sure,
Happy ye who endure
Shame in a cause so pure—
Trusting "our Father."
Go on, thy seed to sow,
Let all the Gospel know,
For it shall surely grow—
And praise "our Father."
Clad in His armour bright—
Go forth both day and night—
Fear not, O soul, to fight
For God "our Father."
Go not one step alone,
Or thou wilt sadly roam;
Oft seek the mercy throne,
And "say, "Our Father."
Come, soul, thy Father prove,
Here rest, no more to rove;
Think of his wondrous love,
And "say, Our Father."
Till on bright Canaan's shore,
For aye thou shalt adore,
And praise for evermore
One God our Father.

God will never leave His people unprovided for. He may indeed cut down the tree; but His birds shall not be permitted to wander about without nests. Lavater, a Christian of ancient times, once heard a young believer complain of the evil thoughts which continually assailed him. "Why, brother," he replied, "we cannot prevent birds from flying over our heads, but we can hinder them from building their nests in our hair."—*From the German, JANET.*

CHEERING WORDS FROM THE "ROCHDALE DESTITUTE."

IN *The Earthen Vessel* for October, we have commenced a series of notices of John Ashworth and his "Strange Tales."

This John Ashworth is another *Good Samaritan*. He goes down where the people lie

In sinks of sin and squalid woe;

and he prays God to help him to pour in oil and wine into their poor wounded souls, and raise them up from their degraded condition.

No man in England could write words more cutting and painful on the one hand—or more cheering and edifying on the other hand—than can this good John Ashworth. He is the pioneer of real Christian charity in Rochdale. The rich and laborious rector must surely be thankful for such a parishioner; John Kershaw, and all the godly must certainly hail him as a brother most beloved; but the poor practically find in him a benefactor indeed.

"The Village Preacher" has recently been to Rochdale, and to the towns adjacent. There he heard of a chapel built expressly for the "*Destitute Poor*:" there he heard of the merciful walks of John Ashworth, and of the victories he, through grace, sometimes achieves over men and women in their lowest condition. There the "*Village Preacher*" conversed with John Ashworth's own sister—a real mother in Israel—yet a woman of a sorrowful heart; and from thence he has received a volume entitled "*Strange Tales by John Ashworth*" (published by Bremner and Pitman); and as a small sample of the cases and characters Mr. Ashworth has to deal with, the following is given here. He is describing some of the people who come to the "*Chapel for the Destitute*" to hear, and some to pray. He says,—

"I have mentioned a short stout man that was well known as a terrible drunkard and swearer; he would fight any man his

weight; he was truly ignorant, could not read, and earned his living by driving a donkey. How this man got amongst us I did not know, but after coming several times he brought a tall man, one of his companions in sin; in all weathers, and at all the services, the long and short man regularly attended, to the astonishment of all that knew them. The first intimation of a change in the short man was his telling me he was learning to read, and he wanted me to get him a Bible with large print.

"'Why, Clough, are you thinking of learning to read the Bible at sixty years of age?' I observed.

"'Ay, I am, and by God's help I will, for it will never do for me to live as I have done.'

"'Do you ever pray, Clough?' I asked.

"'Do I, ay, mony a time a day; I never go into dunkey cote to yoke it up or give it ought to eat, but I go dewn o' my knees, un many a time a day beside. I hope God will a'mercy on me, un I think He will. That tall man ut comes with me in a wary way too; he's cried mony a hewer obewt his wicked life, un he may, weel for he's bin a swetter, were nother on us reet, nobot wen we com to chapel.'

"Clough got a Bible with large print and soon learned to read it; for three years he has lived a life of faith in the Son of God; and he says his donkey feels the benefit of his becoming religious, for he does not beat it now, and it goes better without 'thumping,' as he calls it. I called to see him on Friday last, and found his wife very poorly; he seemed much distressed about her spiritual condition; he spoke tenderly to her, entreating that she would not despair of mercy, declaring that if all the world was his own, he would give it to hear her say that her sins were pardoned.

"The tall man that Clough mentioned as crying about his sinful life, resided at a place called Spotland Bridge. In addition to drinking, swearing, and Sabbath-breaking, he had been a scoffer and mocker at the Bible, sneering at, and scorning every one professing religion. On speaking to him after the service one Thursday evening, he seemed greatly distressed, and informed me that, thinking on the wickedness of his past life often made him break

out in sweating and weeping. I lent him several books, and frequently spoke words of encouragement to him; he sought forgiveness in sighs and groans, obtained mercy, and became one of the happiest men I ever met with. Wolfenden, for that was his name, was an astonishing testimony of the power of saving grace. For near four years he walked humbly with his God in newness of life, and then God took him. I said a few words by way of a funeral sermon, for he was a man well known; his widow and a large family of grown-up children were present. After the sermon they all gathered round me, weeping: the oldest daughter, taking hold of my hand, said,

“‘Jesus Christ never saved a worse man than my father was; no one knew him as his family did, and you little know what we have had to suffer through him; but for the last three years he has been one of the best of men, and with his last breath he blessed God for this place of worship.’

“After Wolfenden’s conversion, he became anxious about his old companions in sin. By his persuasion a tall, elderly man, named Grindrod, who had not been in a place of worship for twenty years, began to attend the ‘Destitute.’ On his return from service the first night he astonished his wife by asking if there was not a Bible somewhere in the house. The power of the Gospel in this man was amazing; he became humble as a child, and greedily drank in the Word, which soon became to him a word of peace and joy.

“The old man with large spectacles, named Solomon, one of the sixteen that attended the first service, obtained like precious faith, travelled through the country selling his tape, pins, and needles, telling everywhere what the Lord had done for him for three years, then died blessing God for His mercies to him in his old age, and his grey-headed old widow is still with us in all our services.

“At the conclusion of one of our week-night services, a poor man, in the simplicity of his heart, offered up the following prayer, which well describes the effect the Gospel had on many that were present:—

“‘O Lord! I thank Thee on my bended knees for what Thou

hast done for a lot of the worst men and women in Rochdale. Who could have thought of seeing us on our knees praying; we cannot laugh one at another, for we have all been bad enough, and we are all poor as Lazarus; but if we are poor in pocket we are getting rich in faith, and that's better than 'oth brass ith' world. I saw some rich folks in the market buying fat geese and legs of mutton, but I had to be content with a penny red herring: I thought there's a difference, but I do not envy them, for I dare say they have their troubles of some sort. Brass does not give as much comfort as religion. Jesus Christ sent the disciples to tell John that the poor had the Gospel preached to them, and the Gospel gives more comfort than brass, fat geese, and legs of mutton. I know one thing, it has made a vast difference in our house; my wife had always a sad tongue, which I know to my sorrow, but there is a mighty change for the better; everybody is astonished how she is mended; we now kneel down together every day: but six months since we should as soon thought of flying as praying. If this chapel does no more good nor mending my wife, it will have done a great deal; she knows what I am saying is true—for she is knelt here beside me—and the religion of Jesus Christ can mend anybody except the devil, for I guess he cannot be mended; if he could it would mend him, for it has mended lots here almost as bad as him. The Lord help us to stand fast, for if He does not we shall tumble.'

"While Matthew was praying, I felt my cheeks burning, and was anxious he would conclude much sooner than he did, for I feared that his wife would again make use of her 'sad tongue' on their way home; yet, singular as it may seem, none present appeared surprised; for if the poor simple ignorant people must pray they must use their own language. I strongly object to studied vulgarity in prayer, but where it is sincere it is more excusable. Matthew is still with us, and may be seen every Sabbath patiently assisting a feeble old man to and from our place of worship."

THE NEW SURREY TABERNACLE.

Mr. James Wells will preach in Hephzibah chapel, Darling place, Mile End, on Tuesday afternoon, October 6th, on behalf of the East London Auxiliary for aiding in the erection of the New Surrey Tabernacle. We hope the faithful ones will rally strongly together that afternoon at three o'clock; and also that they will tarry and take tea in the same place. Tickets 6d. each, may be had of Mrs. Eliz. Salter, 19, Great York Street, Hackney Road. After tea, the friends will leave Hephzibah chapel, and go to Bethel, in the Old Ford road, where, at 7 o'clock that evening, Mr. Wells has also engaged to preach. All right-hearted lovers of the Gospel are earnestly invited that day to manifest their decision for the right Gospel. Our hope is that God will enable our brother Wells to erect a noble and commodious Tabernacle to the honour of a Triune God—a sanctuary which shall be holden under no temporary tenure, but that shall stand even when the Millenium comes; and that from thence the holy Gospel of Christ may go forth until the end of all time. Friends in the country, many thousands of whom have often been cheered, edified, and established in the Truth by Mr. Wells's ministrations, will gladly aid in this seasonable and necessary effort to give accommodation to hundreds who now cannot enter the Surrey Tabernacle.

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CHEERING WORDS

NOVEMBER, 1868.

THE SENSE OF DANGER, AND THE SACRED DELIGHT FOUND IN DEATH BY A YOUNG MINISTER.

IN the West End of London, some years since, there was a young preacher, highly respected, sincerely devoted to God, and of consistent character: grace was in his soul; but often distressed because he had not experienced the liberty of the Gospel. Rapid consumption seized him; and as he felt fast hastening to eternity, his soul-trouble, at times, was very great. The Lord kept alive a crying, longing, weeping, and wrestling hope; but no deliverance came until the day before he died. The minister who visited him gives the following account of his end. He says:

“On Thursday, I was sent for about ten o'clock at night. When I entered his room, a friend was in prayer for him, with about sixteen persons present, full of the deepest concern. I asked him how he felt his soul? He said, ‘All dark; very dark indeed. I have many fears of being lost for ever.’ I prayed with him; but he added afterwards, ‘Alas! I feel nothing.’ Nothing of Divine consolation he meant; but the deepest horror, doubts, and fears awfully prevailed. I felt disposed to pray for him again; still his mind was distressed. I was constrained to bow the knee again: the Lord poured out upon me a spirit of prayer; and just as I had concluded with Amen, Amen, he looked up

with a very peculiar appearance ; and, as if seized with a vast surprise, he spake a word or two, then paused a little : then he cried out with a peculiar firmness in his voice, 'What is this ; what is this ; what is this ?' He paused again ; then he said, 'Surely comfort is coming.' Soon after he exclaimed, as in a pleasing amazement, 'Satan is beginning to flee.' Then he said, 'O, Satan ! what art thou fleeing ? yes, thou art fleeing.' Then with peculiar energy, he said, 'I feel this moment the full meaning of that precious Scripture, 'And the God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet.' I feel it : I feel it. Oh, Satan ; thou cannot have me now, for Jesus is mine, and I am his. Oh ! Jesus, I love Thee ! and Thou lovest me. Oh how precious is Christ—how precious is Christ ! Oh the glory ! I can hardly support it ; angels are now waiting for me. Oh how I feel revived.' At this time a wonderful cheerfulness appeared in his countenance. He paused a little, then threw up his arms, with seeming astonishment in his eyes, and cried with a loud—yea, a melodious voice—about eight or nine times over, 'Glory, glory glory ;' then added, 'O, precious Christ ! precious Christ !' Then looking on his friends, he said, 'God bless you all : Be ye stedfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord.' He paused again ; then said, 'He is faithful that promised ;' and added, with a peculiar smile, 'Glory, glory,' six or seven times. Then, looking to me, he said, 'You told me the Lord would appear, and cause me to rejoice ; and I do rejoice. I have no fears of death now ; no, not the least.' And in great eagerness of soul, he cried out, 'Oh, my Christ ! I want to come to Thee.' Then, with a seeming overflow of joy and delightful confidence, he broke out, 'Oh death, where is thy sting—Oh grave, where is thy victory ?' and with a loud and pleasant, remarkable tone of voice, cried, 'Thanks, thanks,' about seven or eight times. 'Thanks be to God, who giveth me the victory—me, me, me ! Yes, it is *He*, not myself, who hath given me, me, me the victory, the victory, the victory—this he repeated very often. He paused again ; then lisped out, 'None but Christ, nothing like Christ to me ;' then added, with a loud tone of voice, 'Language cannot express what I now feel ; ten thousand worlds cannot purchase

what I now possess—victory, victory.’ All of a sudden, he stopped, breathed a few moments, and expired without a groan, in the arms of his gracious, kind, and faithful Saviour. How truly blessed such an end, and who can forbear saying, ‘Let my last end be like his.’ Yes, ‘blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.’ May the holy-making Spirit of God make us ready, and prepare us to meet the Lord. Amen.

CLOTHED IN THE RIGHTEOUSNESS OF CHRIST.

CHARLOTTE GLOVER, the subject of the following brief memoir, was for many years a member of the Baptist church, Oxford road, Reading; and by all who knew her, was loved and esteemed for her genial, unaffected piety. In former years, she had been in prosperous circumstances, but through reverses and the death of her husband, was reduced in her old age, to great poverty. Yet she was never known to repine at her lot, but was enabled from on high to preserve a spirit of cheerful thankfulness amidst her many trials. Indeed, happy contentment was a remarkable trait in her Christian character. Though she could but earn a bare maintenance for herself by her needle, yet her spirit rose above the hardships of her lot, and she was ever expressing her deep sense of the undeserved favours she received at the hand of her Lord. Her declining years were a continual verification of the promise, “At evening time it shall be light.”

It pleased the Lord, however, to lay his afflicting hand upon her, and a rapid consumption enfeebled her body, and prevented her earning her scanty livelihood. Reduced to destitution, among strangers, and helpless on her sick bed, she was not forgotten by Him who heareth the cry of the destitute. The heart of a kind Christian lady, who had often ministered to her wants, was moved to receive her into her house; and with the care and assiduity of a loving sister, tended upon her dying moments. From the time Mrs. Glover was removed here, her

frame gave way before the ravages of the terrible disease, and for three months she lingered on the verge of the grave. Death had evidently claimed her as his own. But an antecedent claim had laid hold of her spirit, and Jesus, with many sweet tokens of His presence, chased the cloud of gloom away from His suffering child, and divested the monster of his grim terrors. "Happy! happy! happy!" was the constant ejaculation on her lips, which though feebly uttered, demonstrated the peaceful serenity of her soul.

A few hours previous to her death, she called her kind nurse to her bedside, and after expressing her last wishes relative to her funeral, &c., with a peaceful sigh exclaimed, "I am going: my filthy rags are taken away. I am clothed in the righteousness of Jesus." These were the last audible words she uttered ere her happy spirit winged its flight, to take possession of her heavenly abode in the celestial mansions of the inheritance of the saints in light. Her mortal remains were interred in Reading cemetery on Sunday, October 5th, attended to the grave by a numerous company, who had known and loved her when living. That beautiful hymn,

"Rock of ages, cleft for me,"

was sung over the grave, and Mr. H. Strickett delivered a solemn and affecting address to those who stood by. Her funeral sermon was preached by the same minister on the following Sabbath evening from the words, "And I saw a great multitude standing before the throne," &c.

We cannot close this brief outline, without relating a remarkable incident which occurred to soothe the dying moments of our departed sister, and which may prove encouraging to praying parents. Mrs. Glover had an only son, who, at her death, was away at sea. The thought of her darling child being left alone in the world, without an earthly friend, was a source of much grief to her; and she besought the Lord earnestly to appear on behalf of her orphan boy. Just before her death, a letter came from a relative,—of whose existence she was almost ignorant,—enquiring after the lad, and stating that as the writer was childless, he intended making him heir to his property.

Praying mothers, take courage : besiege the throne still with your earnest cries : a mother's prayers shall never be in vain.

Reader, the foregoing is but a faint testimony of how a Christian can die whose hope is built on the blood and righteousness of Jesus. Where is your's laid ? If on nothing else but this, then shall you die the death of the righteous, and your last end be like her's.

H. E. S.

MY HELPERS UNTO THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

THERE are plenty of people ready enough to kick you when down. That appears to be quite an ancient, and an infernal course ; at least, so I gather from that 71st Psalm. It was a Psalm of David's old age. He cries, " Cast me not off in the time of old age. Forsake me not when my strength faileth me. For mine enemies speak against me ; and they that lay wait for my soul, take counsel together, saying, God hath forsaken him ; persecute and take him ; for there is none to deliver him." This is the language of those cruel hearts who know not the love, and life, and mercy, and majesty, the power and the preciousness of the Saviour's love and compassion. But what did the poor Psalmist say ? He cried the more fervently, " O God, be not far from me ; O my God, make haste for my help." So, like him, when I can, to God I cry, and hope it will not be in vain.

MR. COWDRY'S CHAPEL.

The words I thought of writing, when I commenced this paper were as follows. I was announced to preach in Mr. Cowdry's Chapel, in the Mile End road, October 11th, in the afternoon ; and my soul was secretly drawn to the words of St. Paul in Coloss. iv. 11, "**THESE ONLY ARE MY FELLOW-WORKERS UNTO THE KINGDOM OF GOD, WHICH HAVE BEEN A COMFORT UNTO ME.**"

I saw the great end of the Gospel ministry was instrumentally to lead men on unto the kingdom of God ; that the ministry is

a work—a good work ; but that very few will really sympathize with you, so as to be “a comfort unto you,” in times of affliction and sorrow. The words were very sweet to me ; and on to my work I went.

Mr. Cowdry is a plain, honest, and earnest servant of Jesus Christ ; but he is much hidden ; his chapel is nearly opposite Stepney Green ; and there he preaches Jesus and the resurrection to all whom God is pleased to gather into that snug little fold. I hope ever to remember William Cowdry gratefully, because as St. Paul says of one, “When I was in Rome he sought me out carefully, and found me.” I wish and pray that God may lift up the heads of these hidden-up brethren, and greatly bless them.

SQUIRRIES STREET CHAPEL

stands in the Bethnal Green Road, surrounded by hundreds of thousands of precious souls ; but of late that house of God has gone much into decay. Its pulpit has been filled by some good men ; and its pews have been crowded by anxious hearers. Pastor Smithers stood there many years, and gathered in souls : but he was so much under the influence of surly Sam, that I never entered the people in his days. Henry Langham finished his days here ; and being ripe for glory, unto glory he went. Then came Mr. Haslop ; and he was one who did really “feed the Church of God ;” and home he went. That lively preacher, Joseph Flory, occupied the pulpit here for some years ; and now he is removed to another sphere. Some old friends of Squirries Street have thoroughly renovated it ; and on Monday, Oct. 12th, we re-opened it. Some of “my fellow-workers unto the kingdom” came and helped and comforted us. We hope to see the house filled with the glory of God ; and with sinners who, through Jesus, have found peace and pardon in their souls.

“Then will we sing more sweet, more loud,
And Christ shall be our song.”

Village preaching has not altogether ceased with me. At Enfield Highway I enjoyed Zechariah's word a little : “*HE SHALL bring forth the HEAD-STONE thereof with shoutings, crying, GRACE,*

GRACE, UNTO IT." That scene and sound of holy triumph will for certain come: therefore,

"Lift up your ravish'd eyes,
And view the glory giv'n:
All living things despise,
Ye citizens of heaven."

"Dearly we're bought, highly esteem'd,
Redeem'd, with Jeau's blood redeem'd."

And as I travelled toward South Chard on the 1st of this October to preach for David Cresswell (whose miraculous conversion I hope to give to all the world), that rich cluster came home hot to my heart: "And the ransomed of the Lord SHALL RETURN, and come to Zion with songs; and everlasting joy upon their heads; they shall obtain joy and gladness; and sorrow and sighing shall flee away."

I like—as Andrew Fuller would say—"to eat the text." He once said:—"The great thing necessary for expounding the Scriptures, is to enter into their true meaning. We may read them, and talk about them, again and again, without imparting any light concerning them. If the hearer, when you have done, understand no more of that part of Scripture than he did before, your labour is lost. Yet this is commonly the case with those attempts at expounding which consist of little else than comparing parallel passages, or, by the help of a Concordance, tracing the use of the same word in other places, going from text to text till both the preacher and the people are wearied and lost. This is troubling the Scriptures rather than expounding them. If I were to open a chest of oranges among my friends, and in order to ascertain their quality, were to hold up one, and lay it down; then hold up another, and say, This is like the last; then a third, a fourth, a fifth, and so on, till I came to the bottom of the chest, saying of each, It is like the other; of what account would it be? The company would doubtless be weary, and had much rather have tasted two or three of them." In Isaiah's text, quoted above, you have the principal elements of our soul's present existence—"sorrow and sighing." These are to fly away, because, if God's grace be in us, we shall flee away from

hem:—then we shall return to Zion, “the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the first-born, to GOD the Judge of all, to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the Mèdiator of the new covenant,” &c., &c.

Oh! what scenes of glory; and what songs of joy shall all the ransomed ones there realize. That will be heaven indeed. Some earnest of which are even now in a small measure found in the courts of the Lord's house below.

It was thus at Plaistow, in Zion chapel, the other day, I reached the sacred spot just before the sermon commenced. I had been walking and meditating. My spirit was a little free; and I anticipated a blessing. The heavens smiled, and all the earth seemed quiet. As I entered the chapel door, the minister, William Palmer, was reading a delightful hymn; and the congregation sang it quite cheerfully. There stood John Stammers close beside the pulpit, as though determined to watch and see that truth was maintained, and to catch every crumb. There was his wife Priscilla at the door, gladly cheering all the pilgrims as they entered. Ah! I have known that believing couple—John and Priscilla Stammers—many years; and though now separated in church-fellowship, yet my little soul always gladdens to meet them; and that the Almighty may bless them in Zion still is my humble prayer.

When singing was over, John Inward stood up and read his text: “Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.” Into the different component parts of this foundation, our brother went with scriptural certainty and truthfulness; a rich and holy time to my soul it was. At night we gathered the church together, unfolded a little more of the precious word of God, and surrounded the table of the Lord. The bread was broken; the wine was poured out: in remembrance of Him it was done.

“O love of unexampled kind,
“That leaves all thought so far behind:
“When length, and breadth, and depth, and height,
Are lost to my astonish'd sight,

For love of me the Son of God
 Drain'd ev'ry drop of vital blood.
 Long time I after idols ran;
 But now my God's the great GOD-MAN."

If in these lower rooms such joys are found, what will the brighter mansions be? My reader, that here on earth you may have sin forgiven, your soul quickened, and Christ revealed in your heart, is truly the prayer of

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

THE WATCH-WORDS OF CHRISTIANS IN THE NORTHERN STATES.

I WAS cheered on reading Dr. Beecher's speech at Manchester, to find that the praying and believing Christians in North America have been held on in much patience; in many mighty cries; and with strong faith looking alone to the God of their salvation for a full and honourable deliverance.

I do not feel happy in alluding to the American war; but the watch-words of the Christians there, as enumerated by W. H. Beecher so touched my heart, that I feel constrained to place them in CHEERING WORDS. They came the more sweet to me, because this morning, in prayer, I was pleading for an honourable victory too. I have for years been fighting the battle of freedom, employing no other weapon than THE TRUTH OF GOD; but I have been beaten back, cut down, cast down—many times near despair—nevertheless, God has holden my soul in life; and when I can get nearness to Him, I plead hard again for victory. I may be like the crazy man, who thought he was the king of England, and that he ought to be on the throne, instead of being in the Asylum; but I cannot think I am deceived. The truth is oftentimes more clear, and much more precious and powerful than ever. Therefore, like the hardy fellows over the Atlantic, I say, Against slavery of every degree—against error of every kind—against cruelty and uncharitableness of every shade, I

unite with the Americans, and say, "We protested and waited and said, '*God shall give us the victory, for it is God's truth that we wield, and God's truth we promote, and with God, in His own good time, shall be the giving of the victory.*'" Every afflicted Christian church—every distressed Christian family—every devoted praying citizen to Zion—may adopt the same words. They are true.

BEAUTIFUL BIBLE WORDS.—No. I.

I DO not think it any sin to compare Bible words to the gates spoken of in Solomon's Song, vii. 13:—"At our gates are all manner of pleasant fruits, new and old, which I have laid up for thee, O my beloved." By these beautiful Bible words (when the Holy Spirit opens them, and gives you spiritual eye-salve, and the authority of a living faith), you enter into the chambers of the covenant—into the banqueting-house—into the mysteries and mercies of the Lord's salvation, and there your minds may be fed and refreshed with the purest joys of the heavenly Canaan.

I was meditating upon Rom. viii. 4:—"That the righteousness of the law might be fulfilled in us, who walk not after the flesh, but after the Spirit;" and on asking my own soul how this righteousness of the law was "*fulfilled in us*," that word "*betrothed*" in Hosea ii. came to my mind. The meaning of *betrothed* is "giving and receiving the promise of marriage;" and it is in the realization of those seven precious promises in Hosea ii. 19, 20, that the righteousness of the law is *experimentally* fulfilled in us. Look at these seven words.

1. "I will betroth thee unto Me *for ever*." This is the eternal covenant betrothment, when God made a marriage for His Son, and promised ere time began, to give the church to Jesus and Jesus to the church. This is the everlasting bond of union none can sever.

2. "I will betroth thee unto Me in *Righteousness*." That is the whole of the Saviour's life—the whole of His obedience—all He ever did, is doing, or will do—is in righteousness, and every act of His mediatorial work was, and is, a practical giving of a promise of marriage unto His people. He says,—“All the words of my mouth are in righteousness:” and many scriptures prove the truth of my statement.

3. "I will betroth thee unto Me in *Judgment*." God entered into judgment with His Son because He had engaged to endure the curse for them; and Divine justice demanded of Him His life, which He laid down for His people, and thereby removed everything out of the way; and hence Paul said, "Feed the church of God, which He hath purchased with His own blood." "Zion shall be redeemed with judgment and her converts with righteousness."

4. "I will betroth thee unto Me in *Loving-kindness*." *LOVING-KINDNESS* pleads in heaven, comes with the SPIRIT into the hearts of the redeemed, and saith, "Arise, my love, and come away. COME WITH ME!"

'Twas then I heard my Saviour say,
Come hither, soul, I am the way;
'Twas then I said, "Lo! glad I come,
And with my LORD I'll make my home."

5. "I will betroth thee unto Me in *Mercies*." It is pure *mercy* when first the Saviour sends His Spirit to give us grace to unite our souls to Him; but in all our successive miseries to follow us up with mercies, is, indeed, beyond all expression good of Him.

For since my soul has known His love,
What mercies has He made me prove!

6. "I will even betroth thee unto Me in *Faithfulness*." In this word the Lord refers to the many engagements He has entered into on our behalf; He well understands, also, all our departures and naughty behaviours; but, then, these engagements made on our behalf had a manifold aspect; they were made with Jesus—they were fulfilled by Jesus: all our essentially needed comeliness and completeness is found in Him: these engagements are as solid and as firm as the everlasting hills; in

faithfulness therefore doth the LORD at last take His people to Himself. But, lastly, He says, "And thou shalt know the LORD." To know Him as we are known of Him, to be *like* and *with* Him, will be a heaven of glory great and high indeed.

Come, O my soul, look up and see,
How good and kind thy God's to thee:
Still on thy Lord and Saviour rest,
All things are order'd for the best.

"OUR ETERNAL WELFARE:"

I WAS recently invited to a meeting, the printed announcement of which read as follows:—"Floor Cloth Works, Old Ford, Bow.—The masters and men of the above works meet every Wednesday evening at the British School, Old Ford-road, to give and receive instruction for their eternal welfare; and as much benefit is being derived therefrom, the men have thought it advisable to have a social cup of tea with their friends and neighbours, hoping that as many as can make it convenient to join them will do so, at the British School, Old Ford-road, on Wednesday, Oct. 7th, 1863." I reached the place when all the people were sat down to tea—nearly two hundred men, women, and children arranged at long tables, with plenty of comfortable provisions: it was a pleasant sight to a domesticated soul like mine. After tea, Messrs. William and Charles Mace opened the meeting, prayer and praise were offered, and several addresses were given: among them was one by our clergyman, the Rev. R. Parnell, others by Mr. Harrison, Mr. Joseph Flory, Mr. Williamson, &c.; but the three words at the head of these few lines more impress my mind now than anything these worthy gentlemen advanced—"Our eternal welfare."

In order TO FARE WELL IN ETERNITY, all things without and within proclaim that something for us must be done which only GOD CAN DO. That is nothing less than the whole work

of the SACRED TRINITY wrought in man's soul by Omnipotent power.

I did not think any of the preaching or lecturing men said much concerning "OUR ETERNAL WELFARE;" although they cheerfully edified the assembly: but there was one of the workmen who gave an address, which contained weighty points: and from it I gather this argument.

I. When the Lord doth in a sinner dwell; when His fiery law convinceth of sin on the one hand, and His holy Gospel doth open up the way of salvation on the other hand, then in his inmost soul that man doth say—

"Tho' void of all that's good,
And very, very poor;
Thro' Christ I hope to be renewed,
And live for evermore.
I view my own bad heart,
And see such evils there;
The sight with horror makes me start,
And tempts me to despair."

If you can read the Psalms with a spiritual eye, you will see such was the feeling and language of the ancient saints: the poor publican; and Paul, in his seventh of Romans, open a little of the same conflict—the same complaint:—but the RIGHT FAITH is the grand essential—where that is given, it will not leave the man either to presume on abstract mercy, to depend on mere external doings, or to despair, because his case and state seem bad.

"WHAT IS FAITH?" cries the anxious heart. It is like a diving-bell, which goes down into the very roots of man's fallen condition, and searches into the whole of it: but it is an angel of mercy as well; and carries a living soul up to the top of the mountains, directs its eye and heart to Calvary's cross, to Olivet, to Mount Zion, and to the everlasting hills.

To see the Saviour bleeding and dying; then to behold Him ascending; after that to hear Him, in the Gospel, assuring all sincere COMERS UNTO HIM that they shall not be cast out; leads the man (who is seeking for his eternal welfare)

II.—*To a safe and truly evangelical conclusion.* To himself he warmly says:—

"Now—with a single eye
 I look to Christ alone;
 And on His righteousness rely,
 Tho' I myself have none.
 By virtue of His blood
 The Lord declares me clean;
 Now serves my mind the law of God,
 My flesh, the law of sin."

But seldom doth a broken-hearted believer rise much beyond the state the foregoing words describe.

To all who are concerned about their eternal welfare, may the Lord make these few words a blessing. And may "the masters and the men" in all their meetings solemnly know that the Lord is with them, leading them by a right way to a city of habitation; and may they all, as onward they go—most devoutly cry—

"Help us, dear Lord, to honour Thee;
 Let our good works abound:
 Thou art that green, that fruitful Tree:
 From Thee our fruit is found."

ONE OF THE OLD FORD CURATES.

JESUS OUR FRAGRANCE.

HAVE you ever heard that pretty fable told by the Persian moralist, Saadi? He took up in his hand a piece of scented clay, and said to it, "Oh, clay, whence hast thou thy perfume?" And the clay said, "I was once a piece of common clay, but they laid me for a time in company with a rose, and I drank in its fragrance, and have now become scented clay."

Believer! thou, too, art nothing but a piece of common clay, but if thou liest with the Rose of Sharon—if thou hast Jesus in thy company, thou wilt be filled with His fragrance, and where ever thou goest thou wilt smell of Him. I will know the company thou keepest by the fragrance thou hast. If thou hast lain in beds of spices thou wilt smell of the myrrh, and the spikenard, and the aloes.—From "Spurgeon's Gems."

"THE CAPTAIN OF OUR SALVATION."

Hebrews ii. 10.

UPWARDS the eye of faith we raise,
 And on our mighty Captain gaze;
 Who for His people tasted death:
 For them He yielded up His breath;
 Was laid within the Tomb; but rose
 Triumphant over all His foes.
 He conquered Satan, sin and hell,
 That all His chosen ones might dwell
 With Him, while by His precious blood
 A path He made straight up to God.
 He leads us on, though Satan tries
 To stop us, and His power defies,
 Yet Satan fails, for how can he
 Withstand our God successfully?
 For He is God, while yet He's man,
 The mystery we never can
 Hope to unravel, till above
 We fully comprehend His love.
 He being God, we must succeed,
 If we but follow where He'll lead;
 And though the day be dark and drear,
 How can we for a moment fear
 If He, our Captain, be but near.
 Though we encounter many a foe,
 He'll fight for us, we truly know.
 And, if we from His ranks desert,
 For Satan's service, and are hurt,
 Whilst drawn away from Him, our Lord,
 He will not kill us by the sword,
 As we deserve; but He will heal
 Our wounds, and being man will feel
 For us; for while on earth He knew
 By trials, and by sufferings too,
 What sore temptations we pass through.
 But if we always keep in sight,
 Our Captain, while for Him we fight;
 Nor let the things of time and sense,
 Our thoughts call for a moment hence;
 He'll make us conquerors and kings,
 Beneath our feet He'll place all things,
 And bear us up on angels wings,
 To the bright realms above the sky,
 Where we shall never, never die;
 But reign with Him o'er sin victorious,
 Our mighty Captain, great and glorious.

New Cross.

G. T. C. J

THE CHRISTIAN'S CHALLENGE TO THE WORLD,
OR, JOYS TO COME.

YOU speak of earth's dull pleasures,
I'll speak of heav'n, my home ;
You speak of earthly treasures,
I'll speak of joys to come.
Of joys past comprehension,
In store for God's lov'd friends ;
So vast in their dimension,
That they will never end.

Of joys in heav'n for sinners,
Wash'd in the Lamb's own blood
With righteousness imputed,
When He *their* surety stood.
Of joys in heav'n triumphant,
Pure bliss without alloy,
For ever with our Jesus,
The object of our joy.

He's now our greatest treasure,
As well as chief delight ;
To us He is most precious,
While in this world of night.
All else down here is dying,
And soon will pass away ;
The home to which we're going,
Will never know decay.

ONESIMUS.

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CHEERING WORDS

DECEMBER, 1863.

THE OLD SONG OF ETERNAL LOVE; AND THE LOST CHILD BROUGHT HOME.

I SAW a bill announcing a sermon published at J. Paul's, in Chapter House Court, entitled, "The Fatherhood of God," preached by Samuel Coley, in the City-road Chapel; and having once heard Mr. Coley, I purchased and read the discourse from beginning to end. I said to myself, This Samuel Coley must have swallowed nearly all the books in the world: and his mind, and memory, and mouth act so perfectly in harmony, that he can fill a whole sermon with incident, illustration, and anecdote.

This "*Fatherhood of God*" is like the long tale of a kite, as full of tales and touching stories tied together as it can well be. I thought my readers would like the following:—

"Some of you remember, no doubt, in the great International Exhibition—many of you, perhaps hundreds of you, went into the Roman court—and you remember there that beautiful statue,—that I stood before and admired for a long time. I well remember it was called, 'The Wept of the Wishton Whist.' There is a little story about it which I will tell you. A little child of white parents was stolen away by the red man, and they took the child into the woods, and brought it up in their own wild ways. Now the mother and father, as might be supposed, were almost heart-broken; they

spent years of enquiry, and, at last, they somehow found out where that poor maiden was, and they went into her presence. But when the mother found her she had forgotten all about her mother: all her affection was now given to the rude squaw of the forest who had brought her up. All her ways were Indian-like; her very looks were Indian-like; and the mother could not bring any remembrance of her to her former love. At last she thought of one way to bring her to mind, and the mother began to sing a holy lullaby song that she was accustomed every eventide to sing over the cradle bed of her child. As she began to sing that song it seemed as if the old germ of home had got into her ears, and as she stood listening unto that melody—listening as if all her soul was there—and it is just then the sculptor has carved the figure. Now that song seemed like an echo of memory, and brought back old thoughts, and in a little while that maiden was in a mother's embrace, shedding tears of old affection. Ah! ye may be God's children, and there may be some little faint remnant of likeness, as there was in that maiden: the lily was on the cheek instead of the red colour of the men of the woods. There was something that told she was of white parentage; and so you have got will, and understanding, and conscience, and immortality, that tell that God was your Father, and that you came from Him. And as that poor maiden had been so altered, so—although you may be the offspring of God—the world and the devil have had the nursing of you, and there is right little of the Father's image there. But, blessed be God's name! He has re-tuned the old song of eternal love to the Gospel harp, and He speaks that music into the soul that wins back the heart to Himself. God grant that many a lost, wandering child may come home to the Father's heart."

Once more, the closing tale of the sermon is nearer home in every sense. It is this,—

"A little while ago in our own City of London, a very remarkable event took place. There was a widow lady who had one only child, a daughter that she loved, and that daughter fell, I am sad to tell, a prey to the licentiousness of the age, and by-and-bye she was cast away upon London streets—wretched. The

mother's heart was almost broken, and she used to pray and watch, and weep. But, at last, a thought came into her head, I cannot tell how, but somehow or other she thought her girl would come home; so, calling her servant Mary, she said,

"Mary, you must not lock the door."

"Not at night, ma'am?" said Mary.

"No, not at night; nor at all."

"Why," said she, "then, ma'am, the thieves will come in."

"I don't care who comes in," replied the mother; "it breaks my heart to think my poor Helen should ever be locked out if she came home, and found the door locked. Don't lock the door, Mary."

"Well, that very night there was held in St. James's-hall, what is called a 'Midnight Meeting,'—you have heard about them, I dare say. I remember the meeting at the time; it was somewhere about eighteen months ago; Baptist Noel addressed the company of these poor lost ones that gathered there; blessed be God that He has put it into some hearts to plead for the poor lost ones! As he addressed them, he talked to them about their homes, and how happy they once were in their homes; and he said, amongst other things—

'Home, home, sweet, sweet home,
There is no place like home.'

"Now when the meeting broke up, that poor girl had been there, and about one o'clock in the morning she went out of that meeting into the streets. Her heart was too full of sorrow to ply her loathsome trade; and, scarce knowing what she was doing, she walked towards the old home. She got against the door, and when she was there, scarce knowing what she was doing, she walked towards the old home. She got against the door, and in the middle of the night; but the door opened; she could not resist the impulse; and her mother heard a light step coming up the staircase, and in another moment that poor girl was weeping on her mother's breast.

"Who sent you, Helen?" said she.

"I don't know," said the weeping child; "I think it must have been God Almighty sent me!"

"Now, what a marvel of love there is in a mother's heart! you see that mother could not keep her door locked. But, oh! what is that love to the love of God! Why, He has never locked heaven's door these six thousand years, it has never been locked day or night the poor sinner might come home. Come, poor sinner! come to thy Father! Come to Him! May God, through the Son, bring you home!"

"SAMUEL AROSE AND WENT TO ELI."

OUR frontispiece furnishes a striking representation of many weighty things.

1. There is poor old ELI. His name means "*My God*." What a relationship! How happy the man, who truly can say from the heart, the Lord is my God; and He is become my salvation. But Eli was too tender and weak toward his sons: the Lord was displeased: the wickedness of his sons was very great. Oh! for grace to honour God in all things: to crucify the old man with all his deeds; and in all our ways.

2. The Lord calling Samuel is a striking display of Divine sovereignty. The Lord calleth whom He will; and although, at first, the sinner called may be deaf to the voice of the Almighty, He will call again and again until, like Samuel, the soul says, "Speak, for thy servant heareth."

3. You have the faithfulness of little Samuel. They were painful tidings he had to bear; but Samuel told Eli every whit; he held back not one word. This is right. Whatever God commands, He will give grace to perform.

4. Look at poor old Eli. How astonished he looks. But he justifies the Lord in it all. He said, "It is the Lord; let Him do as seemeth Him good." Oh! to bow down, resigned, repenting, and receiving the affliction He sends, is better than a hardened, unrelenting heart.

BEAUTIFUL BIBLE WORDS.—No. II.

"There was seen in His temple the Ark of His Testament."—Rev. xi. 19.

THREE beautiful words!—His *Temple*"—"His *Ark*"—"His *Testament*." If the Spirit of the living God would lead you to the literal, typical, and heavenly meaning of these words, and if He was pleased to sanctify your mind by the review of the hidden glory therein contained and expressed, you would be delighted and edified beyond all that this world could give you.

I had been baptizing—I do not mean sprinkling little infants—no. I had been down into the water, and literally "buried" in the water three persons who had reached maturity of years; and who had resolved in this old-fashioned style to "put on Christ;" and in His strength to "take up their cross, and to follow Him." As I stood behind the pool before I took the first friend down, I thought of Thomas Adams, who, speaking of baptism, calls it "shipping" with Christ. He says "they must *ship* with Christ, who would *sail* with CHRIST; and all who truly ship and sail with Christ shall certainly sit with CHRIST in His own kingdom." I further said, I am just come to help a few disciples to set sail with the Saviour, in hope that they shall one day

"See His face,
And ever cease from sin;
There from the rivers of His grace,
Drink endless pleasures in."

Well, we went down into the water; and as I stood in the water with the last friend—a tall and sincerely attached follower of the Lamb—this thought occurred to me: "John the Baptist was a noble, honourable, useful, faithful, and earnest servant of God; but they cut off HIS HEAD; an ominous fact declaring that all real Baptist believers must expect to be cut off, too, in some sense. The world and the professing church pour the utmost contempt upon us.

I think I never felt more anxiety about any baptism than I did the one I refer to. But I hope I may say the Lord was better to

us all than our fears ; and as I reviewed the scene this morning, as I thought of the dear friends whom I then baptized, as I tried to lift my little soul to God our Father to keep them, and lead them on safely, and then receive them to Himself: as I thought of each one, the words came so softly: "I HAVE PRAYED FOR THEE, THAT THY FAITH FAIL NOT." Oh how earnestly would I pray that the Saviour's intercession in our behalf might be ever verified by our being held fast in the faith.

The evening passed away. The next evening I had to preach in another place. The words which Joshua spoke opened a little to me—"Ye have not passed this way heretofore." The Israelites were to pass over Jordan. Moses was dead. Joshua was come in his place. The pillar of cloud had hitherto gone before the Israelites ; but now that symbol of the Divine presence had gone also. The cloudy dispensation was passing away. The ark, on the priest's shoulders, was now to precede them, And to the people it was said, "When ye see the ark of the covenant of the Lord your God, and the priests and Levites bearing it, then ye shall remove from your place, and go AFTER IT. Yet there shall be a space between you and it, about ten thousand cubits by measure: "Come not near unto it, that ye may know the way by which ye must go: for ye have not passed this way heretofore."

Here were three things—1. The thing to be followed—THE ARK. 2. The space between them and the ark. 3. The newness of the way. I really did enjoy some thoughts flowing out of the consideration of the ark. I must only mention some of them.

I. Mark you, only where the ark was, could they offer sacrifice:—so only where there is faith in Jesus can our services be acceptable. You may *feel* very wretched in coming to ordinances. You may be tempted to think you ought not to come to them at all ; but the question is, Have you faith in Jesus? Do you deeply and abidingly believe that He, and only He can cleanse, and deliver, and bless, and save you? Then come, cast off thy fear. If the ark is before the eye of thy faith, thy groans and cries will enter heaven, and bring the blessing down. Follow the ark, and you will not perish.

II. The ark had the law in it. They said, "Where is the law?" "Oh! the ark keeps the law." So precious this truth to me, because sometimes God lights a candle in a man's conscience, and he discovers himself guilty of every branch of the law, and how full of trouble and distress, his soul doth then feel! But the truth that Jesus magnified the law; and that He keeps it for thee, O believer, so that it can never break forth to curse or condemn thee is glorious Gospel news indeed.

III. The pot of manna was in the ark: and all the comfort and life of heaven is in JESUS CHRIST. Faith in Him will feed and nourish thy soul when all the earthly springs are dry. He is truly the living Bread which came down from heaven, of which, if a man eat, he shall never die.

IV. There was a crown of gold upon the ark, expressive of Christ having a kingdom. That crown of gold seemed to tell the Israelites, that if they followed the ark, it would lead them to a kingdom. Thus the Gospel says to poor awakened souls,—"*Come to Jesus.*" Come to Him and see Him as in the garden He rolled in agony beneath the curse. See Him on the cross, in the grave, ascending, interceding, and coming presently to introduce you to a kingdom of immortality and glory. Oh! may we then with Him appear, and in that glorious city dwell.

V. The glory of God was no where fully realized but where the ark was. When that went, they wrote "*Ichabod:*" the glory is departed.

VI. Solomon made a new temple and a new service; but *he made no new ark.* No. Dispensations may change; friends, and foes, and feelings may alter; but God never gives any NEW JESUS CHRIST. God's Christ is called "*the EVERLASTING FATHER,*" and He is the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Think of that, believer. "*THIS SAME JESUS.*" He is God's from Eternity. "The high and lofty One, who inhabiteth eternity," saith, "I change not; therefore ye sons of Jacob are not consumed."

VII. This ark must be carried on the shoulders of the priests and Levites. Follow only those priests who really lift up and hold up the person of God's beloved Son. There, in that mi-

nistry you are safe ; where JESUS CHRIST is seen to be the "all and in all."

VIII. There was great joy wherever the ark came. When David brought up the ark, all the house of Israel shouted ; the sound of the trumpets was delightful, and the joy was great indeed. The ark went into the Jordan, *where* JESUS was afterward baptized by John : the place was called Bethabara—*the house of passage*. Oh ! do look at this. Oh ! ye carnal, ye mischief-making, ye ungodly professing tribes, do look at this ! When the ark came to Jordan, the waters *divided*, and a new, sound, safe *house of passage* was opened up for all Israel. But when John took Jesus down into Jordan, the waters did not divide ; but there they overwhelmed Him. He was buried in the floods of death. How was this ? When the ark came, it came to represent Jesus in all His finished work and glory, and hence the waters divided ; but when Jesus came to John, He came as the Substitute, bearing the sins of His people, and hence beneath their force He sank ; although, as the GOD-MAN He arose, and lives, and reigns for ever.

I cannot tell out the beauties of this ark any further here. But, if thou art a believer in JESUS, and if the fears of death distress thee, then read the following paragraph, and if the Lord doth bless it to thy soul, send it to others who may in sorrows dwell, and still pray if you can, for—

THE VILLAGE PEECHER.

"Observe for what end Jordan was divided ; it was to make a passage to the land of Canaan, to possess what the Lord had promised to them. In like manner death opens to the Christian a passage-way to its heavenly Canaan, the beatific vision of Christ, and the full enjoyment of His inheritance, which is incorruptible, undefiled, that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for Him ; as Christ, by His death, has made death itself a passage-way for the Christian to glory ; He having removed sin (which is the sting of death), by His own sacrifice, has thereby made death itself a triumphant passage to heaven. 'O death, where is thy sting ! O grave, where is thy victory !' Christ went the same way to glory as the Christian does, not by, but through the gate of death, and thereby He made the solitary way safe and sure to

His followers, for He said, 'O death, I will be thy plague. I'll remove the sting, which is sin; and take away the condemning power, and thereby make that gloomy vale a safe passage to His saints,' that there might be an abundant entrance ministered unto them into the everlasting kingdom of their Lord and Saviour. For the place where Jordan divided is remarkable; it was the same where Christ was baptized (John i. 28.); it was at Bethabara, which signifies a house of passage, and denotes that death is only a house of passage to heaven: Then why art thou, my soul, so fearful to pass through Jordan? Are not its streams divided to make thee a passage? Is not the ark of the covenant, the Lord Jesus, there to protect thee! Is it not the way thy forefathers have gone before thee! And hast thou not heard of their safe arrival at glory; that these are they 'which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb?' (Rev. vii. 14.) It is but one launch, my soul, and in a moment thou art safe; for those kind arms, that always supported thee, will, upon the moment of thy exit, be ready to receive thee; it is what He has prayed and interceded for. 'Father, I will that they also, whom Thou hast given Me, be with Me where I am, to behold My glory;' (John xvii. 24.) it is what He has engaged Himself to perform: 'I will come again, and receive you to Myself; that where I am, there ye may be also.' (John xiv. 3.) Canst thou think it will be worse with thee than it was with the beggar: "And it came to pass that the beggar died, and was carried by the angels into Abraham's bosom." (Luke xvi. 22.)"

CHEERING WORDS FROM AFAR:

"SEVENTY TIMES SEVEN."

A MAN, who on account of the prominent position he held in the Christian Church, and the sins and errors he had committed, brought great reproach upon the cause of Christ—became afterwards deeply penitent. The great consolation to his mind when under conviction of sin was the passage in which our

blessed Lord exhorts the apostle Peter to forgive his brother even to "seventy times seven." It may appear at first sight as if that portion of Scripture contained more of warning and precept than of comfort for the awakened mind: but he argued thus, "If man, sinful and hard-hearted is yet commanded to forgive his brother 'seventy times seven,' will not HE who gave the command, and who is HIMSELF Infinite Love, forgive ALL our trespasses, if we come to HIM in the way HE has appointed?"

JANET.

REST IN JESUS.

By E. T. CARVER.

"He sitteth at the right hand of God."—Col. iii. 1.

"To sit with me in my throne.—Rev. iii. 21.

He sitteth, for the work is done,

All—all is finished for His own;

They rest in Him, for they are one;

But all the work was His alone.

We sit with Him; O wondrous love

That rais'd to such a height as this!

By faith our souls ascend above,

And catch a foretaste of the bliss.

In spirit, and by faith, we walk

As now alive who once were dead;

Our hearts they burn, our lips they talk

Of Him, our risen—coming Head.

We long for Thee to take Thy pow'r,

And pant to sing Thy saving grace;

Lord hasten—speed the blessed hour,

That calls us up to see Thy face.

To reign, to share Thy righteous throne,

This were a privilege indeed;

But to be with, and like our Lord,

Is all our longing hearts can need:

Heirs of our God, joint heirs with Thee,

The crown, the kingdom, all beside;

Yet all a blank would prove to be,

Wert Thou still absent from Thy bride.

Jesus, Thou wilt be with us there,

And never, never, leave us more;

Thy Father's love with us wilt share,

Dear Lord, our cup of joy runs o'er.

Chesham Bois, Nov., 1863.

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Cheering Words.

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"GOING HOME!"

TWO WORDS FOR THE READERS OF "CHEERING WORDS" AT THE
BEGINNING OF 1864.

ALL the school-boys and girls have lately been so excited; and if you had asked any of them, What all this bustle meant? the answer was, "WE ARE GOING HOME!" and for some few days before Christmas, and on Christmas morning, you might see everybody in such a hurry; and if you enquire, Why in such a hurry? "Oh! we are GOING HOME!" The thought, the anticipation, seemed to fire them with real pleasure; and leaving all behind them, and eagerly pressing on, they told you plainly enough, that they were "going home!"

A poor, half-naked, half-starved, wretched-looking man stood at the bottom of Fleet street: and as he looked at the multitudes who were hurrying on, he seemed to say, "I have no HOME. I wish I could say, too, I am GOING HOME!" We turned into a publisher's to get some books. There was a good Christian lady and she was ill, very low in spirits, and unwell in body; and she was telling her friend she had been to the physician, but he seemed to do her no good; and then so patiently she looked and said, "*Perhaps my time is come*; it may be I AM GOING HOME!" We called in at a factory; the head proprietor was not in business. We sought him: he was reclining in his easy chair; his active limbs were quiet; he looked so pale; his daughter shed a tear, and said, "*I fear my father is GOING HOME!*"

We were holding a prayer-meeting: we were singing and praying so very comfortably; presently, the minister stood up
ONE HALFPENNY.

and he said, "I will tell you a little secret." All eyes were upon him. He said, "Many good people often rejoice greatly in referring with much pleasure and confidence to the time when the Lord Himself spake to them, and said, 'Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore, with loving-kindness have I drawn thee: but, then, there are many others,' said the minister, 'who are fearful they belong not to the Lord, because He has never said in, and to, them,—'Yea, I have loved THEE.' 'Look, now, at this secret,' said the minister, 'that beautiful word in Jeremiah is to be read like this. In the first place, it is CHRIST—it is the blessed Messiah, who, speaking of His FATHER, says, 'Yea, the LORD *appeared of old unto ME*, saying, *Yea, I have loved THEE* with an everlasting love;' and, then, CHRIST turns round, and He says, to all His own people, 'Therefore, with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.'" The Father never loved any but Christ—His own Son—and the Church in Him: therefore, every precious soul loved by the Father in Jesus, is, by Jesus, drawn to Him with loving-kindness and tender mercies. If I can say, the Lord doth sometimes so touch my heart, so speak to my soul, so appear for me in my trials, and doth so gently make Himself known to me, that my heart is drawn out toward Him, and, like the church, I can say, "He is the Chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely;" then, certainly, I am loved IN HIM, with an everlasting love, and shall not be cast away."

The minister was speaking like this—the people were all attention—but in a moment, open came the chapel door, and out they called poor dear old grandpapa, as the children call him, and the aged disciple hurried away: the thought instantly occurred to our mind that aunty at the alms-houses, who had been ill for some time, was certainly "GOING HOME!" And sure enough it was so, for about five the next morning her spirit took its flight to the heavenly mansions, and there, instead of mourning she sings, we hope,

"Home, home, sweet home,
There is no place like home."

In a deep, dark grave, we saw her coffin laid, and as we stood

looking in, and looking round upon those who had brought her remains to the tomb, we thought to them we might say, as Naomi said to the two young widows, "The Lord deal kindly with you, as ye have dealt with the dead and me. The Lord grant you that ye may find rest in the house of your (heavenly) Husband."

"GOING HOME!" were the last words THOMAS WINTER was heard to speak ere his spirit took wing to heaven. Thomas Winter was an honoured servant of God. For fifty-three long years did he preach the Gospel of His own covenant God. His last message to his dear people, as he was on his way homeward, was this, "Tell them all that I die resting on the great principles and doctrines of the Gospel of Christ; tell them that the truths I have made prominent in my ministry are sufficient to sustain me in death." Then, in a whisper he was heard to say, "GOING HOME!" and in a few moments he was gone.

Reader, art thou "GOING HOME?" This earth can never be a home for thee: at least, not in its present state: not until Jesus Christ comes in all His millennial glory. And if that text is to be literally true in Rev. xx. 1—6, then, for a season, there may be a happy home here; but, until then, *earth* cannot be a home either for godly or ungodly men: for all things here are passing away. Nor can hell ever be a home for lost souls. When a lost soul enters hell, none ever welcome him, saying, "Glad to see you; come, make yourself at home." Oh! no. In hell—in torments—they lift their eyes in agonies and pains—their sorrows never cease: their rest is never found. God's heaven is the only home that mortal man can anticipate with pleasure.

When Christmas Evans was urged to marry a lady of some wealth, he paused—he thought—and then he cried out, "Oh! oh! I tell you, brother, it is my firm opinion, that I am never to have any property in the soil of this world until I have a grave. I shall then have my full share of it." The rich lady Christmas Evans would not have. No doubt he feared the snare; and feeling his soul loved liberty to serve only—to be devoted entirely to his most blessed Lord Jesus, he would not become entangled. "He looked for a city that had foundations, whose Builder and Maker is God."

Once in the Scriptures, the grave is called "HOME."—"Man goeth to his long home; and the mourners go about the streets." But even the grave is not to be the home of the body for ever. There certainly will be a resurrection both of the just and of the unjust; and after the judgment, when all earth's business is finally settled—when every man's destiny is eternally fixed—then, to them on His right hand will Jesus say, "Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you."

In the beginning of this New Year, may we not ask, then, "ARE WE GOING HOME?" The Welsh New Testament reads that saying of Christ very beautifully. Our translation says, "In My Father's house are many mansions." The Welsh reading is this: "*In the HOME of My FATHER are mansions within mansions.*" Art thou, my reader, travelling home to God? In the way the fathers trod? If so, we hail thee with great delight; and, we say, it was, instrumentally, to CHEER you on your way, and now and then to speak an encouraging word to you, that we first gave birth to our little CHEERING WORDS. And not only to you, who are really bound for heaven, but, also, to many thousands who fear they never shall reach that happy home, we have desired to be of some use.

"CHEERING WORDS FOR SEEKING SOULS" was our original title, and such we wish it still to be. We grieve much because we cannot enlarge our pages this volume: but it cannot be yet. Our readers might do much to increase our circulation this year, and this we trust the Lord will enable them to do. But whether they do or not, we will rejoice, and be thankful that this little work was ever begun, and that it still continues: and now, dear readers, one and all, when with thee it is well, pray do remember,

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

I am certain thou needest no exhortation to love thyself: thine own case will be seen to, thine own comfort will be a primary theme of thine anxiety. Thou wilt line thy own nest well with downy feathers, if thou canst. There is no need to exhort thee to love thyself. Thou wilt do that well enough. Well, then, as much as thou lovest thyself, love thy neighbour.

"A RIVER TO SWIM IN."

THE departure of the soul from the body—from this world—from all sin and sorrow—must be a most wonderful change—an amazing transition—a deliverance and a delight beyond all imagination, beyond all expression.

The Scriptures are not quite silent upon this interesting part of the believing soul's existence, for our Lord, when giving the contrast between the rich sinner and the poor beggar, says of the latter—"The beggar died, and was CARRIED BY THE ANGELS INTO ABRAHAM'S BOSOM." Beautiful and intelligent expression. The angels waited to receive the disembodied spirit, and then to conduct it to the loving place of rest and bliss which God has prepared for all who love and fear him. "*Abraham's bosom*" was a term in use among the Jews, when referring to the departure and resting place of happy souls. Hence our Lord adopts it to show the blessedness of the living soul who in the Lord believes, and flies on angel's wings to glory, when from this prison house it is set free.

Foretastes of this were certainly given to Ezekiel and Paul, and John in Patmos. But I wish to give my readers one recent illustration of the great fact that "absent from the body"—which real justified ones are—"present with the Lord."

When I was a boy there lived in Cranbrook a shoemaker named William Burch. He was a sinner of no ordinary kind, but through the preaching of Isaac Beeman, God met with him, deeply chastened him, and then revealed unto him the grace and glory of the Lord JESUS CHRIST.

William Burch became a devoted minister of the Gospel, in which work the Lord honoured him: but last October he finished his course here, and was called to a higher home. The account has been given of his death is very encouraging. The writer says:—

"A friend who attended Mr. Burch during his illness states, that in the earlier part of it he was very quiet in his mind. He had no fear of death; and though he sometimes suffered sharp

pains he was very patient. A great part of the time he dozed; but on the Saturday morning the Lord seemed to revive him, and he was able to speak. He spoke of attending to the Spirit's work on the heart, and said, 'What a riddle, riddle, riddle is my soul!' Then he spoke of the deep waters he was passing through, and expressed himself as though he had nearly got through them. After this his countenance brightened up and he said, '*A river to swim in.* Christ is the eternal rock. Who would ever have thought I should have been brought out like this?' He said, 'Staplehurst is the place where I go to hear for the profit of my soul.' I understood from this remark that while he was preaching to the people at Staplehurst, the Lord preached to him in his own soul; so that he became a hearer. He also spoke of covenant love. Mrs. Burch said to him, 'You have got it!' 'Yes,' he said, 'I should be terribly put out if I had not.' He then spoke of believing to the saving of the soul, and said, his had been an up-and-down path; 'Holy, holy is the Lord God;' and praised the Holy Ghost for taking of the things of Christ and revealing them to his soul. He said many other things, but not distinctly enough for the friend to understand."

A fortnight before he died, he preached at Providence Chapel, Cranbrook, from Job xix. 25; "I know that my Redeemer liveth," The feeling reality of it in his own soul was very conspicuous, and his appeal to the hearers peculiarly solemn.

Thus, has passed away another favoured saint of God. Oh, how difficult it appears to be able to realize the fact that soon I must go too. Ministers speak of death; writers write of death; but here is a man in death, and as his soul leaves the body, he speaks out briefly but blessedly the change he experiences, and says, "*A RIVER TO SWIM IN.*"

Lord, when we tread the verge of Jordan, may all anxious fears subside, and by thine invisible power and presence may we rise to reign with thee in endless light. Amen and amen.

"PERPETUAL VERDURE."

HOW delightful it must be to a pious and heaven-instructed mind, to behold the native, rustic, bold and zealous wood and bush districts of New Zealand! It is called "the land of greenwood." The teeming growth and vigorous freshness of the wild shrubberies and forests have been the admiration of every visitor since the days of Cook. A Christian, always fruitful and fresh, vigorous and lively, strong and zealous, is a wonderful illustration of the unspeakable value of the true grace of God; and looks like a living answer to the little prayer contained in Watts's Psalm, where he says—

"Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand,
In gardens planted by thine hand;
Let me within thy courts be seen,
Like a young cedar fresh and green.
The plants of grace must ever live;
Nature decays, but grace will thrive;
Time that doth all things else impair,
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.
Laden with fruits of grace, they show
The Lord is holy, just, and true:
None that attend its gates shall find,
A God unfaithful or unkind.

Edward Stanford, of 6, Charing-cross, has issued a richly-laden sixpenny volume, entitled "The New Zealand Hand-book; or, Guide to the Britain of the South." Read it, if ye think of emigrating.

LINES ON A VOLUME OF CHEERING WORDS.

GO, little book, and if God's will,
The seeking soul, with rapture fill,
Point to the Cross and love of God,
And by His blessing shed abroad,
The sweet delights of Gospel grace,
In love made known to Adam's race,
And by His Spirit's aid impart,
Words, cheering to the troubled heart,

And far from Sinai's awful dip,
The thund'ring of God's law within;
Lift up the soul, direct the eye—
Away from self to Christ on high;
To Zion's holy mountain lead,
And cheering prove in words and deed.
R. H. BAXTER.
London.

THE JOY OF A BELIEVER WHEN HIS HEART IS FULL OF CHRIST.

BY DR. LEASK.

“THE Rainbow” is the expressive title of a new monthly, commencing this year, under the editorial management of Dr. Leask. The first number contains some nice papers, and to the devoted Millennial believers, and to those who say, as Dr. Leask says, “Christian! never, never doubt,” to the assured and happy believer—this will be an acceptable little messenger. In the second paper—“Gems from the Gospel”—we have Simeon’s embracing Christ most blessedly drawn out. Here are a few sample lines:—

“He who promised to Abraham that in his seed all nations should be blessed, always keeps His word. Simeon believed it, and see *now* how he stands in the temple with the child Jesus in his arms—precious burden!—blessing God that he has lived to see that glorious hour! What rapture fills his soul! What transports of holy joy! The Consolation of Israel is in his arms, is pressed to his heart, is welcomed with devout emotions too strong for words. He felt the tide of bliss swelling too high for his aged frame, and wished to pass away on its flood. “Let me die *now*. There is no time like this. I have seen my Saviour. I am satisfied. I have no longer anything to do in the world. Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word, for mine eyes have seen thy salvation.”

Such a scene as this, so far as its external features are concerned, could only occur once in the history of the world; but the essential fact which it suggests, the joy of a believer when his heart is full of Christ, has occurred times without number. Many of the Lord’s servants have rejoiced with a “joy unspeakable and full of glory”—have felt as if a “weight” of unbearable happiness, a burden of bliss, had fallen upon them; and they have consequently longed to get away, not from it, but to its holy source, and from the world which would soon try to rob them of

it. "Christ in the heart" has often turned the heart into a sacred presence chamber, and the blessedness of communion with Him has risen to an ecstasy of which no man, who has not himself experienced it, can have the faintest conception. We cannot sufficiently adore the Lord for these glimpses of glory, these in-streamings of the light which will shortly bathe His saints with its peerless splendour, when he shall appear and they shall see Him as He is. By such visitations their hearts are strengthened for the wilderness conflict; they are songs in the night, messengers of comfort in the dark and cloudy day, and they deepen and strengthen gratitude for the distinguished privilege of being able to say, "Truly our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ."

THE TWO GATES OPENED BY DEATH: THROUGH WHICH SHALL YOU DEPART?

AT the threshold of 1864—is it not well to pause—and, if you can, pray God to shew you the path in which you are travelling? Is it the broad road to death? Or, is it the narrow way to life?

Robert Newton saw the end of two men whom he describes in the following powerful manner:—

I will adduce two facts, one of very recent occurrence; another that occurred some few years ago; both came under my own personal observation.

Behold first an awful instance, a man living in this world without piety, without God, without Christ, without hope. And yet this man at one period of his life had made great professions of religion, and as far as man can judge of man, had walked worthy of that profession. But that man like many other men besides, became by and by ensnared by the vice of drunkenness. Of course he soon gave up all professed regard to religion, and then as a sort of antidote to the accusations of his conscience, he tried to persuade himself that religion was all a nonentity and a dream. Thus the man

lived—not very long however, for by and by disease came upon him, and I fear that disease was superinduced by his ungodliness. What then? If ever I saw a human being who to all human appearance was abandoned of God, and of whom God had said, “he is joined to his idols, let him alone,” let him alone conscience—let him alone ministers—let him alone God’s Spirit—don’t strive with him again” I think he was that man. I could tell you where he lived, I could conduct you to the spot. I forbear to mention names—relations survive him.

His agonizing wife besought me to converse with and pray for him. I did so. Never can I forget his looks: I saw the horrors, the malignity, the despair, that was painted in this man’s countenance. When I spoke to him, what reply did he give? “I want none of your advice—I want none of your prayers—I am lost!” In vain did I try to talk to this man of the mercy of God in Jesus Christ; in vain did I tell this man that Jesus came to save the chief of sinners; in vain did I speak to him of the super-abounding mercy of God. “I want none of your advice—I want none of your prayers—I am lost—I am a fallen spirit!” I besought the God of mercy, for the Saviour’s sake, to be gracious to the man; not a single assent to any prayer I offered up. And in this wretched condition did I leave him. His wife still anxious, still agonized, sent for a pious neighbour, who was treated by the man in the very same way. At length, alas! as if his poor emaciated skeleton body, by some sort of preternatural influence had been worked up to an unnatural strength, he sprang from the bed on which he was laid, crying out, “O God, I cannot die;” and rushing towards the door, fell down, and expired! “O my soul, come not thou into their secret; and with ungodly and apostate men, mine honour, be not thou united.”

Behold another case—the reverse of this, blessed be God. A case which occurred very near my own residence at Liverpool, the death of a pious man. He was a man in humble life, who had long been distressingly afflicted with an asthma: and with whom I had many a pleasing opportunity of conversing. One day a message came to me, and I have often been thankful that I had an opportunity of witnessing the closing scene of that man,

of God—the messenger informed me that if I wished to see John alive I should go immediately. I hastened to the spot. Oh, what a contrast to the former scene; the man as to outward circumstances indeed, a poor man, but O! rich in faith. When I entered the room he recognized me, and with a smile upon his countenance, he said,

“O, the Lord is good.”

And when I talked to him about his situation, and the love of God in Jesus Christ, his eyes were suffused with tears, and looking at me through those tears, he said,

“Sir, the fear of death—the fear of death is taken away; my blessed Redeemer liveth.”

Yes, He that died and rose again was remembering this man, and blessing this man, even at the trying hour of nature's dissolution. In a short while his breathing was interrupted, and you could scarcely suppose him to breathe again; after some time, however, he did breathe again, and he looked up, and with the mellow placidity of the dying Christian enthroned, upon his countenance, while the eyes that appeared all but shut for ever were lit with heaven's sweetest radiance, he exclaimed,

“O, to depart and to be with Christ!—none but Christ, none but Christ.”

Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.”

“Give me the religion that makes me happy while I live; give me the religion that makes me triumphant when I die; that is everything I need; I wish no more.”

The way of the pharisee *seems* right to him,—the way of the self-righteous man *seems* right to him,—the way of the worker-for-life *seems* right to him,—the way of the free-willer *seems* right to him,—the way of the expediency-monger *seems* right to him,—the way of the rationalist *seems* right to him,—the way of the natural man in connection with religion *seems* right to him; but the Scriptures declare each of them to be a way of death, for each repudiates the only way of salvation, and that is God's way.

BEAUTIFUL BIBLE WORDS.—No. III.

PAUL, in writing to the Hebrews, aiming to extol his great Master, brings in that noble word, "Being made so much better than the angels, having, by inheritance, obtained a more excellent name than they."

Some of the angels had very expressive names. We read of **GABRIEL**, which means "the strength of God." We also read of **MICHAEL**, which means "one with God." Now, I am tempted to believe that these two angelic names represent the whole of that seraphic army which either stand around the throne of the **ETERNAL** God, or are flying to execute His commissions, to guard His saints, and to accomplish any part of His will committed unto them. If so, then the names of Gabriel and Michael, inform us of this comforting truth—that the angels are filled with the strength of God; and, therefore, are mighty in power; and, also, that in all their dispensations, they are one with God. They know no will but His; they listen to no voice but His; they obey no command but His; they seek to honour, to glorify, to serve, none but the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.

But, speaking of the Son of God, Paul says: "He has, by inheritance, obtained a more **EXCELLENT** NAME than they." The Jews concentrate the names given to the Messiah, and they say His names mean that He is "**THE PRINCE OF GOD'S PRESENCE**." That name, they tell you, is descriptive of His three great characters—that is, He is (1) the **LORD**, (or, Proprietor and Head of the Church); (2) He is the **MESSENGER** (revealing and directing the accomplishment of His **FATHER'S** will); (3) He is **THE KEEPER**, (i.e., of all the new covenant promises and provisions so mercifully laid up for His Bride, the Church); and of all that the Father has given Him, He tells us many times, nothing can be lost.

But there are three New Testament names given to our Saviour which preach to me volumes of the richest Gospel I ever heard in all my short life.

I. He is called "THE WORD." It is a remarkable fact that all God's greatest works have been spoken into existence: God *said*, "Let there be *light*, and there was light." In the conversion of His Israel, He says, "When I passed by thee, I *said* unto thee *live*, and thou becamest mine." He *said*, "Lazarus, come forth!"—and from the grave he came. God's life-creating voice is in the second glorious Person in the Trinity—the blessed God-Man who *said*, "Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou Me?" and down the persecutor fell. "The Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us." This was, if one may so speak, His emphatic name before His humiliation.

II. In the Gospel dispensation, He has two names. One on His Father's side, which is CHRIST—God's anointed; and one on our side, which is JESUS. Then,

III. He has another name which although, in measure, it has always been true,—yet, in its highest and fullest extent has yet to be realized, and will be in the coming dispensations. It is 'EMMANUEL, God with us.

I would be pleased to write many things; but "The Village Preacher" is limited in these little CHEERING WORDS.

A minister but a very few years ago, in London, said from his pulpit, "That it did not satisfy him that his people merely crept into heaven, he wanted them to go boldly, and obtain a good degree." I could but reply to the afflicted member who told me of it, that if the people of my charge, and among whom I went preaching the gospel of the kingdom of God, did but go, some swimming against wind and tide, some on boards, and some on broken pieces of the ship, so that they landed in the paradise of God at last, I should be satisfied; and that as to myself, if I did but make one stride within the gold-paved streets of the heavenly Jerusalem, I would be content to sit down, for it would be heaven, only heaven, eternal and complete heaven to me; and all those who contend for degrees, would be quite welcome to advance, and to all they could enjoy, and bless God, more than me.—Foreman,

NO WEeping IN HEAVEN.

By JOHN FOREMAN.

OF all the saints of God, no countenance shall then be marred with grief, no tear-drop of sorrow shall then hang pensive on the cheek: a time for weeping is not there. Every Isaac will be comforted after his mother's death; no Abraham will then weep the loss of his Sarah; all tears will be wiped from all the faces of those of the Lord's people who have wept, until they had no more power to weep. No Job's face will again be foul with weeping, nor the shadow of death set on his eyelids. Naomies will no more refuse their name, because they have gone out full, and came home empty and sorely afflicted. No Hezekiah shall again weep sore with sickness; the prophetic man of God shall no more weep approaching evil, for evil shall no more come on the children of God's Israel. The priests of the Lord shall no more for their people weep between the porch and the altar, for declensions from the ways of God. The ambassadors of peace shall no more weep bitterly, because the highways of Zion lie waste, nor shall the ministers of truth any more weep over their labours, exclaiming, "Who hath believed our report, and to whom hath the arm of the Lord been revealed?" The fleece will no more be dry while the ground is wet, but both will be wet together. Martha will no more be filled with cares while Mary is sitting sweetly delighted at her Saviour's feet, but both shall sit together. The minister shall no more be comfortable in the pulpit, and the hearers dull in the pew, nor the people lively, and the minister afflicted as with a kind of pulpit ague, but all will be filled with the peace, love, and life of God together, without any such distinction of place or feeling. One saint will not be drinking in gall draughts of temptation and sorrow, while another is drinking the wine of consolation and feasting on the bread of God. One will not be doubting his interest in the Lord's favour, while another is joyfully saying, "I know in whom I have believed." One will not be groaning, being burdened with sins, and doubts, and fears, saying, I go mourning all the day long be-

cause of the enemy, while another is shouting thanks be unto God who always causes us to triumph in Christ. There will not be a Peter weeping bitterly that he has denied his Lord, while a David is singing, "Thou anointest my head till my cup runneth over;" nor will there be a mourning Mary saying, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." O no! blessed be God, the church will not then be like the mountains of Lebanon, sunshine on one side, while snowbanks lie on the other; nor like Joseph's coat, exhibiting many colours; but all faces together at once, and for ever, will be wiped from all tears and sorrow; when all that weep now in Zion will then laugh, every eye will sparkle with holy pleasure, every countenance will be animated with immortal delight, every heart will glow with endless satisfaction, and every mouth will be filled with the everlasting praises of God; without one empty dejected hand hanging down on one feeble knee. And consequently there will be no more crying, as from some mischief threatening danger approaching, or from some lack of good. Neither shall there be any more pain, as of a mortal body full of disorders, or of a heart inloded with the deadly poison of sin; or from a surrounding world of wickedness, or from spots and stains in the life of those we love, or from greater imperfections in our own; for all these things will for ever had passed away.—Rev. xxi. 4.

THE GOODNESS OF THE LORD.—"Who will show us any good?" say the wicked. The revelation of the glory of God—the display of His holiness, truth, love, and wisdom—have no value in their eyes. The earth is, of course, empty of goodness, incapable of satisfying their aspirations; for it is simply full of God—and God, to their apprehension, is very different from goodness. "God saw all things that He had made, and behold they were very good." The Christian sees them, and says the same. Is the earth to me full of the goodness of the Lord? It depends upon the sensibility of my soul to the sufferings of the crucified One? When at the cross I learn that God is love, then I find the goodness of God everywhere.

HEART BREATHINGS.

BLEST Spirit, teach me by Thy
 grace,
 My guilt and wretchedness to trace,
 My poor lost state to see;
 Then lead me to the Lamb of God,
 To feel that His dear precious blood
 Can cleanse a wretch like me.

Teach me to feel my need of Thee,
 May Jesus Christ be all my plea

In every trying case:
 Lead me to think of His great love,
 Which caus'd Him leave His throne
 above,
 To die for sinners base.

Teach me to feel an interest in [sin,
 The Christ of God, who saves from
 And Satan's hellish power;
 Teach me the God of grace to love,
 And lead my wand'ring thoughts
 above,

In every trying hour.

And then, when Thou, my God
 shalt come,

And take me to Thy glory home,
 For ever there to dwell,
 I'll sing aloud to Thee on high,
 For saving one so vile as I,
 Whose just desert was hell.

ONESIMUS.

JESUS DID IT ALL.

SINCE I first discovered Jesus to be the end of the law for righteousness to every one that believeth, I have more than once met with a poor sinner seeking peace at the foot of Sinai instead of Calvary; and I have heard him, now and again, in bitter disappointment and fear, groaning out, "What must I do?" I have said to him, "Do! do! what can you do? what do you need to do?"

NOTHING, either great or small,
 Nothing, sinner, no;
 Jesus did it, did it all,
 Long, long ago.

When He, from His lofty throne,
 Stooped to do and die,
 Everything was fully done;
 Harken to His cry,

"It is finished." Yes, indeed,
 Finished every jot:
 Sinner, this is all you need;
 Tell me, is it not?

Weary, working, plodding one,
 Wherefore toll you so?
 Cease your doing; all was done
 Long, long ago.

Till to Jesus' work you cling,
 By a simple faith,
 "Doing is a deadly thing,
 Doing ends in death."

Cast your deadly doing down,
 Down at Jesus' feet:
 Stand in Him, in Him alone,
 Gloriously complete.

DIDYMUS—*Often among the Pilmen.*

Cheering Words.

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NO. 148.

"LOOK AT IT!"

OR,

"THE GOSPEL FOR ALL NATIONS."

(BY MR. JAMES WELLS.)

"THERE IS NOT A MAN NOR WOMAN UNDER THE CANOPY OF HEAVEN THAT OUGHT TO DESPAIR."

WE read these words in Mr. Wells's sermon (entitled "*The Gospel for all Nations*") with astonished feeling. We know that John Bunyan once said, "Despair is not for earth, but for hell." Having so much tendency to despair in us, we felt Mr. Wells's words to be encouraging and strong: but when Satan binds a poor sinner, when sin lays heavy on his soul, when the law condemns him, and the fears of death and hell take hold upon him, it is hard work then to believe that ever JESUS CHRIST will pass by him, and leave a blessing behind. With the hope that the following truthful sentences may have heaven's blessing on them they are transferred. "'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.' Only imagine it. What doth it say? What doth such a mission say, my hearer? It says this; that there is not a man, nor a woman, under the canopy of heaven that ought to despair. It does not matter if you have been as black as the devil, if you have been the greatest blasphemer, if you have been a murderer, and the vilest wretch that ever walked upon the earth; if the mission is to preach the Gospel in all the world, to every creature, then I say that no one sinner under the canopy of heaven, that is convinced of his state, and feels his need of mercy, ought to despair. And have we not this infinitely precious truth set forth in Peter's vision, the very
ONE HALFPENNY.

same truth? What did he see in that vision? Why, he says, 'wild beasts, and four-footed creatures, and creeping things.' And what are creeping things, but worms, and vipers, and serpents? all to represent the awful state we are in. I ask, then, what must be the glory of that Gospel that can commend itself to the whole population of the globe? 'Go ye into all the world.' You will never meet a sinner, great a sinner as he may be, so great as My salvation. You will never meet a sinner whose case is so bad that My blood cannot cleanse him. You will never meet with a sinner so sunk in condemnation that My righteousness cannot lift him out of that condemnation, and present him before the righteous Judge, righteous as God is righteous; for it is in the righteousness of Jesus Christ; He is Jehovah our righteousness. Oh, my hearer, how encouraging this is! The Christian that knows what he is in his own heart, says, But for the grace of God I might have been the vilest reptile upon the face of the earth; but, says such an one, had it been my unhappy lot to have been so, here is blood, the blood of our Incarnate God, that hath in it all the excellency of his person; here is the righteousness of an Incarnate God; here is the grace of Almighty God; here is the love of the Great Creator. Why, this Gospel comes with, 'I will,' and 'They shall;' ministers life to the dead, and its language is, 'Come now, and let us reason together, saith the Lord; though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool.'"

We recommend this sermon to the attention of all kinds of people; although we think some will think the Surrey Tabernacle minister is a "hind let loose" indeed. Yes, we think there is not an unprejudiced Christian in all this world but will read this sermon with wonder and with pleasurable desires that it may be God's Message of Mercy to many thousands of hungry, starving, perishing souls. If our brother James goes on at this rate, the old Southwark gun will roar, the bondage people will curse most bitterly, but if the Gospel is not good news to wretched men, and if it is not to be preached freely, if salvation is not to be proclaimed to the miserable, and, so presented, so preached, so illustrated, so enforced as that (the Holy Spirit

carrying it home), men may see and know that JESUS CHRIST is able to save even unto the uttermost, all that come unto God by Him; if it is not thus openly and fully to be proclaimed, of what real good is it to such as are sinners sunk in deep and dreadful woe? The closing up of the Sacred Oracle is proof enough. **LOOK AT IT.**

Deep Experimental Ministers!	LOOK AT IT.
Preceptive, Pharisaical Preachers!	LOOK AT IT.
Hell and Damnation Preachers!	DO LOOK AT IT.
Classical and Clerical Genteelists!	LOOK AT IT.
Grave and Graceful Theologians—fairly	LOOK AT IT.
Broken-hearted Sighers for salvation!	LOOK AT IT.
Burdened and hardened consciences!	LOOK AT IT.
Satan-hunted and Self-condemned Wretches!	LOOK AT IT.

“Look?” you say, “*At what?*”

Look at that connecting word, “AND”—the first word in the seventeenth verse of the twenty-second chapter of Revelation. JESUS tells you, first, that He has sent His angel to the churches to testify these things. Then, He declares His two-fold character, that He is the *Root and Offspring* of David, the *First* and all the *FULNESS* of a sinner’s salvation; then, pointing to the night of sin and death in which all men lay by the fall of the first Adam, and looking back upon the dark and dreary night of His own sacrificial sufferings, death, and resurrection, He says, I am “the bright and Morning Star.” Immediately the Third Glorious Person adds, “*And the Spirit and the Bride say, COME. And let him that heareth say, COME. And let him that is athirst, come And, WHOSOEVER WILL let him take the water of LIFE freely.*”

Mr. Wells stands in a singular position. Just behind him, to his left, is that warm-hearted clergyman, HUGH ALLEN, to whom, in the sermon we have noticed, Mr. Wells thus refers:—

“My friend and neighbour here, Hugh Allen, he might well call me a free Dissenter. I am a free Dissenter; I preach anywhere; down stairs or up; among friends or foes, profane, professor, anywhere and everywhere. And if the place wants consecrating, and the Gospel does not consecrate it, nothing else can; if the man wants consecrating, and if the Gospel does not consecrate him,

nothing else can; if the building want consecrating, and if the Lord does not consecrate it, nothing else can; and if the building ought to be licensed, if God's record of His name there be not a license, none else can really license it; there will be no liberty in it, no life in it, no blessedness in it, without the presence of the blessed God. See the freeness of the mission, then. "Go forth into all the world." Then, on Mr. Wells's right, a little in front of him, stands CHARLES HADDON SPURGEON, and although he says some things James Wells does not say, yet, touching the Gospel, he speaks to the same purpose. He says, "Preaching is the great weapon of God for pulling down strongholds; it will pull down the hugest blocks of stone the enemy can pile together. Preach the Gospel; the gates of hell will shake! Preach the Gospel; prodigals will return. Preach the Gospel to every creature; it is the Master's mandate, and it is the Master's power, 'the power of God unto salvation to every one that believeth.'"

The Borough of Southwark seems full of effort for good. Between such godly men as Hugh Allen, James Wells, Thomas Gunner, Thomas Chivers, C. H. Spurgeon, and others, there are differences of administration, differences of mode, manner, mind, and matter. Hugh Allen is often wild, and all on fire with enthusiasm; and he would be nothing without it. James Wells is sometimes wild against free-willers and duty-faith men, so much so that the people think he will sometimes jump clean out of the pulpit; and as for the poor deluded millennarians, he "will preach twenty sermons some day to explode them and their millennarian views altogether." Ah! that he will, and his devoted people think he will, but we do not think so; albeit, in the Gospel of the grace of God he is a brother highly to be esteemed, and much to be beloved; and if God enables him to preach out more and more of the rich fulness of the Gospel, he will require a tabernacle as large as any other of the great men in our day. Thomas Gunner is frequently wild in sending many of us to perdition, but then, as Mr. Alderson once said, "Thomas Gunner is not to sit upon the judgment throne." No, blessed be God for that. And among all the other men who are sometimes wild,

perhaps some might think the following too enthusiastic in Mr. Spurgeon. He said (October 18), "As for my own soul, God knoweth how I yearn over souls. I work; and if there be any man living who can work more for God than I do, I envy him his strength and endurance. It is not twelve, nor thirteen, nor fourteen, or fifteen hours per day which will satisfy me in the service of my Master; I WISH I COULD BE CUT IN PIECES TO PREACH HIS GOSPEL; and that EVERY DROP OF BLOOD MIGHT TELL HIS GOSPEL TO MY PERISHING FELLOW-MEN." In all these different spirits there may seem undue excitement, but the Gospel is preached—WE DO THEREIN REJOICE. May God give His blessing. Amen.

"BLESS THE LORD."

By T. W. MEDHURST,

Glasgow; Author of "Streams from Lebanon," "Astounding Grace," &c.

DAVID was richly favoured with unction from on high, when he penned the 103rd Psalm. His soul was then bathing in the full ocean of God's rich mercy, and his heart was sweetly tuned as he sung concerning the constancy thereof. He bursts forth with jubilant fervour, "Bless the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me, bless his holy name." He is not content with the mechanical, passionless soul-lacking utterance of the lip, but calls upon his "soul," all his inner powers, to break forth into rapture, while he contemplates the iniquity-forgiving, the disease-healing, the life-redeeming, the glory-crowning, and the soul-satisfying mercies of his God. He is conscious that God's "tender mercies" and acts of "loving-kindness" are numerous beyond the powers of his memory to retain them ALL; but, nevertheless, is desirous to remember SOME, and for them to "bless the Lord" with all his heart, soul, and strength. And, believer in Jesus, does not the mercy of Jehovah, which is from everlasting to everlasting unto you, demand that you likewise "bless the Lord?" Can you not join in singing,

Did Jesus die for me?
 And am I one of His?
 Did He for me hang on the tree?
 What wondrous love is this!
 Did Jesus bleed and die
 To save a wretch like me?
 That with Him I might reign on high,
 And ever happy be?

—then I must and will call upon “my soul, and all that is within me” to bless and praise His holy name.

Let us recall a few of those mercies which loudly call upon us as children of God to bless Jehovah. All our iniquities are forgiven. Mark, ARE forgiven, not shall be, but ARE at the present moment. Salvation is of the Lord, and is a FINISHED work for all on whose behalf it was accomplished. All our diseases are healed by Jesus the Physician. We are now the redeemed of the Lord free from condemnation. We are now constantly crowned with loving-kindness and tender mercies. We are now satisfied with the precious things of the everlasting hills, and with the good things of the unchanging covenant. We have now an abiding renewal of our youth in an everlasting Jesus. At the present moment, notwithstanding the subtlety of our foes, and the falsely fair speeches of our pretended friends, it is a heart-sustaining fact, that “The Lord executeth righteousness and judgment for all that are oppressed.” His ways and His acts are still made known unto his spiritual Israel. Jesus is full of mercy, bounteous in grace, plenteous in love, slow to anger, gentle in His chidings, tender in His rebukes, and compassionate in His corrections. Then again we say to our souls, and to all our new-born powers, “Bless THE LORD.”

“O thou, my soul, bless God the Lord!
 And all that in me is
 Be stirred up, His holy name
 To magnify and bless.
 “Bless, O my soul, the Lord thy God,
 And not forgetful be
 Of all His gracious benefits
 HE HAS BESTOWED ON THEE.”

PRAYING CHILDREN.

A SHORT ACCOUNT OF THE DEATH OF A LITTLE GIRL, NAMED
ROBINA TOOK, WHO DIED AT PULHAM ST. MARY, AGED 10 YEARS.

A SHORT time since I called to see one of my members; while there, the mother of the family gave me a short narrative of the death of her little girl. I took down notes in my pocket-book of what she related, requesting her to give me an exact statement of things just as they were. The little girl, the subject of this brief memoir, was in the habit of attending our place of worship. Her peculiar manner very often engaged my attention, especially when I was descending from the pulpit; she would narrowly watch me down, and continue to smile till I took notice of her, when she would be greatly delighted. Although she gave evident signs of intellectual deficiency, yet I could always see something in her which would attract the attention of any God-fearing person. Though she evinced no ability to speak about temporal things, yet she often astonished those about her with expressions and sayings of a spiritual character. After hearing a sermon, she would often quote the text, and some part of the subject, and appear to be in deep thought while speaking of these things. The text "Where is He?" was once taken; this she repeated several times. Being asked who was meant by the question, she immediately replied, "Why, the Lord Jesus Christ, who is in heaven, in earth, and in the heart of every believer." About eight weeks before this little girl died, she gave evident signs of being born of God; and though not more than ten years of age, she could converse with the Saviour. While on her bed, during the silent watches of the night, she was often heard to be engaged in prayer and praise, and to talk about spiritual things. One day she was heard to say, "Mother, I pray!" "Do you, my dear?" "Yes, mother, would you like to hear me?" "I should like to hear you, my dear." She then fell on her knees before her mother, clasped her little hands, and very solemnly offered up the following prayer: "O Lord save little Rosa; little Rosa would like to go to heaven; there is no sorrow nor crying in heaven. You died for your people. Pardon my sins, and

take me to heaven, and save my father and mother." A day or two before she died, she said to her sister Elizabeth, "You said I should never be good for anything; and that if I grew up I should never be married; but I am married, and to the Lord Jesus Christ." She then said, "Sing, and sing that I'm a little girl going to heaven." About three hours before she died, she said, "Good bye, mother." "Where are you going, my dear?" "To heaven." Her father coming into the room, she said, "Father, I wanted to see you." "Did you, my dear?" "Yes, I am going to heaven—good bye, father." These were her last words.

In concluding this narrative, let me ask you, my young friend, have you such a prospect of going to heaven when you die? Have you little Rosa's knowledge of the Saviour? Do you pray to Him and converse with Him as she did? The other day, while talking to my little boy Herbert about his brothers who are in heaven, I asked him whether he had ever prayed as one of them did? He told me he did not know how to pray, but he hoped he should when he got older. I told him no child was too young to pray the publican's prayer, if they did but feel as he did. Both in the young and aged, nature declares her insufficiency to work the works of God; but where saving grace is implanted, the wonders of redeeming love are made manifest. May you, my young friend, see and feel the necessity of vital prayer; and while you think on the death of little Rosa Took, call to mind the sweet words of John, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord from henceforth; yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them."

THE MOTHERLESS BOY.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM FRITH, BOROUGH GREEN, KENT.

WHAT is more affecting than to look upon the face of a motherless boy!

On a cold, chilly day in December I walked into a little cottage in the western part of the county of Kent. Soon after

I had taken my seat and made the usual observations to the humble inmates, seeing a little stranger boy there, I enquired who he might be, and was informed that he was a *motherless boy*. I immediately began to enquire a little into his circumstances and prospects; and while the humble cottager was telling me a little about his condition, the little fellow's eye gradually began to be moistened with tears, which faithful memory and filial affection had called forth from his young heart. It was evident he felt the loss he had sustained. The mother now gone for ever! and mouldering in the silent tomb for two years past—was called up before his little mind, with all her motherly affection and accustomed fondness. That mother, while living, had been tenderly watchful of the best interests of her only boy. She had lived in him. Her pleasure and her joy was to mould the character of her youthful son, and, if possible, to implant the elements of genuine virtue in his childish heart, and “train him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.” She had prayed with and for her child, with earnest beseechings at the throne of mercy. The early morning and the dewy eve had witnessed her bended knee. The burden of her *matin* song and *vesper* hymn was the welfare, the eternal welfare of her son. With Hannah's love, and firmness, and resolution, she had “given him to the Lord;” and with Hannah's success she had the happy privilege of seeing the answer to her prayers. But that mother is now no more! The house is lonely. The mother's voice, sweeter to that little son than the melodious notes of the nightingale in the dusky summer's eventide, was heard no more. The whistling wind howled in the tree tops, squeaked in the loosened casement, and roared in the chimney top, while the fire burnt still sprightly on the hearth, and the dull candle-light cast its glimmering rays upon a lonely father and his lonely boy. There was quietude and peace—but joy was absent. A praying, pious mother was gone!

(To be continued.)

why do you like Solomon's Song? Why, say you, because it tells me so much of what I am in Christ, and not of my faults; that is why I like it. And why do you so like the seventeenth of John? Oh, say you, because it describes the work of the Holy Spirit in receiving and abiding by the truth, and does not reap up old grievances, or new ones either. That is it. And why do you like the seventh of the Revelation? Oh, because the people appear in white robes, and palms in their hands, and have come out of great tribulation, and are without fault before the throne, and are represented by what God has done for them, and what God has constituted them; not a word about their faults. And why do you so like the fourteenth of Revelation? Oh, say you, because the same people that are spoken of in the seventh chapter as clothed in white robes, and palms in their hands, and without fault before the throne, are standing on Mount Zion in the fourteenth; not one word about their faults. And why do you like the twenty-first of Revelation so well? Oh, say you, because the Lamb's bride appears there without any one of her faults, not a fault attributed to her; nothing said of her but that which is good; all sorts of good things are said of her; clothed in white on the King's right hand, and the most magnificent city for her to dwell in that ever was known or ever can be known. And so, what are these things for but to inspire us, and keep us from a slavish terror, and to make us serve the Lord our God cheerfully?"

I ran into an omnibus to get home. There was a captain of the navy; one who had sailed over the seas many times; and he commenced a converse with me which helped me over the tedious omnibus journey to this dear "*Old Ford*," where now my lot is cast. Of course my good captain talked something about "*Going Home*!" He was wondering how Bishop Colenso would "*go home*" after his dreadful denial of the inspiration of the blessed books of God's Bible; and this led him to relate the following circumstance to me,—

"I once carried over the seas a gentleman and his lady, and their only daughter. The gentleman was an infidel; the lady a pious believer. The daughter was quite the father's idol; of

his child he was exceedingly fond. One day the girl was seized with *death*. All means failed. She was fast dying. She called her father to her bed-side, and said,

“‘Father, tell me! which am I to believe—you, or my dear mother?’”

“‘Oh! for God’s sake,’ said the father, ‘*believe your mother.*’”

How spontaneously his natural convictions of the being of God overcame his infidel principles when he saw death taking his child into an eternal world. Where the soul of the idolised daughter went I know not, but I would hope the mother’s prayers were heard, and answered, too, by that God whose mercy endureth for ever. Although, *not* like Dale did she sing as she passed away—

“ When the pangs of death assail me,
Weep not for me;
CHRIST is mine; He came to save me;
Weep not for me.
Yes; though sin and doubt endeavour
From His love my soul to sever,
JESUS IS MY STRENGTH FOR EVER;”
Weep not for me.”

Cornelius Elven says,—

“If the message of Jeremiah to Hananiah, ‘This year thou shalt die,’ were authoritatively announced to any one, what consternation it might produce; yet that decree may go forth concerning us. It is manifestly, therefore, the part of true wisdom immediately to regard the revealed injunction, ‘Prepare to meet thy God.’ The present life in itself is truly but a vapour; but as preparatory to an endless existence, who can estimate its value? Mountains of pearls and precious stones, worlds of gold and silver, are not to be put in comparison with it. Here the momentous question is to be decided of eternal happiness or unending woe:

‘Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Yet how insensible!
A point of time, a moment’s space,
Removes me to yon happy place,
Or shuts me up in hell!’

And is it so? Then let the Psalmist's prayer be ours, 'Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me.' To the cross of Jesus may we fly, and find refuge there. Trusting alone in a Saviour's blood and righteousness, realizing the often expressed wish of friendship, and in the higher heavens above begin to enjoy a happy new and endless year."

Some bonnie Scotch poet has given in Messrs. Heaton's *Reporter*, some nice stanzas on Home, of which the following is part—

" I'm far frae my hame, an' I'm weary oftenwhiles
For the langed for hame-bringing, an' my Father's welcome smiles;
I'll ne'er be in content until my een do see
The gowden gates o' heaven, an' my ain countree.

The earth is flecked wi' flowers, mony-tinted, fresh and gay,
The birdies warble blithely, for my Father made them sae;
But these sights an' these soun's will as naething be to me
When I hear the angels singing in my ain countree.

I've his gude word of promise, that some gladsome day the King
To his ain royal palace his banished hame will bring;
Wi' een an' wi' hearts running owre we shall see
The King in his beauty, an' our ain countree.

My sins hae been mony, an' my sorrows hae been sair,
But there they'll never vex me nor be remembered mair;
His bluid hath made me white, his hand shall dry mine ee,
When he brings me hame at last to my ain countree.

As I think upon this "Going Home," questions of immense and of mighty moment crowd in upon me: What is it that does go Home? How can we be prepared for that Home? What is there in that Home? But I have no room here for answers at present. The Lord Himself reveal them to you all, dear readers, and when you reach those ever-spreading scenes of glory, may you there, in adoring thankfulness, meet

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

THE SAINT'S REST.

THERE on that death-bed lies a saint; no gloom is on his brow, no terror on his face; weakly, but placidly, he smiles; he groans, but yet he sings. He sighs now and then, but oftener he shouts. Stand by him. "My brother, what makes thee look in death's face with such joy?" "Jesus," he whispers. What makes thee so placid and calm? "The name of Jesus." See, he forgets everything! Ask him a question; he cannot answer it—he does not understand you. Still he smiles. His wife comes, inquiring, "Do you know my name?" He answers, "No." His dearest friend requests him to remember his intimacy. "I know you not," he says. Whisper in his ear, "Do you know the name of Jesus?" and his eyes flash glory, and his face beams heaven, and his lips speak sonnets, and his heart bursts with eternity; for he hears the name of Jesus, and that name shall endure for ever. He who landed one in heaven, will land me there. Come on, death. I will mention Christ's name, and tell thee to thy face that I fear thee not! O grave! this shall be my glory, the name of Jesus! Hell-dog! this shall be thy death—for the sting of death is extracted by Christ our Lord.—*Spurgeon.*

JOHN HARDIE'S SWEET COMMUNION HYMN.

[How deeply sanctified, and how richly filled with love to CHRIST, that heart must be which can send forth utterances like the following:]

O MY God, Thy face unveiling,
Thou hast turned my night to day;
Jesus, fount of grace, unfailing,
Thou hast wash'd my sins away.
Peace with God is mine for ever;
Lamb, Thy blood was shed for me;
Wrath and condemnation, never
Find the souls who cling to Thee!

Holy Spirit, make me holy,
From all dross my soul refine;
Make me wise, and pure, and lowly,
Make, O, make me wholly Thine!
Come, Thy power and grace revealing,
Teach my heartfelt thanks to flow;
In the depths of thought and feeling,
Deeper love I long to know.

A SINNER'S LAMENT.

BY JANET.

I HAD a Friend, a faithful Friend,
 Whose friendship knew not stint nor end;
 Who pain and want had borne for me,
 Yea, scorn and vilest obloquy.

His mind was lofty, vast, profound;
 While mine was held in narrowest bound;
 His rank was high, my lineage low;
 This made His love no fainter now.

My life was dark with many a stain;
 His, pure as web of snowiest grain:
 Ah, wondrous love! what could it be
 Made that grand soul so yearn o'er me?

Thou deem'st, no doubt, I lov'd Him well;
 Ah me! I blush the truth to tell;
 My soul, too hard for gratitude
 In vain His heart to love Him woo'd.

But oft, when far from haunts of men,
 When gleam'd the moon on mead and glen—
 When all the world seem'd hush'd in sleep,
 I seem'd o'er me to hear Him weep!

Then trials came and friends forsook,
 Mine alter'd state they could not brook;
 Yea, grief seem'd opening all her store,
 I pin'd in sickness, sad, and sore,

Deserted thus, and wrung with pain,
 I long'd for that true Friend again;
 When lo! He stood beside my bed,
 His hand sustain'd my sinking head.

Returning health brought other woes,
 Foul slanders and the plots of foes;
 In all my griefs He bore a share,
 And gave me power the worst to bear.

Thou deem'st, no doubt, that evermore
 I loved Him from my bosom's core;
 Ah, me! the thought brings bitterest pain,
 I've slighted, wrong'd Him oft again.

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Cheering Words.

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THE MISSIONARY AND THE MERCHANT IN ST. PAUL'S CHURCHYARD.

THE following beautiful illustration of the power of God's grace, and of the secret, the special, the sovereign, and the certain way of its working—is no far-fetched doubtful story; it is one of our home-born expressions of infinite mercy. The circumstances occurred in our neighbourhood, in the centre of our city, within the private apartments of that elegant shop opposite the great Cathedral, which is so well known to all the ladies as the Messrs. Hitchcocks' establishment.

How solemn the thought that both the Merchant and his Missionary have now passed into the eternal world! There we hope, before the throne of God and the Lamb, they realize the truth of our poet—

“Jesus doth lead His heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise,
And love Divine doth wipe away
All sorrow from their eyes.”

Messrs. Heaton's first number of *The Baptist Reporter* gives the following,—

“The following anecdote is related of the late Mr. George Hitchcock, the eminent merchant in St. Paul's churchyard. Mr. Hitchcock was, as is well known, engaged in an extensive and profitable business in London, in which he employed many young men at liberal salaries. Having thus a good deal of patronage to bestow, and being otherwise a person of much influence, he

ONE HALFPENNY.

was often interrupted by applications for favours, which sometimes tried his patience, although naturally of a kind and obliging disposition. A zealous missionary who laboured amongst the poor in the district in which Mr. Hitchcock carried on his business, often heard his wealth and influence spoken of; but always with a sad feeling in his own breast as to what would become of the rich man's soul. At last it seemed to him one night as if he heard a voice saying to him, 'Go and read the Bible to Mr. Hitchcock.' Sensible, however, of the difficulties which would stand in the way of obtaining access for such a purpose, he tried to banish the thought. Again he seemed to hear a similar voice speaking to him, and conscience told him that he was neglecting to attend to it, for fear of the cross he might have to bear; so, after much prayer, but with trembling faith, he one day entered Mr. Hitchcock's office, and requested to see him. He had to wait several hours and then retire unsuccessful, on account of Mr. Hitchcock's being much engaged. But next day he returned, when one of the clerks asked what was the nature of his business. He replied unhesitatingly that he wished to read the Bible to Mr. Hitchcock. The clerk fancied he must be out of his mind to come there on such an errand, and laughingly told the other clerks of the foolish object the man had come about. All that day and the next did the anxious missionary wait, expecting the way to be made plain whereby he might attain his object. On the morning of the fourth day, a young clerk felt pity for him, and, having occasion to carry some papers into Mr. Hitchcock's room, he mentioned that a man had been waiting four days to see him. Mr. Hitchcock at that moment was sorely tried by something that had gone wrong, but bid the clerk send the man in.

"Well, what do you want of me?' he asked in rather an impatient tone.

"I wish to read the Bible to you, that your soul may be saved."

"Go away—you must be mad to think of such a thing at a time like this," was the reply.

Still the missionary stood still, and did not seem inclined to

move, upon which Mr. Hitchcock indignantly rose up, and pushed him out of the door. There was a slight declivity, which the poor man did not observe, and he missed his footing and fell into the outer office. Mr. Hitchcock immediately shut his door, whilst the missionary, sadly cast down with the reception, departed amidst the smiles of the young men who had witnessed what had passed. But now it was the Lord's time to take the part of His servant, and cause his heart to rejoice at the very moment that all his hopes seemed to be laid prostrate. Conscience began to work very powerfully with the merchant, and the following thought pressed itself upon him—Here am I continually beset with people asking me for favours, and trying to get all they can from me, and I treat them with civility; whilst toward this poor missionary, who came to bestow on me what he considers the greatest treasure on earth, I have acted with rude and uncalled for violence. Quickly he opened the door of his room, and called out,

“‘Bring that man back.’

One of the clerks ran after the missionary into the street, and bade him return. On again entering the office, Mr. Hitchcock said to him that he was sorry he had so treated him, and asked him what it was he wanted of him.

“‘I wish you to let me read the Bible to you, that your soul may be saved.’

“‘And how much time will satisfy you; will an hour every morning do?’

“‘Oh, yes!’ exclaimed the delighted servant of God.

“And an hour he did appropriate to this purpose, until at length the Holy Spirit applied the blessed Word to the merchant's heart, and led him to find salvation through faith in the blood of Jesus. Here was the light shining as that of a candle, forcing itself on one unwilling to receive it, but blessed to the saving of an immortal soul.

“Mr. Hitchcock died last year, honoured and beloved for his devotedness and usefulness in God's cause.”

"I'M GAEN HAME TO FAITHER."

A TRUE NARRATIVE.

BY THE REV. THOMAS W. MEDHURST, GLASGOW.

COME with me, dear reader, and I will let you see how a Christian can die. Follow me up these dark stairs. Do not be afraid; no one will harm you. Wait! and I will knock at the door. A clean, tidy-looking woman opens it; she grasps our hands, and looks tearfully and expressively towards the bed, by the fireside. We draw near, and gaze upon the serene countenance of a young woman, evidently near death. She grasps our hand, and says in a feeble voice,

"I'm gaen hame to Faither."

"Are you in pain?"

"Yes! but it is only in the body; the mind is at perfect peace."

"Though painful at present,
It will cease before long;
And then, oh! how pleasant,
The conqueror's song."

"Have you any doubts or fears, now?"

"How can I DOUBT? HE WAS WOUNDED FOR ME. How can I FEAR? He was bruised for ME."

"Shall I read and pray with you?"

"Yes, do! Read the fifty-third of Isaiah."

After we had read the chapter, and approached the mercy-seat on her behalf, we said,

"Would you like to get better again?"

"No, no, I want to gae hame. Jesus is with me."

And then she whispered, while our ear was close to her lips,
"Jesus reigns, Jesus reigns."

"Through floods and flames, if Jesus lead,
I'll follow where He goes;
Hinder me not shall be my cry,
Though earth and hell oppose."

"Yes," we said, "you may safely follow where Jesus leads."

She replied, "He'll nae leave me; He'll na' forsake me. I'm gaen hame. I'll soon be in glory."

Again she whispered, "He's my heavenly Faither; I'm gaen hame."

Thus the Christian dies. To him death is but a going home to his heavenly Father. It is but exchanging a beggar's lot for a heavenly mansion.

"Like a bairn to its mither, a wee birdie to its nest,
He would fain be ganging noo unto his Saviour's breast;
For He gathers in His bosom witless, worthless lambs like me,
An' carries them Himsel' to His ain countree.

He's faithfu' that hath promised, He'll surely come again;
He'll keep His tryst* wi' me, at what hour I dinna ken;
But He bids me still to watch, an' ready aye to be,
To gang at any moment to my ain countree.

So I'm watching, aye, an' singing o' my hame as I wait,
For the soun'ing o' His footfa' this side the gowden† gate;
God gie' His grace to ilk‡ ane wha listens noo to me,
That we a' may gang in gladness to our ain countree."

Happy are all they whose trust is in Jehovah, for though

"The bridegroom may forget the bride
Was made his wedded wife yestreen‡;
The monarch may forget the crown
That on his head an hour has been;
The mother may forget the child,
That smiles aae sweetly on her knee;
But HE'LL remember thee, Christian,
And a' that HE has done for thee."

Jesus has promised to each believer, He will never, never leave thee; He will never, never never forsake thee.

"The soul that on Jesus hath lean'd for repose,
I will not, I will not desert to his foes;
That soul, though all hell should endeavour to shake,
I'll never, no never, no never forsake."

* *Tryst*, appointment.
† *Ilk* or *Iika*, each, every.

† *Gowden*, golden.
‡ *Yestreen*, yesterday.

"GOING HOME!"

NO. III.

I SHOULD much like to have transcribed that sweet letter which Mr. James Wells wrote on the death of his daughter, but I thought most of my readers see "*The Earthen Vessel*." That letter is one of the purest effusions of heavenly grace I have ever read. In *The Earthen Vessel* for March, Mr. Samuel Rutter's Memoir of his departed wife is also very precious. Ah, I knew her in Christ for years. A much beloved, and heavenly minded Christian; was Mrs. Rutter. But now before the throne she pours out the holiest offering of praise—and on wings of love and life divine, flies through the vast expanse of unfading glory—drinks in the blissful air of heaven, discovers more and more of the amazing beauties of the GOD-MAN—converses sweetly with all the ransomed assemblies who, in one perpetual worship unite, and sing, Hallelujah to God and to the Lamb. How fast, they have been "GOING HOME" of late! Many thousands from off this little globe have fled away. I cannot record my own visits this month. I have an own dear sister who has been near to death, but I hope, for her husband and children's sake, she will be spared a little longer.

I sometimes think there are many vessels of mercy who really are never fully manifested, until just as they are "GOING HOME!"

Look at this case, I call it—

GRACE AND GLORY AT THE VILLAGE "ANCHOR."

Those "Bible Women" whose records are registered in "The Book and its Mission" often find out some "jewels" almost covered in the mire of the fall; and it seems as though nothing short of the fires of death, nothing short of the pangs and pains of dissolution, nothing short of glimpses of an Eternal World, as seen in the valley of the shadow of death, by some poor souls, can ever bring these "jewels" out into the kingdom of grace: and they are plunged by the terrors of death—if one may so speak—into the waters of tribulation, there they are purged by the power

of a quickening Spirit, and then they are ushered into one or two of the little ante-chambers in the mansion grace has erected, and before us poor finite minds can fully persuade ourselves of their true character they are gone. Ah! and if their dying testimonies are not dreadful delusions they are gone from a little grace here to the ever-flowing rivers of glory hereafter.

Death-bed scenes and sentences often puzzle us; but if ever, like the penitent thief, there is a looking and flying, and crying to the Redeemer, who will dare to doubt their safety?

Look at this case, a publican's wife lost her daughter: hear what the Bible Woman says,

"Mrs. Powell" (the mistress at the Anchor) never forgot the dying scenes of her departed child. I must think the Lord pierced her soul savingly by it. Read it for yourself, think over it.

The Bible Woman, says Mrs. Powell, never forgot this season of affliction. During the week between her daughter's death and funeral she shut up her public-house entirely, and saw the Bible-woman constantly, always begging her to read and pray with her, and has since invited her to early breakfast, zealous for her honour to be seen entering her house at other times.

A few weeks ago, she was seized with violent bleeding. She was in danger for several days. The consequent quiet retirement to her own room has confirmed the good work begun.

Mrs. M—— called again on Mrs. Powell, of the 'Anchor,' another one of whom one can truly say, 'That by the grace of God the lion is turned into the lamb.' She told Mrs. M—— she was worse thought about by the doctor, but that she was not afraid to die now she had found 'her Polly's Saviour,' and her trust was in Him. If it pleased the Lord to raise her up, she would by God's help, live to glorify Him. This was all said in her short way, but O, what a change from the rough and abusive, although sober woman of former times; so quiet now, and as willing to be taught as a little child—thirsting for the Word and prayer. She said she was lost in amazement at the love of Christ for sinners, and for her in particular.

The Bible-woman said she went home so *overwhelmed* after seeing this woman, at the wonderful work of God in her soul, that

she could only be alone with her God. She told me of it the next day with trembling lips and tearful eyes, adding, 'It is all of the Lord,' and to be allowed to be his poor instrument in such a blessed work fills me with joy, and yet with trembling. To Him be all the glory."

'I called,' again says the Superintendent, 'on Mrs. Powell, having heard that she was very weak, and suffering. I found her down-stairs in the parlour; weak indeed in body, but strong in faith, and rejoicing in her Saviour. Her dear Polly's last words have borne fruit. She had seemed almost to forget every one else in her clinging to her mother and her longing after her soul in that awful hour. Now we have the joy of seeing those prayers answered. Mrs. M—— often said the poor young creature seemed to her a Rahab, by whom her household might be saved.

"It was by the bedside of the dying that Mrs. M—— won the poor mother's heart, ready to love any that her child had loved, and often during the sad week of death in the house they knelt together by that coffin in prayer, and ever since the work of grace in the mother's heart has been real, deep, and rapid in its growth.

"Never having associated with religious people, she has none of the set phrases one so commonly hears; there is a freshness and a reality about her that is most striking; so much humility and charity towards others, ever remembering what she was herself until so lately. Such unfeigned love to her Saviour—such full, simple trust; it is delightful to visit her; and one goes as a learner, not as a teacher.

"She has always had some fresh Scripture truth revealed to her, filling her with joy and wonder. In seeing her one seems to realize the Scripture term of the '*transforming grace*' of God as fully explained. Her whole person is so changed, her expression and manner so soft and refined. I remember her coming to us to threaten us with the law because we had forbidden our out-door servants to go to her public-house, and she considered it as a defamation of her character, and now to see this violent woman so completely altered, that had I not seen it, I should have considered it impossible. One feels in the very presence of the Lord, and can but exclaim with Isaiah, 'This also cometh from the Lord of

Hosts, which is wonderful in counsel and excellent in working.' These are the 'living epistles' to any who doubt His power.

"And none feels more deeply than Mrs. Powell herself that it is all of the Lord. She was telling me how that formerly she had always shrunk from religion as a gloomy thing, bringing death near to her. That sometimes on Sunday she had done such a thing as read a chapter in the Bible, but it had been quite a task, and she saw no beauty in it, just read the words, and forgot them. Now every page is lit up; as she simply added, there are many things I cannot understand, for I am not learned, but it does not trouble me; I just pass on to what I can understand, and 'Oh, what precious words! I sit and wonder that I could have been so blind to their light and comfort. When I am sitting quiet and alone, God teaches me, and brings suddenly to my mind some of his words with such power, I feel as if I can hardly bear myself for joy.'

The other day, she added, "These words, 'It is finished, and He gave up the ghost,' came full upon me, and all the day sounded in my ears; and the more I think of them, the more I find in them. That Christ on the cross! looking forward and backward on all times—knowing all things—that He could say of his work and man's salvation, 'It is finished!'—nothing more to be done—a finished salvation. Oh how safe, how precious, and this for me."

Another time it was, "This morning I awoke with these words in my ears, 'Look unto Me and be ye saved, all the ends of the earth.' What wonderful words—what fulness in Christ—not only willing but able to save all. His eye searching over all the earth, countries not known to us, and then to stretch out His hand to all with a free offer of pardon, and with power too to save. Oh, the fulness of Christ! and He will have some from all parts of the earth too; and to think that He should have saved me—even me." Often she is nearly choked with emotion, and can hardly find utterance to her joy, especially when she talks of the wonders of his love to her.

"And you love Him too," I said, "with all your heart and soul." She leaned back in her chair, and closed her eyes, the tears trickling down her cheeks, and whispered, "Ah! yes, He knows—He knows." A little after she said, "I long to be with

Him; I have no fear of death; still, especially on Sundays, I sometimes wish to get better, it was so pleasant going to hear his Word preached. Is this wrong?" I assured her it was not. We all have a shrinking from pain or death; it is the result of sin resting upon us, and while we must suffer it without a murmur, it is only natural to wish to escape from it. I told her that as the new life, the resurrection power had begun in her soul, so she would feel a longing for it to work in her body as well—that David had the same longing when he said, "I shall be satisfied when I awake in thy likeness;" and I added, that soon He would come again, and then all His people in glorious assembly, perfect in Him, both in soul and body, would worship Him without ceasing for evermore.

She perpetually dwells on the Lord's wonderful love in having called her at the eleventh hour. One cannot see and hear her without remembering the words, "To whom much is forgiven, the same loveth much." As she has, on principle, discontinued all stimulants, often such a sudden sinking comes on that death seems indeed near at hand, and even then it is nearly impossible to make her swallow a drop of brandy or wine, though ordered by the doctor.

The Lord watched over her when she had not power to watch over herself. She was suffering greatly and longing to go. Once she called out "Oh, I hear the sound of his chariot wheels, but they are so slow in coming." The next moment it was, "Pray for me that I may be patient and wait on the Lord."

January 29th.—At half-past two, she gently breathed her last.

The last time I saw her, she clasped her hands, and said, "Oh, Lord, give me great patience." She had then a rattling sound in her throat, as if she was breathing through water. We spoke about Jesus, the tender Shepherd, waiting by her side, to carry her through the valley of the shadow of death, and that no evil could come near her—not even the fear of evil; that now, in her last weakness and extremity, His word was pledged to keep her feet—to be with her as she passed through deep waters, and that all she had to do was to trust in her God, and so, that no good thing would fail her. Her feet were in truth on the rock, but the

noise of the waters below frightened her. She was remarkably clear in her mind, and I left her calm and happy. The kind neighbour said she remained so all the night, with no inclination to sleep, full of conversation, and all her thoughts and words were of Christ and heaven. Once or twice she asked, "If I close my eyes will you feel frightened?" "Oh no," was the answer, "there is nothing to fear." "Then," said Mrs. P—— "when you see me close my eyes, kneel down there and pray, aloud if you can, if not in your heart." At twenty minutes after two, she clasped her hands on her breast, and fixed her eyes. Mrs. N—— saw a change was coming, and hastily called up her son from the adjoining room. He only just came in in time to see his mother breathe her last, without a sigh. With her hands still clasped she died. "So He giveth His beloved sleep."

MR. SPURGEON'S GRANDSIRE.

My attention has been specially directed to, No. 554, M. T. P. in which C. H. S. in most tender terms refers to the death of his venerated grandsire.

The following extract presents a happy and holy scene of one who, after a long life of devotedness to God, left the cottage of clay for the mansion of glory, and for visions of God. Oh, to be a Christian indeed, is nothing short of the mighty and most merciful work of God. Should C. H. S. live as long as his departed grandsire—should tribulation ever cross his path,—should deeper waters ever enter his soul, we believe he would not then say some things he has said; but his review of the old man, upon whose knees, when a child, this popular preacher was affectionately dandled, are excellent, though brief. He said:—

"I have photographed upon my heart just now, the portrait of one very, very dear to me, and I think I may venture to produce a rough sketch of him, as no mean example of how honourable it is to endure to the end. This man began while yet a youth to preach the Word. Sprung of ancestors who had loved the Lord and served his church, he felt the glow of holy enthusiasm. Having proved his capabilities, he entered college

and after the close of its course settled in a spot where for more than fifty years he continued his labours. In his early days, his sober earnestness and sound doctrine were owned of God in many conversions both at home and abroad. Assailed by slander and abuse, it was his privilege to live it all down. He outlived his enemies, and though he had buried a generation of his friends, yet he found many warm hearts clustering round him to the last. Visiting his flock, preaching in his own pulpit, and making very many journeys to other churches, years followed one another so rapidly, that he found himself the head of a large tribe of children and grandchildren, most of them walking in the truth. At the age of fourscore years, he preached on still, until laden with infirmities, but yet as joyful and as cheerful as in the heyday of his youth, his time had come to die. He was able to say truthfully, when last he spake to me, "I do not know that my testimony for God has ever altered, as to the fundamental doctrines; I have grown in experience, but from the first day until now, I have had no new doctrine to teach my hearers. I have had to make no confessions of error on vital points, but have been held fast to the doctrines of grace, and can now say that I love them better than ever." Such an one was he, as Paul, the aged, longing to preach so long as his tottering knees could bear him to the pulpit. I am thankful that I had such a grandsire. He fell asleep in Christ but a few hours ago, and on his dying-bed talked as cheerfully as men can do in the full vigour of their health. Most sweetly he talked of the preciousness of Christ, and chiefly of the security of the believer; the faithfulness of God, and the infallibility of the Divine decree. Among other things which he said at the last was this, which is, we think, worth your treasuring in your memories. "Dr Watts sings—

'Firm as the earth thy gospel stands,
My Lord, my hope, my trust.'

What, Doctor, is it not firmer than that? Could you not find a better comparison? Why, the earth will give way beneath our feet one day or another, if we rest on it. The comparison will

not do. The Doctor was much nearer the mark, when he said—

‘ Firm as his throne his promise stands,
And he can well secure
What I’ve committed to his hands
‘Till the decisive hour.”

‘ Firm as his throne,’ said he, ‘ he must cease to be King before he can break his promise, or lose his people. Divine sovereignty makes us all secure.’ He fell asleep right quietly, for his day was over, and the night was come; what could he do better than go to rest in Jesus?

ELLEN'S PRAYER ON A DEVONSHIRE HILL.

THE readers of CHEERING WORDS, may perhaps be stirred up to persevering, believing prayer, by considering the following brief account of the success of a young Christian in her attempts to “hold forth the word of life,” and cause her “light to shine before men.” A few months ago it pleased the Lord by His grace, to bring Ellen to Calvary’s Cross, with her heavy burden of sin, and to go on her way lightened of her load, rejoicing in a full and finished salvation, and like the Apostle of the Gentiles, to exclaim, “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?” She has been accustomed to pray in the cottages, and her prayers have been fervent, simple, and childlike. Indeed, she has often reminded us of the words of Holy Scripture, “I will pray with the Spirit, and I will pray with the understanding also.”

Many are the hearts she has comforted; many have been the burdened ones she has brought before the Lord; many have been the tears she has helped to wipe away, and before ignorant ones has she prayerfully read the Word of God; and He, who has promised to be with His people even unto the end, and to honour those who honour Him, has signally blessed the efforts of this young Christian, and stamped them with His approval. The Lord has made her the means of the conversion of some souls. Many have wept whilst listening to her simple prayers, and some, who

have through her means appeared for the first time in a place of worship, have been convinced of all, and judged of all, confessing that God has been with His people of a truth.

But whilst so blessed amongst her acquaintances, she has felt as many young Christians feel, a strange hindrance to speaking before those who are closely related to her by the ties of flesh and blood; but the Lord who has promised to answer all our petitions, has cleared the way, and given her an opportunity of speaking of the love of Jesus, as out of the fulness of her heart, to her unconverted relations. How many tears she has shed in the assembled congregation, whilst she has earnestly prayed for the conversion of those who are linked to her by the ties of nature; and now her desires are about to be realized. Her aged grandmother sickened, and died; and whilst her mortal remains were lying in an adjoining room, Ellen entered the house, and seeing her parents, her cousins, and a young man, the husband of one of her cousins, weeping noiselessly as though they would be silent in the place of death, she felt constrained to open her lips for the Lord, and after reasoning with them for a time, the Spirit of God so worked within her, that she requested them all to kneel down, that she might pour out her heart in prayer for them. They all instantly complied with her request; the men—her father and cousin, who never attended a place of worship, and the women also; and then, for the first time they found this dear girl, who a few months before was “standing in the way of sinners,” or, “sitting down in the seat of the scornful,” bringing each their cases before Him who has promised that before His people call He will answer, and whilst they are yet speaking He will hear. She felt such nearness of access to the throne of grace, and her faith so increased, that she was sure her Heavenly Father had filled her with the spirit of prayer, because He had blessings in store for those on whose account she was besieging the throne of grace; therefore she was not surprised to find them all sobbing aloud, and confessing that it was an evil and a bitter thing to sin against God. She waited with them to help dry their tears, to point them to the cross, to tell them of Him who invites the weary and heavy-laden to leave their burdens there, for He has

Himself borne their sins in His own body on the tree, and that "all was done long, long ago," when he said, "It is finished," as He bowed His head, and gave up the ghost; therefore they had nothing to do, only to believe. This free message of salvation was too good for them to accept, and it is always the great hindrance we all find in our way, when seeking to strip the sinner of his clothing of self-righteousness, or anything he may seek to wrap around him, and to bring him just as he is, into God's presence, where alone he can say, "I loathe and abhor myself, and repent as in dust and ashes." I have great hope in the mercy of God as it regards the five weeping penitents. One of the number was seen in the yard behind his house, praying earnestly to the Lord. He who never prayed before, who was a stumbling block to his wife, and Gallio-like "cared for none of these things," the tears were streaming down his cheeks, as his lips were seen to move, but his voice was not heard; yet there is One who seeth in secret, and heareth in secret also, and surely He will reward him openly, as He did His beloved servant, of whom it was said, "Behold, he prayeth."

Torrington.

C. J.

WHATEVER of mental anguish Christians may endure at the time of their conversion, in view of their guilt and their just exposure to the damnation of hell; or, whatever sufferings, intense and continued, may have crowded in upon them during their pilgrimage, they partake not, in the slightest degree, of the nature of atonement—they contribute nothing towards the blotting out of their sins, or of satisfying the demands of justice. They neither add to the atonement made by Christ, nor in any possible way enter into such fellowship with his atoning agonies as to constitute any part of them. He trod the winepress of the wrath of God alone. This work was finished in Him and by Him. He, and He alone, was the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world.—*Dr. Patton.*

WHERE IS HEAVEN?

BY THE REV. WILLIAM LEASK, D.D., WARE, HERTS.

IS it a dream, to be dispelled at last,
 That, when the toils of human life are past,
 And all the arrows of the foe are spent,
 A glorious world receives the raptured saint?
 Oh, dream delicious! Oh, illusion grand!
 That pictures visions of the Flowery Land,
 And wafts the fragrance of its fields of bliss
 Across the deserts of a world like this!
 Ecstatic dream, that gives to mortal eyes
 A passing glimpse of its refulgent skies,
 And rolls across unnumbered globes of fire,
 The glorious music of its thundering choir!
 Transporting dream, that lifts the soul above,
 To wondrous regions of eternal love!
 Oh, dream divine! thou art the voice of God;
 By thee allured, I seek his grand abode!
 But where, O dream—thou hast not told me where—
 Lies this bright land of rest from sin and care?
 Where is the sphere celestial, on whose shores
 No thunder peals, no surging tempest roars?
 Where the resplendent firmament that hears
 No sigh of woe, no sound of falling tears?
 Where may the pilgrim's drooping eye behold
 The crystal river, with its sands of gold?
 The living waters, on whose banks of green
 The tree of life with mellow fruit is seen?
 The gates of pearl, the throne of dazzling light,
 And the immortal priesthood robed in white?
 Where the abode of angels, and the place
 Where ransomed men behold their Saviour's face?
 Where, in the vast immensity, untrod
 By mortal thought, resides the Incarnate God?
 To questions such as these, the answer given
 Is clearly this—To BE WITH CHRIST IS HEAVEN.

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Cheering Words.

VOL. XIV.

APRIL, 1864.

NO. 150.

A SINNER UNDER THE SENTENCE OF DEATH SET FREE BY THE GOSPEL.

ONE Sunday, while I was out publishing the glad tidings to groups of men, two women called at my house, and left a request with my wife, that I would go and see a woman who was given up to despair. They stated at the time, that she roamed about the house in a distracted state, crying, "I am lost! I am damned! The devil has me captive at his will." Acting upon the information I received, after holding an outdoor meeting, I set off to see this strange woman. When I arrived at the house I found the women had not exaggerated the case. The poor woman was up stairs, moaning piteously. Hearing me in the house, she came down. As she came nearer, her low, plaintive wail of, "I am lost," produced a very solemn impression upon my mind. When she saw me she said, "Oh, I am so glad you have come."

"Well, my dear woman, why have you sent for me?" "Oh dear! Oh dear! I am a lost woman. I am damned. The devil has me now." Seeing the poor creature in such a condition, I felt bewildered. "Who is sufficient for these things?" came to my mind.

Then the remembrance that our sufficiency is of God, caused me to stammer out, "Indeed, I am very glad to hear it."

The poor woman was quite shocked, and completely overcome with astonishment. At length she said, "Well! That's a settler. There were some folks here this last week, who gave me more to do than I could. They left me worse in my mind than they found

ONE HALFPENNY.

me. But this is worse than all. You are very glad to see me in this state, are you?" "I am very glad, whenever I hear a poor sinner like myself coming to a just sense of her true character before God. For you to say you are lost is quite right, God's word says so. But you can't find it in the Bible that there is no mercy for you. It states on the contrary that there is. The Son of man came to seek and to save that which was lost! Would you allow me to ask you what it is that has caused you all this trouble?" "It's because I know and feel myself a sinner—a great sinner—a lost sinner." "But is it some sin you have committed against man or God?" I thought on asking this question I saw her countenance change. She was evidently labouring under deep mental anxiety. She replied, "Eh, mester? It's because I have sinned against God all my life long, and He knows all about it." "David, the man after God's own heart, was like you, for he says, 'If Thou, Lord, shouldst mark iniquity, O Lord, who shall stand?' And again, 'Against Thee, Thee only have I sinned.' He felt, like you, that, left to himself, he could not stand before God.

"You have broken God's law; but Jesus obeyed it. You deserve its awful penalty: but Christ endured it. You have, like David, gone astray like a sheep that was lost; but God laid on Jesus all your iniquities. Now, if you could see yourself anything else but a lost and ruined sinner, you would not know your need of Jesus, the only Saviour; and you would be in ten times greater danger of eternal ruin, than you suppose you are now in."

At this part of our conversation I pointed out to her the nature and design of Christ's perfect obedience and sacrifice, and showed her from the Psalms that David's only hope and confidence was in this. He prayed, "Lead me, O Lord, in Thy righteousness." Psalm v., 8. "Deliver me in Thy righteousness." Psalm xxxi., 1. "Judge me O Lord, my God, according to Thy righteousness." Psalm xxxv., 24. "Quicken me in Thy righteousness." Psalm cix., 40. "Answer me in Thy righteousness." Psalm cxliii., 1. I said to her, "You see throughout this last Psalm which I have quoted, David is in great trouble, but where is his hope? Look at the 11th verse, 'For Thy righteousness' sake, bring my soul out of trouble,' He says in an-

other Psalm, the 89th, 'In Thy righteousness shall they be exalted.' I then went on to show her from the epistle to the Romans, that God received and accepted the believing sinner as righteous in the righteousness of Jesus. Rom. iii., 22.; v. 9. She listened in breathless suspense and anxiety, and when I had finished, said, "Well that's something better; but I wish I was all right." "Jesus says, 'Blessed are they that mourn: for they shall be comforted.'" "Blessed—Comforted! What with?" "With the blessed assurance of His own word, which says, 'Come unto Me all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.' Blessed and comforted with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ." "What are these blessings?" "Forgiveness of all sin. Justification from all things that the law has against us. Adoption into God's family. Enjoyment of God's presence, and the blessed foretaste of eternal and unchanging happiness." "Can a poor sinner like me enjoy such things as these?" "Yes. No one else but sinners do enjoy them."

"Raise thy downcast eyes and see
Numbers do His throne surround;
These were sinners once like thee,
But have full salvation found."

"Salvation, because Jesus, his own self, bore their sins in His own body on the tree, that they being dead to sins, should live unto righteousness, by whose stripes they were healed." 1 Peter ii. 24. "But how is it that His stripes can heal me?" she enquired. "How is it that one man can pay another's debts?" "And is it in that way he does it?" "It is, my poor woman. As the friend of sinners Jesus stood in their room and stead, and paid their debts; that is to say, suffered the penalty of God's righteous law, obeyed its precepts for them; thus arching over the great gulf sin had made. It is here God and the believing sinner meet as friends; man standing in the sight of God as though he had never sinned." "What man?" she asked. I answered, "That man, or woman, who, mourning over sins committed against God, hears in such truths as these I have stated to you, the voice of Jesus calling in His love, 'I am the way; * * * no man cometh unto the Father but by me.' 'He that believeth in me though he were

dead, yet shall he live." "Well, now, that is comforting, I wish I could see and hear it gladly." After some little conversation I left. According to promise, I called the Thursday following; she gave me a hearty welcome, and was apparently more composed than she was when I left her on Sunday. I read for her the 130th Psalm. After conversing with her some time, she said, "I cannot think that God will forgive me, I am too great a sinner." "What is it that causes you to think you are too great a sinner?" "Why, mester, to tell you the truth, one day when something happened i'th house that I did'nt like, I cursed God for letting it be so; and I feel sure He will never have mercy on such a guilty wretch: He never did yet." "Hold! hold! a little. You are sadly mistaken. Don't you remember the apostle Paul? He says here, 1 Timothy i. 12., 'Jesus Christ our Lord—putting me into the ministry; who was before a blasphemer, and a persecutor, and injurious, but I obtained mercy.'" "Aye for sure, he says he was as bad as me in that respect; but there never was a greater sinner lived in this world than me." "Well, well," said I, smiling, "Paul and you might be brother and sister, for see what he says in stating the blessed truths of pardoning mercy, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of acceptance, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners; of whom I am chief.' Paul thought himself the greatest of sinners; but Jesus he found to be an all-sufficient Saviour, and for the encouragement of such as you, he says, 'Howbeit for this cause I obtained mercy, that in me first Jesus Christ might show forth all long suffering, for a pattern to them that should hereafter believe on him to life everlasting.' Now then, what poor sinner with Paul's case before them can question the love and power of Jesus to save them?" "No, my word," said she, "there is no mistake about it, I see there is no occasion for me to doubt any longer. He says himself he is able and willing to save me; and, oh! how I feel my soul drawn to such a Saviour." "May you ever feel yourself drawn to him. He is a complete and perfect Saviour. He loves sinners, saves them, keeps them, and does them eternal good." "Eh dear, I wish I could do nothing else but love and serve him. It is a great comfort to hear of what he has done for poor sinners

like me." "And, hearing of what he has done for sinners, you can trust the salvation of your never dying soul into his hands; can you?" "Aye. He is able to save, that's his work, and as you have shown me from his word he finished his work, God is satisfied with him; and why shouldn't I? He knows I am satisfied."

We knelt at the throne of grace, to ask God's blessing on our conversation. From that time to the present she has retained her integrity. The blessed Gospel is her meat and drink. I know of no person who has a clearer apprehension of Gospel truths; and no one who carries the Gospel into daily practice more. Her husband is partner of her joy; and, though poor, they esteem the reproach of Christ greater riches than the treasures of this world.

The only copy of the volume of the Sacred Law they possessed was in pieces. I gave them a small reference Bible, which has been well used; and since then, I am very glad to acknowledge, a gentleman gave me a large sized reference Bible for them. This has been in daily use ever since. It has been searched and pondered over in sorrow and in joy. In the sunshine of spiritual prosperity it has refreshed and delighted their souls; and, in the deep gloom of temporal adversity, has quickened their spirits and confirmed their hope.

A few months ago, a lady in the neighbourhood, who takes an interest in such cases, told me she called one day to see them. Upon entering the house, she was pleased to see the husband and wife reading their daily portion from the good old Book. She sat and conversed with them about the things concerning the kingdom and left satisfied that these people, though poor in this world's estimation, are heirs of a kingdom which cannot be moved.—"Whatsoever things were written aforetime, were written for our learning; that we, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures might have hope."—Rom. xv., 14.

Christ came the first time in the guise of humanity; He is to come the second time in brightness, as a light to the godly, a terror to the wicked. He came the first time in weakness; He is to come the second time in might. The first time in our littleness; the second time in His own majesty.

PRECIOUS DEATH-BED EXPERIENCES.

BY THE REV. T. W. MEDHURST, OF GLASGOW.

Author of "Rays of Light in the Dark Valley," "Astounding Grace," &c.

I.—"CHRIST STRONGER THAN THE DEVIL."

THE late General Sir Ralph Abercrombie was a British general, descended from an ancient family in Scotland. On March 21st, 1801, he was wounded in a memorable battle fought near Alexandria, in which the victory was gained by the British. He lingered from the 21st till the 28th, of the month, when he expired. A monument to his memory stands in the cathedral of St. Paul's, London.

Sir Ralph Abercrombie had a maiden aunt, Miss Margaret Abercrombie. She was from her earliest days the subject of sickness. She very seldom, however, complained; but often seemed desirous to conceal from her friends the knowledge of her bodily suffering. About three months before her death, she appeared heavy and gloomy which occasioned her mother to ask,

"What do you think of yourself?"

She replied, "What should I think of myself, seeing I have lost my stomach, and am every day getting weaker and weaker?"

On being asked if she was afraid to die, she said, "O yes: for I think I cannot get faith in the Lord Jesus, nor love to him, nor a heart to mourn for sin."

She was asked, "Are you not willing to come to Christ, and would you not fain have him for your all?"

She replied amid sobbing and sighing, "O ay, ay."

"Well then, Peggie," said her mother, "that's really a degree of faith."

The mother again asked, "Is it your earnest wish to love Him? and do you hate every sin? and do you sorrow because you do not mourn for sin as you would?"

"Yes," she replied.

"Well, Peggie," said her mother, "these are good marks."

Soon after this, the parish minister, a Mr. Logan, came to see

her; but he seemed not to understand his work. He spoke harshly instead of comfortingly. The result of this interview caused her for a time to despond. She said, "Alas! I am tempted to conclude God has given me over to a reprobate mind, and to an evil heart of unbelief: for though I have been crying to God for faith in Christ, and love to, and esteem of Him, and looking to Him for them, and longing for them, I cannot get them; no, I think my heart is still growing harder and harder."

A great horror of death, judgment, and eternity, now seized upon her, weighing her downward.

Some days after the visit of the parish minister, the good minister of Dollar, a village ten miles from Stirling, called to see her. Mr. Gray proved himself to be a skilful workman, needing not to be ashamed. He was able to "comfort the feeble-minded." He explained to her the nature of faith, love, and repentance, and pointed out some of the lowest marks of these graces to her, "bringing them down," as she said, "until they came home so close to my case, that I could not deny, but I had them." After this much of her horror of mind passed away, and she became tolerably easy.

She experienced, about this time, great refreshment of soul, and received much encouragement, under a sermon preached by Mr. Adam, who was chaplain to the family. The text was, "Fear thou not; for I am with thee: be not dismayed; for I am thy God: I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness." (Isaiah xli. 10.) The following day, all who were with her observed the great change. Her mind was now settled. Her very countenance was altered. Her language was changed: for her mouth was sweetly filled with commendations of Christ, and of free grace. After this she often asked her mother to read to her those passages of Scripture which spoke most fully in commendation of Jesus. She also delighted in perusing "Shepherd's Sincere Convert," "Flavel on the Fountain of Life," and "Webster's Sermons." We now come to the death-bed experience of this dear afflicted saint. On the Tuesday before her ransomed spirit took its flight from this world to that which is far better, her heart seemed

be enlarged to unite joyously with her tongue, in blessing God, commending his great love, and extolling his free sovereign grace as manifested to her own soul. "Oh!" she burst forth, "He has opened my heart to receive the Saviour, that before was shut, and He has passed by many others much better than I, and He has shewed mercy to poor worthless me. Oh! what was I, a dog,—as He said to the Canaanitish woman,—that glorious Christ should have caused me to believe, after I had so long slighted and rejected Him, and hardened my heart against Him: yet He still waited to be gracious, and His grace pursued me, until at last it conquered me, melted my heart, and subdued Satan, which I was never able to do. Oh! stronger is He that is WITH me, and FOR me, than he that is against me. I FOUND CHRIST STRONGER THAN THE DEVIL. Oh! the love of God in sending His only begotten Son into the world to bear the wrath of God for me, that I could never have borne. Oh! to Him that has loved me, and washed ME from MY sins in His own blood, be praise, glory, and dominion, for ever and ever. Amen."

(To be continued.)

No honour in this world equals that of our relation to Christ—not the riches of creation can outweigh the graces of Christ. No learning is like the knowledge of Christ. No men equal the servants of Christ. Every word He uttered was an oracle; every work a miracle; every agony atoning; every tear an expiation. His life was the perfect pattern; his death the long-predicted and all-sufficient sacrifice for sin. His resurrection was radiant with majesty, and his ascension full of glory. His intercession is all-prevailing, and his second advent in the clouds of heaven will be with power and great glory. We are poor indeed, but He is rich, and his riches are unsearchable. We are dead in trespasses and sins, but He is the Life and our life. We are lost, but He saves to the uttermost. His Name is exalted above every name in heaven and earth. May it lie deepest in our hearts, and shine clearest in our lives!—*Dr. Cumming.*

REGENERATION AND FAITH.

REGENERATION is not faith, nor is faith regeneration, any more than the tree, which in no way can be termed the fruit, or the fruit the tree. Regeneration there may be where faith and other graces are not as yet developed, but faith, living faith, abiding faith, faith that works by love, faith through which we are saved, the faith of God's elect there cannot be before regeneration. Antecedent to faith is regeneration, but prior to regeneration there is no such a thing, nor will there ever be such a thing as "Saving faith." Regeneration and faith are not synonymous terms, though the teaching of our day may go a great way to make them so: they differ as much in their nature as the life in the child differs from the "confidence reposed in the parents" by that child in after years. Between regeneration and the seed planted in the earth which springs up and grows to a mighty tree bearing fruit, &c., there is a beautiful analogy. Regeneration is that blessed change inwrought in the soul by the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. This is that incorruptible seed which liveth and abideth for ever, which springs up and grows mightily in the soul, bearing precious fruit, viz.,—love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, &c. Faith is a fruit of regeneration, but regeneration never was, never will be, nor ever can be a fruit of faith. The regenerate soul is strikingly portrayed in the new-born babe, and in the development of his powers. Before the child can cry, hear, see, hunger, thirst, walk, or rest in his father's love, the child must be born. Just so with the unregenerate soul. Men talk of faith as though no change preceded it. But I ask, who ever heard of such a thing as a soul crying out in real earnest, "What must I do to be saved?" before the change corresponding to the birth of the infant had transpired? Who ever heard of such a thing as a soul being charmed by the sweet music of a Saviour's name, or having seen a beauty in Christ to desire Him, before the "New Birth" had taken place? Who ever heard of such a thing, as a soul hungering and thirsting after Christ; the bread and water of life,

or by living faith resting all her hopes upon Him as the rock of her salvation, as the only way of escape from the wrath to come, or delighting in Him as the chiefest among ten thousand, before regeneration? To tell a poor sinner it is his duty to believe in Christ to the salvation of his soul is virtually to ignore the work of the blessed Spirit in salvation matters altogether, which in plain English, is to tell him he has power to exercise saving faith in Christ independent of any agency external to himself, that is if our lexicographers have given us the true meaning of the word "duty." But what saith the scriptures, "By grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves, it is the gift of God." Eph. ii. 8. And again, "No man can come unto me except it were given unto him of my Father." John vi. 65. "It is written in the prophets, And they shall be all taught of God. Every man, therefore, that hath heard, and hath learned of the Father, cometh unto me." John vi. 45. When will men cease to teach that which is in no way calculated to convert, but rather delude, and make more secure those very fetters wherewith the poor soul is already bound? Well, reader, how is it with you? For we must come home to ourselves after all. These truths concern you and me as much as others. Are we the subjects of the "new birth?" Have we experienced that supernatural change within which alone is the province of the blessed Spirit to perform? If so, our position is truly enviable; surely we may rejoice, yea, rejoice we may with "joy unspeakable and full of glory." Methinks we need not be in doubt long. A few questions rightly put, and truthfully answered, may be of service in placing our feet on something like truthful ground in this matter. Let us never forget the fact, that regeneration is a prerequisite to all the graces of the Spirit; at the same time, we may be assured that where the graces of the Spirit are found, they are so many proofs of regeneration. Is it a truth that you and I have so heard of Christ that our souls have been delighted, and raised as it were to heights of inexpressible joy, at the mention of His name; or in hearing some God-sent man of truth unfold some of those sweet attractions which centre in Him? If so, no doubt the work is begun; and the work begun He has promised to carry on. Has

the veil which was once upon our eyes been removed; and have we seen Christ to the joy and satisfaction of our souls? Have we seen Him as the end of the "Law for Righteousness" to us? Have his wounds proved to us so many channels through which the healing balm has reached our diseased souls, so many channels through which that peace which passeth all understanding has found its way into our hearts? This being the case, we may rejoice in hope of the glory which is to be revealed in us, for this is the experience of no soul dead in trespasses and sins. May I ask one other question?—Is Christ precious to you? Can you say with the whole heart—

"Yes, thou art precious to my soul,
My transport and my trust?"

If so, this is one of the best proofs you can have of "living faith." Hear what the Apostle Peter says, "Unto you therefore which believe He is precious." 1 Peter ii. 7.

This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings,
In the sweet realms of bliss.
Before we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away,
To see our smiling God.

Weston.

S. C. FINE.

THE OLD SHEPHERD, AND OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

THE Christian, to be consistent with his sublime profession, must surrender not merely self-righteousness, but self-will, self-wishes, self-guidance, self-everything. He is in the unerring hands of the Lord who redeemed him, who keeps him, who loves him, who guides him continually, and who will surely bring him to glory. He may meet with difficulties, crosses, losses, bereavements. It is not in the covenant that he shall not; but it is in

the covenant that he shall be supported under them all, that they shall all be sanctified to him, and that all things shall work together for his good. What more would he? "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God; believe also in Me." So speaks the Consolation of Israel, the Shepherd and Bishop of souls. The Christian man belongs to Him, and greatly dishonours his compassionate Lord when he attempts to take into his own hand the administration of Providence, and when he frets, or murmurs, or sighs and groans, when he cannot get things arranged and adjusted exactly to his own will. But entire self-surrender, whilst it is a duty, is a privilege of unutterable worth, and it brings with it unutterable peace. To leave everything to the Lord when we make our requests known to Him, is the way to secure composure of soul. He may, or He may not, grant our specific petitions; but, either way, He will most certainly do what is best for us. He would have us without carefulness; and the way to realize His will in this matter is to cast all our care on Him. It is, no doubt, true that the crucifixion of self-will is painful; but, oh, what pleasure it brings, what quietness, what cheerful confidence in the Lord! It is reported of a gentleman, travelling on a misty morning, that he asked a shepherd what kind of weather it would be. "It will be," said the shepherd, "what weather pleases me." Being requested to explain, he replied, "Sir, it shall be what weather pleaseth God; and what weather pleaseth God pleaseth me." This well-known anecdote illustrates the principle of self-surrender, or entire trust in God. Was not that humble shepherd contented and happy? "Seeing," says Thomas Adams, "we have a Father so loving, and able to provide for us, let us banish all immoderate care. In a family, the father provides for all; he that doth not is worse than an infidel. The Church is God's family; His providence sustains it: if thou be one of the house, put thy trust in the Father. If we see a young man busily purveying for himself—building, purchasing, proling, raking wealth together, we say, 'Sure his father is dead.' If our care be set night and day on the things of this life—losing our repasts, breaking our sleeps, wearing out our bodies with labours, tearing our souls with distractions—it argues that either God hath

cast us off, or we take Him for no Father of ours. Indeed, if our Father were poor, we might look to ourselves; but seeing His riches know no measure, His love no end, it is enough for us to be sure of our adoption—let Him alone with our portion. If a temporal father give no legacy to one child among the rest, yet he will recover a child's part by law. But our Father can neither want legacies to give, nor love to bestow them; if we be His children, we shall be blessed.”—FROM DR. LEASK'S “RAINBOW.”

DELIGHTING IN GOD

CONFINED to my study through pains in the head, I perused a sermon by Mr. James Wells, entitled *The True Kingdom of Heaven*. To me it is good indeed. Regeneration is experimentally and Scripturally defined. In fact, it is a comprehensive declaration of the eternal blessings which the Church receives from her glorious Head and Husband in the Gospel Kingdom. Here is one extract, as vital, and as true, as anything you can find in Huntington, or in the soul of any happy saint on the earth.

Except a man be born again, he cannot so see the real work of Christ as to rest upon it; he cannot so see the real work of Christ as for his affections thereby to be drawn out towards God. And if you do so see it as to rest upon it, and your affections thereby drawn out towards God, then you are born of God. And I am sure Jesus Christ is in this heaven; I am sure Jesus Christ is in the dispensational heaven. And if you thus see Jesus Christ as having by his work founded an eternal reign of grace, founded an eternal reign of promise, founded an eternal reign of mercy, founded an eternal reign of the people—for they shall reign for ever and ever,—if you see this pretty clearly, there will be times when your soul will be drawn out, I was going to say, almost out of the body. You will look at God the Father; you will say, My Father, what love is this! what provision is this! what mercy is this! Where shall I find such love as this? And you will look to Jesus, and you will say, Was ever love like this? Oh, what a Saviour! Thou hast met me as in the lowest hell, and

delivered me therefrom; thou hast met me under mountains of guilt, and delivered me therefrom; thou hast found me wandering far from God, and to rescue my soul from danger thou hast interposed thy precious blood. Sweetest Jesus! let me kiss thy sacred feet, wash them with tears, as did the woman of old. And your affections will be drawn out toward the Holy Spirit of God. You will say, Holy Spirit, Heavenly Dove, how am I indebted to thee! Once I was blind, now I see: once unconvinced of my state, now convinced; once I sought not the Lord, and now my soul followeth hard after him. Once I saw no form, comeliness, or beauty, in Jesus; now I see him in the form of God; I see all comeliness and beauty there; I see him now as the chiefest among ten thousand, and the altogether lovely. How thou wilt long for more of this divine teaching, and you will say, Well, then, if this dispensation be the heaven in which Jesus is, I do see it. Except a man be born again, he cannot see this kingdom; how it is founded, upon what it is founded, nor how it is maintained. Oh, what a mercy, friends; what a mercy, that even the very best doings of the dear children of God form no part of this kingdom! for their best doings are all more or less associated with drawbacks and infirmities; one a man of like passions with the other; all but poor creatures. This kingdom, therefore, is founded upon that which is exclusively divine, upon the mediatorial work of Christ, and the immutability of the blessed God."

THE NATIVE CONVERTS OF BARISAL.

IN hundreds of families, husband, wife, and children meet together, once (if not twice) a-day, and have "family worship." In hundreds of homes there is the Bible, so long unknown, unseen, unpossessed; and this precious volume constitutes *the* book of the family. The oft-questioned Missionary will still be asked, "How many *real* Christians have you got?" "Really, have you any *true* Christians?" We are, I am bold to say, not wholly unprepared for such inquiries. We can point you out some four hundred persons, to whom we might use the words of the

Apostle, "Ye are washed, ye are sanctified: ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus." And these four hundred men and women we would in charity hope fear God, love Jesus, and understand why they love Him who so loved them. Their law is the Bible, and the Bible alone. They live, generally, in love among themselves, and in peace with all men. They are often jealous of one another, lest any one should, through temptation, bring dishonour on the Name. They are a marked people, strange, and differing. The heathen know them to be not of their own; and sometimes the heathen say of a Christian, "He is a baptized Christian, why should he do so?"—*Juvenile Missionary Herald*.

TOO BAD FOR JESUS CHRIST.

"A POOR slave," writes Mr. Coultart, "came to my house this morning to tell me 'that his heart troubled him much.' He burst into tears, saying, 'Oh, massa, me too bad for Jesus Christ, me heart work too strong for Him—it rise up against me—it give me no rest at all—me try for sleep, it no sleep—it go dis way—it go dat way—it no go to Jesus Christ at all, massa! O, massa, what me do, what me do? will Jesus Christ let me perish?' Here he was so overwhelmed, as not to be able to say any more for a considerable time; then quieting himself a little, he said, with much feeling, 'Me never do noting good for Jesus yet Him die for sinners; O, may be, Him die for me!' Another, after relating how her mind had been first awakened to serious concern, and that a friend to whom she had communicated her feelings, had advised her to pray, added, 'She den go back, and bow down on her sinful knee, and tell God, she no wish to keep on sin; but she no worthy to come, for she had done no good ting, but only eat sin, and drink sin, and peak sin, and tink sin; all her sinful life; and now, massa,' she said, in great agony and tears of disappointment, 'sin no leave me yet, massa!'"—*Tressider's Juvenile Missionary Herald*.

THE WAY HOME.

—O—

Is this the way, my Father?

'Tis my child,
Thou must pass through the tangled, dreary world,
If thou would'st reach the city undefiled—
Thy peaceful home above!

But enemies are round.

Yes, child, I know
That where thou least expects, thou'lt find a foe;
But victor thou shalt prove o'er all below—
Only seek strength above.

My Father, it is dark.

Child, take my hand;
Cling close to Me; I'll lead thee through the land;
Trust My all-seeing eye; so shalt thou stand
Midst glory bright above.

My footsteps seem to slide.

Child, only raise
Thine eye to Me, when in these slippery ways
I will hold up thy goings—thou shalt praise
Me for each step above.

O, Father! I am weary.

Child, lean thy head
Upon my breast. It was My love that spread
Thy rugged path; hope on still, till I have said,
Rest! rest for aye above!

CONTRIBUTED BY M. A. FOULSER.

TO OUR READERS AND FRIENDS.

The continuation of "GOING HOME," by "The Village Preacher," we are reluctantly compelled to keep back till next month. Also, the "Motherless Boy," by Mr. Frith; the commencement of "Amelia Sadgrove," and some other valuable papers. We ask every reader's assistance to increase our circulation; we receive many letters speaking very highly of this little monthly—we ask these friends to use their influence in giving us a sale of 50,000 copies monthly. Please act upon this at once.

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Cheering Words.

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POOR PAT O'BLANE

EXPOUNDING TO SQUIRE PHELAN THE NEW BIRTH,
AND THE CHANGE OF HEART.

MY friend, Mr. John Hudson, the Missionary at Manchester, has kindly sent me the following faithful and delightful narrative. It opens up more genuine Gospel than many sermons and essays now issued. Surely, with the Psalmist we may say, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings thou hast ordained praise," and with Paul "God hath chosen the foolish things of the world, to confound the mighty." If my readers think with me they will certainly send this beautiful story round to all their neighbours; and let thousands, yea, millions read the tale of solemn truth from the lips of an Irish lad.

Mr. William Birch, jun., of Hulme, is certainly going into the highways and hedges to "catch men." I hope to give some Cheering Words even from his "Shed" where wandering sheep are sheltered; but now for "PATSY AND THE SQUIRE."

PATSY O'BLANE was a poor, ragged boy, living on a wild Irish moor. He folded the sheep, stacked the peat, and dug the potatoes, without hat or shoes, for he owned neither. He also cooked the food, and swept the clay floor, while his father herded the cattle of the Squire, who owned all the lands and cottages around them. Theirs was a poor dwelling, with its one only window, and with the thatch falling from the roof; but it was home, and therefore dear to them.

ONE HALFPENNY.

Dan O'Blane owned one book, the Bible, which he and little Patsy dearly loved; for it had raised them from the dust to be "kings and priests unto God."

One evening, as Patsy sat at the door, with his pet lamb at his side, and his Bible on his knee, awaiting the return of his father, he heard the loud voice of the blunt but good-natured Squire.

"Pat, my boy," he shouted, "leave that great book for Priests and Bishops to read, and go hunting with O'Rooke's boys."

"Please yer honour," said Patsy, "I'm forbid o' my father to go wid them same, at all, for they takes the name o' God in vain."

"But you can go hunting with them without swearing," said the gentleman.

"Ah, Sir, I know it's not asy to go into the fire widout being burned," replied the boy.

"Well, my good fellow, what do you find in that great book? With all my learning, I don't understand half of it," said the Squire.

"And now, yer honour, doesn't your own word show how thrus this book is?" asked Pat; "for it says, 'He hath hidden these things from the wise and prudent, and revealed them unto babes.' There's ye, Sir, as rich as the Queen, and as wise as a Bishop, ye aren't sure that it's God's word at all; and here's us, as poor as my lamb Betty, and not much wiser, we belaves every word o' it, and takes it into our heart, and makes it our mate and our drink. So, after all, begging yer pardon, we is richer nor ye. Only last night, when ye and yer company was feasting and singing at the Hall, father said he was amazed at the grace of God that made him and ye to differ. This poor cabin was a little heaven, Sir, yesterday, when some o' the people left the foolish mass to hear father read how Jesus came to preach the Gospel to the poor, and to open heaven for them."

"Don't you think Dan would change places with me, boy, soul and body?" said the Squire, smiling.

"What, Sir, sell heaven, where mother and the baby is, and give up Christ? Och, no, Sir; ye haven't gold enough to buy

the new heart out o' poor Dan O'Blane," answered the boy, folding the Bible to his breast.

"How can these things be?" exclaimed the Squire.

"Ye mind me, yer honour, o' the ruler o' the Jews, who crept to Jesus like a thafe, by night. He too asked, 'How can these things be?' when Jesus told him, 'Ye must be born again,'" said Patsy.

"How can ye prove, boy, that a man is born again, as you call the change you talk about?" asked the Squire.

"Jesus didn't try to prove it to the ruler, Sir, nor will I to ye. If ye see a man walking on the highway, ye don't bid him stop and prove to ye that he was ever born, for ye knows he was, or he wouldn't be there alive," replied Patsy. "So when ye see one like father, once dead in sin, now alive and walking in the road to heaven, ye may know he's born again widout him proving it to ye, Sir."

The scoffer's smile faded from the lip of the gentleman, as he stood before this poor child, who evidently pitied him. "Pat," he said "there was a time when I wanted this same faith myself. I had nothing to ask for here; but I knew I could not carry my treasures to eternity, so I wanted something beyond. I asked God for this new heart, and he didn't hear my prayer, as your father said he would."

"Och, Sir, but ye asked amiss—all from selfishness! Ye war rich now, and wanted to be so for ever. But ye warn't rich at heart, because ye had sinned against God; yer soul didn't cry out to have him glorified, whatever became o' ye! Likes enough, ye went to God feeling that ye were Squire Phelan, and no mean man; and that it was great condescension in ye to seek his face. But ye'll never find the Lord so, Sir," said the boy.

"How did you go to him, Pat?" asked the Squire.

"Meself is it, Sir? Like the poor, miserable, sinful child that I was. 'I'm evil altogether,' I said, 'and as ignorant as a beast before thee; ignorant of all that's hooley, but wise enough in what is unhooley. I sin in ten thousand ways, and has no claim on God's pity. If he send my soul to hell,' I said, 'he'll do only right; but it's to heaven I wants to go, where Jesus is,

and where there's no sin. If ye take me, Lord, it must be just as I am, for I can niver make mesilf a whit better.' "

"Patsy, my boy," said the Squire, "you talk like a Bishop; but, after all, you are only a poor herds-boy, and may be mistaken in this matter. What would you do then?"

"Och, Sir, that cannot be, for I have the word o' God himself, and that can niver fail," replied the boy.

"But you may mistake the meaning of the words on which you build your faith," suggested the gentleman.

"Och, your worship, when it is so plain, how could any one help comprehending it?" asked the boy. "Sure—doesn't it say just here,"—and Patsy turned the leaves rapidly over till he came to the place he sought,—"'A wayfaring man, though a fool,'—and I'm not so bad as that yet,—'need not err therein'?"

"And how did you bring your mind to believe this first, boy?" asked the Squire.

"Sure, I didn't bring my mind at all, Sir. I just read the words o' Jesus and belaved them. I was lost, and he found me, and bid me follow him, and so I did, and that's all I can tell about it."

"And you feel quite sure you have a new heart, do you?" asked the gentleman.

"I feel it's not at all the same heart that used to beat in my bosom, Sir. When I had the ould heart, Sir, I hated everybody as war better off nor mesilf. When I'd be trudging, cold and hungry, through the bog, I'd often see your illigant young sons and the heir o' Sir Robert mounted on their fine horses; then the ould heart in me would speak out almost aloud, 'Bad luck to the proud young spalpeens! Why warn't I born the gentleman and themselves digging, ankle deep, in the bog, or herding the cattle?' And once I ruind me I looked after them, as they dashed down the hill, wishing the royal grey would toss your heir, Sir, over his head, and bring his pride down," added the boy.

"I never knew, Patsy, that there was so much malice in your heart," exclaimed the Squire.

"Och, Sir, and it's not ~~all~~ ^{all} ~~cleansed~~ ^{cleansed} out intirely yet," answered the boy. "But I gives it no rest, for I'll niver shelter an inimy o' Jesus here in peace;" and the poor boy smote his breast.

"And how do you feel towards my brave boys now, Patsy?" asked the Squire.

"How do I feel now, is it? Och, Sir, but I love the very sound o' the hoofs that brings them finent me. I cries out, 'Lord, love the jewels! Give them every blessing thou hast to give below, but don't be putting them off with earthly good; give them thy grace now, and after this a mansion, better nor the Hall, one that will be eternal in the heavens.' 'Deed, Sir, I loves the whole world now, and I'm just the happiest lad in all Kerry. I don't envy the young Prince nor onybody else; but mind my cattle wid a heart full o' blessed thoughts. And, Sir, if yer go to Jesus like the poor needy sinner ye are, not like Squire Phelan, he'll take ye too for his own, and then ye'll know what the new heart is like."

JOY IS COMING.

HYMN BY JOHN HARDIE, ONE OF THE VISITING SUPERINTENDENTS OF
THE MANCHESTER CITY MISSION.

Sins, and wounds, and tears of sorrow,
Are our portion for to-day;
Joy is coming with the morrow,
Joy that ne'er shall die away.

Wrongs forgiv'n, and wrong'd forgiving,
Let us tread earth's weary way;
Holy love, pure, ever living,
Waits us in eternal day.

Here false camp-lights may mislead us
From the even safe highway.
There on sunlit flow'ry meadows,
We shall roam in peace for ay.

Now in wreaths of friendship, rudeness
May the thorn of grief entwine,
Then shall Truth embracing Goodness,
Bathe in seas of bliss Divine.

PRECIOUS DEATH BED EXPERIENCES.

By T. W. MEDHURST, OF GLASGOW,

Author of "Rays of Light in the Dark Valley," "Astounding Grace," &c.

(Continued from page 60.)

II.—"PRAISING GOD FOR CHRIST."

THE dying saint ran much out in praising God for the gift of His dear Son Jesus. Though naturally she had but few words, and was slow of speech, yet now her tongue was loosed, and words flowed forth so rapidly, in such a heavenly strain, and so suited to her case, that she seemed all to be transformed, and filled with the Holy Spirit. She continued still "praising God for Christ," as follows, "Oh! I bless, I bless, I bless the Lord, who has sent such a Saviour into the world to save me. I was obstinate, rebellious, obdurate, and hardened, and yet He has removed my obstinacy and rebellion, and caused me to believe. O, He has made me willing in the day of His power; glory to Him; He has sought me. I would never have sought Him, but He sought me first, and followed on till He found me, and brought me home to Himself. Oh! what would have become of me, if I had been taken away in former sicknesses, before I had laid hold on Christ? Oh! how terrible would that have been. Oh! what terror was I in before I got Christ. Oh! what has He done for me. He has borne the vengeance of God for me, and screened me from wrath. And, oh, the change He has wrought upon me! He has determined (chosen) me to believe, and clothed me with the royal robes of His righteousness, and now He will keep that which I have committed unto Him, until He presents me faultless before the Father, and sets me down before His throne, among the elders, and puts the song of Moses and of the Lamb in my mouth. Now shall I praise Him sweetly through all eternity."

Here she broke forth into a transport, and fell into a great flow of prayer and praise, saying, "Oh! lovely, lovely, lovely,

and glorious Christ. Oh! glory, glory to the Father for Christ. Oh! I cannot love Him enough, I cannot commend Him enough. Oh! He is a faithful God; He has made all His promises true to me."

She now turned round, and looking upon those in the room, several strangers and others being present, addressed them thus:—"Oh! sirs, flee all to Christ, and you will never repent it; and do it speedily,—the sooner the better,—the younger the better,—and trust in Him, O all of you, whatever you are. He invites you to come to Him; do not fear to trust Him: for He is faithful, and will perform." Though she was naturally, of a bashful and timid temperament, yet she spoke with such a blessed assurance and evident fulness of joy, as was utterly inconceivable and most astonishing. No murmuring thought arose, no complaining word was uttered, though she was suffering much trouble and pain of body, which was getting very weak, and sinking rapidly. Her mother said to her, "Peggie, you have spoken too much, and too long at once; I am afraid you will be the worse for it presently."

She immediately replied, "No! I hope my tongue shall never cease to praise; and to praise Him in heaven through all eternity."

And is not this the desire of every child of God? Do we not feel that to praise Jesus is untiring work? The more we magnify His grace, the more He manifests His grace towards us.

Christ is our Prophet, Priest, and King,
Who did for us salvation bring,
And while we've breath we mean to sing,
Christ is ours, Christ is ours.

The Father's well-beloved Son,
Co-partner of His royal throne,
Who did for His elect atone,
Christ is ours, Christ is ours.

(To be continued.)

GOING HOME.

I'm going ! yes : I'm going now to be dissolved in death !
 But oh ! the joy I enter on with my expiring breath !
 The gales of glory fan my cheek, so wasted, and so pale :
 Oh, Immortality !—e'en now, thy golden light I hail !
 My icy lips refuse to tell the glories faith can see,
 Farewell, the spirits of the just are waiting now for me ;
 Thus sweetly sang the placid saint ; but, ere to bliss she flew,
 Again she smiled ; and then she said, "I go to do as angels do."

THE author of the above lines I found in a quiet cottage in one of our aristocratic metropolitan suburban districts. A choice spirit, one that lives with the LORD, and labours with her pen to utter some of the sweet praises with which her heart is filled. Her volume, entitled "*The Fruits of the Valley*," contains some of the purest and sweetest poetical spices we have ever met with of recent production, and her forthcoming "*Thoughts on the Miracles*" will be an acceptable and useful testimony to the power and value of our SAVIOUR's life on earth. I wish her good success in all her efforts to serve the LORD, her living Head ; and as she is not, (at least, I hope she is not) yet "Going Home"—a few stanzas from the fast-flowing pen of "A. E. L." may often cheer the hearts of those who read my CHEERING WORDS ;" and, it is quite needful I should ask every friend to "CHEERING WORDS" to try and increase their circulation. If to any of earth's weary children these words come with a heavenly cheerfulness, lighting up the valley even but for one moment, then to such I say, think and act that these almost forgotten little words may be read by thousands ; for soon we shall be "GOING HOME !"

Of late, I have been more of a "Sick Visitor" than "VILLAGE PREACHER:" and some visits I have made, I would not soon forget. Near to me there has long lived a good minister of Jesus Christ, but for four years heavy afflictions have hindered him from preaching the glorious gospel of the ever blessed GOD. I had often thought I should like to speak with him ; but I could not



muster courage enough, for I am naturally considered a trembling little coward. And many heavy trials have made me often all but melancholy, so that if I meet a gentleman, as I sometimes do the Incumbent of our district, and if he looks at me with a sort of scowl as though he said, "What little dog are you?" I shrink into nothing and, sighing out my sorrows, look to the Lord for help and peace.

One evening, the kind and devoted wife of the afflicted minister I have referred to, called, and asked me to visit him; and, oh! how sweet the moments were! He told me he had often read the promises; much had he thought of the promises; frequently had he used them for the benefit of others; but now, in this deep and long affliction, he could say he had proved and realized them. Indeed, I found he knew what that scripture meant, "Underneath are the everlasting arms." One answer he made me was written powerfully on my heart. I was saying, how mysterious thus to be laid aside from his loved employ; and that no physician, no doctor, no remedy could be found to heal him. "No!" said he, "this affliction says to me, 'He is in one mind, and who can turn him?'" Looking very tenderly at me, he said, "When God makes up his mind to put one of his servants in the furnace, nothing can make him alter his mind, until the end is answered for which he placed him there." That sentence threw a flood of light, both on the scripture itself and on the path I have had to travel. That evening I preached from the words, "He is in one mind, and who can turn him; and what his soul desireth, even that he doeth." Some day I may give you a few outlines of that sermon. After some sweet fellowship, I bent my knees beside my neighbour's bed, and was helped to call upon the name of the Lord. If I live I may relate a few more visits made to saints when in sick chambers they are found. And now

A WORD ABOUT MR. JAMES WELLS'S

"REJOICING" SERMON.

I am almost always reading, or thinking, or writing, or preaching, or trying to pray; but my reading is not often very profitable,

but when my soul is faint and low sunken, if I have a penny in my pocket, I go into Chapter House Court, and purchase one of Mr. Wells's Sermons. The other Saturday evening, before I went to my studies I read that Sermon "The Best Rejoicing." And it was a help to me. One sentence in it was very nice to me. He said,—

"I have a strong impression upon my mind I shall die exceedingly happy!"

Upon what foundation does that impression lie? Ah! my reader, that is certainly a solemn question. Thousands presume they shall die happy, but they have no solid foundation for it. I will give you Mr. Wells's testimony on this point. He is on the believer rejoicing in Christ. He does not go into the subject exactly as Mr. Parks, of Openshaw, does, but the following are Mr. Wells' own words,—

I hope I can say it is my most solemn of all payers; I know not a petition that I can pour out before the Lord with more earnestness than I do this, that I may go on rejoicing in Christ. For you may depend upon it, unless we delight in Christ we shall not seek very earnestly after him; unless we delight in Christ we shall not much prize his way. We do need delight of some kind; we cannot be content to be always mourning, nor to be always in bondage, nor to be always cast down, nor to be always sorry; it wears out the mind, and it leads us to desperation, and we are ready to turn round and run away somewhere or another, after something that will support us better. But if we see such excellency in him, and can see that he is the chief of ten thousand, and altogether lovely, then, delighting in him, glorying in him, and saying with the apostle, "God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of Christ," oh! how this does make us love the habitation of God's house, the place where his honour dwelleth! how this will make us run in his way! how this will enable us to lose sight of other things, and run with patience the race set before us, looking unto Jesus! "And I therein do rejoice;" and then the prospect, "and will rejoice." Will the period ever

come when I shall not rejoice in Christ? Never, never. There I have before me a life of joy. And when I come to a dying hour, I hope I shall not be disappointed in that. I have a strong impression upon my mind I shall die exceedingly happy, because my soul does, with an indescribable intensity of love to God and of love to Christ, love to the truth, at times so glory therein that I feel as though I wanted to be out of the body, to give full expansion to the powers of my soul, and drink in more largely of God's everlasting love. It is a good sign, you may depend upon it, to be kept close to him. So, then, the apostle thus rejoiced that Christ was preached. "I rejoice now; yea, and I will rejoice." Let sin say what it may, let the world say what it may, let Satan say what he may, let circumstances say what they may, let creatures say what they may, let afflictions say what they may, let death say what it may, let error say what it may, and here it is, I will rejoice, for here is everlasting joy, sorrow and sighing shall flee away. There is the Christian's ground of rejoicing indeed. Thus to live, and thus to die, is to be blest indeed.

I add one more testimony. A good man, named Welton, died not long since. His son says, A week previous to my father's death, my youngest brother went to see him, as we all did at different periods; and when about to leave, he said, "Father, what shall I pray for?" The reply was, "Pray that I may soon pass over Jordan, that the Lord will help and sustain me through, that my feet may be firm on the Rock, and that if we meet no more on earth we may meet in heaven above." In the night of Sept. 10th, he said to dear mother, "Sing a heavenly song;" she replied, "I cannot sing, dear, do you;" he then tried, but said, "I cannot pitch the tune; sing one verse, 'Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.'" He then bade all in the room farewell. To his son Edgar, he said, "God bless you!" and to his daughter Sarah, "Fast on the Rock! glory! glory! glory!" "Are you happy," she asked. "Yes, bless the Lord!" "You will soon be with Jesus." "Yes, the Lord will soon say, Come up hither." Though at a distance from home, yet several kind friends visited him; amongst them were some of Christ's ministers. His pastor was one, to whom he expressed his faith in Jesus, the peace of mind he enjoyed,

and his earnest desire that peace and prosperity might abound in the church at Horham. To another of the Lord's servants he said, "Satan has been telling me I do not know even the plan of salvation, but I told him I did, for I knew of the blood and righteousness of Jesus Christ, and I needed no other plan ; at which the tempter withdrew." On Sept. 12th, the day of his death (Saturday morning), he raised both his hands and said, "Hear! they are coming ;" meaning the angels ; and repeatedly exclaimed, "Hark ! cannot you hear it ?" referring I suppose to heavenly music. The last words which he uttered so as to be understood, were, "It is for me that Christ died." When unable to speak, and in the agonies of death, he looked at dear mother with a heavenly smile, and his face shone—expressive of the sweet peace of his mind though in the swellings of Jordan, which in a few hours he safely passed through, aged sixty-six years. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

"On harps of gold they praise his name,
His face they always view ;
Then let us followers be of them,
That we may praise him too."

A retired Christian whose "Thoughts on the Miracles" are now in our publisher's hands, sends us the following heaven-ascending stanzas which well befit our thoughts on "Going Home."

"The time of my departure is at hand." 2 Timothy iv, 6.

I'm nearing the beautiful City ;
I'm going to Jesus the King ;
I ask not, I crave not your pity :
My triumph I shortly shall sing !
The land of my sojourn is dreary,
And wide is the desert I roam ;
But there I shall never be weary,
In Zion, my beautiful home.

How brightly yon mansion is shining,
That house which my Saviour prepared ;
When gory the pole wreath entwining
His temples, that we might be spared ;
Adieu, wretched world that rejected
The Prince of Salvation and Peace ;
Come quickly, my fondly expected
Lord Jesus, and speak my release.

Hammersmith.

A. E. L.

AMELIA SADGROVE:

OR,

DECISION FOR TRUTH.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM FRITH, BOROUGH GREEN, KENT.

Author of "Communion of Saints."

FIRFIELD HALL was situated in a delightful vale, with a range of hills sheltering it from the severity of the northern blast. It was surrounded by every kind of foliage that could render the seat of Esquire Sadgrove pleasant and delightful. Shrubs of every species, and from every clime, abundantly supplied, and artfully and tastefully disposed, rendered the pleasure grounds surrounding the Hall beautifully picturesque. In the centre of the widely-extended and semi-circular lawn, played a fountain, pouring into the air a pure, perennial stream, glistening in the sunbeams of the morn, and well supplied by a large reservoir on the adjacent hills. Arranged with exquisite skill, was an extensive *parterre*, well decked with flowers of every hue, and emitting a fragrance in the summer eventide that was truly inviting and entertaining. The lawn itself was soft and even as a carpet of emerald wool. The mansion was a fine specimen of English workmanship; the architecture was plain, but neat, chaste, and perfect; while the provisions for use and accommodation were equally visible with the plain and unpretending ornaments.

Such is a short description of the residence of the Sadgrove family. Mr. and Mrs. Sadgrove were of a family somewhat "high," and decidedly favourable to what is called "High Church," which is a section of the Establishment adopting, more or less, the sentiments of Dr. Pusey, and disposed to conform in many things to the Church of Rome. They had a family of four children, of whom Amelia was the youngest. Amelia, therefore, was born of parents moving in the high circle of life; rocked in cradle which the "Babe of Bethlehem" was never honoured with; and brought up amid all the supplies of a rich and well-furnished home. She was the object of her mother's hopes, and cherished

with no small affection by her devoted parent. Every attention was paid to her wants, both while she was a speechless infant of swaddling clothes, as well as when she began to engage her loving mamma with her childish talk. She was the darling of the servants and, had she not been placed first under a most careful nurse, and afterwards under a very judicious governess, who endeavoured not only to train Amelia's mind in the lessons of mental education, but also in habits of virtue, she would have been "a spoiled child." This, however, as we have said, was obviated by the fortunate circumstances alluded to. The other members of the family, indeed, were rather jealous of the apparent favouritism manifested in the case of Amelia—a circumstance not unfrequent where there is undue partiality shewn by parents to one member of a family on account of some personal charm. And while Mr. Sadgrove was usually absent during the day in London, this uncomely feeling of jealousy was largely indulged, and poor little Amelia became the object of hate rather than affectionate love, by the other members of the family. Yet nothing could alter the immoderate fondness which Mrs. Sadgrove shewed to her youngest daughter. She could not but see that it was the fruitful source of frequent bickering, and was likely to grow in future years, if not arrested, to a cause of much grief to herself and Mr. Sadgrove.

Sarah, who was now ten years old, was a nice little girl, and making good progress in her lessons, and especially in her Bible history. Miss Hannah Brooks, her kind, intelligent, and pious governess, had trained her with fostering care, especially in Bible history. For, as she was a truly godly young person, of amiable manners, and good accomplishments, she had been taken into the service of the Sadgrove family, though great objections were raised against her because she was a *Baptist Dissenter*; still this was allowed to pass in consideration of her being such an accomplished governess. And truly she was, and Sarah Sadgrove was much attached to her. Yet this feeling of jealousy in her little breast against Amelia seemed indomitable.

George, too, who was but six years of age, was not without a kindred feeling, first excited, no doubt, in his young mind by an

observation of the marked attention paid to Amelia, who was now nearly five years of age, by her mamma, on every occasion. Nor was Elizabeth, the eldest daughter, who was nearly eleven years, altogether free from that malignant feeling, that is "cruel as the grave." Frequently as she paced the lawn, and saw the little favorite being caressed by the too partial parent, her feelings of jealousy and resentment were kindled to a flame. And in this way the family of Mr. Sadgrave, even in childhood, was disordered. Nor was it a matter of stoical indifference to him, for though he was tinctured with "High Church," it was more perhaps from the influence of Mrs. Sadgrove, and the advice of the visiting clergyman, who was "a true son of Pusey," than from a real conscientious regard for the Tractarian party. He was a man of great penetration, shrewdness, and perspicacity. He loved all good men, whether they were of the National or Free Churches. Indeed there can be but little doubt but Mr. Sadgrove was "a good man," though trammelled with the influence of several parties whom he wished not to offend. Yet he had a serious regard for his children, and the discovery of this maternal weakness in Mrs. Sadgrove, and consequent baneful influence upon the other members of his family, afflicted him much. He, therefore, determined to place the infant of five years under the care of a nurse, who was an intimate friend of Miss Hannah Brooks, the governess, and a member of the same Church. This determination on the part of Mr. Sadgrove though singular and not without its influence upon Mr. Sadgrove's home comforts, yet it was effected, much at first to the annoyance of Mrs. Sadgrove. But, as the kind, thoughtful, and considerate father said, "It was ruining the child to allow it all the unrestrained indulgence of its fond but not too prudent mamma, and as he wished to 'train up his children in the way they should go,' he should place her for a time entirely under Miss Glover, a skilful and experienced nurse, and then it would be ready for the tuition of Miss Brooks." To this decision Mrs. Sadgrove made a great objection, observing that "They had already one Dissenter in the house, and she should not like to have another, especially an intimate friend of Miss Brooks, and a fellow member of the same Church.

"Beside," said Mrs. Sadgrove, "she is a *Baptist*. I abhor them, and should fear that they together might have some influence over the children, and especially dear little *Amelia*, who is so docile, quick, and ready to learn, and to believe what is told her."

"Well," but observed Mr. Sadgrove, "we don't suppose either the nurse or the governess are going to make the children converts to their faith. And, as we know they are both well qualified persons, it is better, my dear, to place *Amelia* where we know she will be well taken care of; and I am sure there is no one in the parish to whom we could so safely commit the keeping of little *Amelia*."

After some little conversation, Mrs. Sadgrove consented to the proposal of the wise and judicious father. The thing was accordingly accomplished, and *Amelia* was placed under the devoted and pious Miss Glover. And in the evening of the same day, after supper had been cleared, Mr. Sadgrove called together his servants. After reading one of Dr. Hawker's Evening portions, he knelt at the sofa, and offered prayer to HIM who "ever lives to make intercession for us." And how solemnly did he pray for the welfare of his family! How did he beseech Almighty God to bless, and enable those who had the charge of his children, to "train them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord!" Ah, and he did not forget to pray that the SPIRIT might give them a new life, that, "as they grew in years, so they might grow in grace." And having in holy, fervid language, that gave unmistakable evidence that his heart was an altar fire, implored a continuation of covenant blessings, they retired to rest under the roof of Firfield Hall.

(To be Continued.)

"The Earthen Vessel" for May, 1864, contains an article of great interest to all real Christians, entitled, "The Fathers—Where are They?" being an account of the last hours of Mr. Thomas Worsley, minister. (Price 2d.)

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Cheering Words.

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NO. 152.

THE PARSON'S POVERTY, HIS CHARITY AND REWARD.

THERE is a monthly in New York called "*The Christian*," the editors have sent me a few numbers, and from one of them I select the following. It is the pleasing tale of Providence in the cause of a poor poverty-stricken pastor, who found himself and family one Saturday in a very desolate condition. He says:

On Saturday morning, as I was sitting in my study, pondering the poverty of my condition, my wife came in with her accustomed inquiry of "Well, Mr. Jones, what shall we have for dinner?" adding, "we have not a grain of meal"—flour was out of the question—"nor a particle of meat of any kind in the house. Then the sugar is out, there is no butter, and in fact there is nothing to eat, and to-morrow is Sunday." So saying she quitted the room, leaving me in such a state of mind as may well be conceived, when I say that a solitary one dollar bank-note was the only money I had on earth, and no prospect whatever appeared of getting any until the accustomed weekly contribution should be paid into my hands. And what would a single dollar do at the prevailing high prices, towards feeding seven hungry mouths for two days? I saw no way of escape, and in the agony of spirit which may well be guessed, I lifted up my heart in supplication to Him who feedeth the ravens when they cry. And a singular answer to my prayer I seemed speedily to attain.

ONE HALFPENNY.

I had just risen from my knees, when my wife again appeared at the door, all unconscious of the struggle which was going on within me, and ushered a gentleman into my study. His whole appearance was of that shabby genteel which betokens a broken-down gentleman, and from the first moment of beholding him, I took him to my confidence, as unfortunate, but not debased.

"Sir," said he, "I am a stranger to you, and you are utterly so to me, save that I once heard you preach in ——. My home is in that place—if indeed I may now claim a home. I sailed from that port nearly a year since, with all my earthly possessions embarked in a promising adventure. My ship fell into the hands of the enemy and I became a prisoner, my property of course became lawful plunder. After suffering many hardships and much indignity, I effected my escape on board a vessel bound to St. John. From that place to this I have worked my way along with incredible pain and fatigue. I have suffered much from hunger, cold and wet, and have slept many a night in the open woods. And here I am, in one word, sir, penniless, and altogether too much worn down to proceed further without aid. I have friends in ——, to whom I am pressing on as fast as I can, and who will relieve my necessities when I reach them. I am an utter stranger in your town, and you are the only person I ever knew or saw in the whole place. I cannot beg, and I feel entirely reluctant to ask a loan of an entire stranger."

Here was a struggle. I was poor, very poor; but here was one poorer than I. I had a hungry family to feed, so had he; and more, a heart-broken one, who were even now mourning him as dead. I could hesitate no longer. I thrust my hand mechanically into my pocket, and pulling out my last dollar, which I pressed upon the unfortunate mariner—for he could hardly be persuaded to take it, when he knew how low my finances were—I blessed him in God's name, and he left me with no words of thanks; but I knew that, had I from a full purse bestowed a liberal sum, he could not possibly have felt more grateful.

When he had gone, and absolute hunger for me and mine stared me full in the face, I began to doubt the propriety of my act in taking the very bread from my children's mouths to feed a

stranger. But it was now too late to repent. The last dollar was gone, and my children must go dinnerless, and supperless to bed. For myself I cared nothing, but how would my family bear this unusual fasting? I seized my hat and cane, and rushed into the street to escape from my own thoughts, which had become too painful for me to endure. I knew not—cared not whither I should bend my steps.

As I was walking moodily and mechanically on, thinking o'er all the bitterness of my situation, suddenly the thought came into my mind: "Why should I despond? Have I ever gone hungry, even for a day—me and mine? Has not the Lord provided hitherto? And will he not in time to come?—in the present time?" I had scarcely concluded this soliloquy, when one of my neighbours, whom I knew, and whom I had occasionally seen at our meetings—the members of his family came frequently—acosted me with "Good morning, Mr. Jones. I have been thinking for some time past that I ought to discharge a debt I owe you."

"I was not aware," I replied, "that you had incurred such an obligation."

"O, but I have," said he, "my family go occasionally to hear you preach, and once in a while I go myself. Now as the laborer is worthy of his hire, and as I wish no man to labor for me without pay, I beg you will accept this trifle as in part a liquidation of the debt."

"The 'trifle' was a five dollar note, which I received with feelings that I will not mock by attempting to describe. I returned to my house, and after again falling on my knees, humbled under a sense of want of confidence in God, and grateful for his goodness to me, all unworthy as I felt myself to be, I sallied forth to the market, and soon came back laden with the things necessary to our comfort."

'Tis easy to let a man see that he is not converted, that he cannot save himself; but 'tis hard persuading him that he can do nothing, not so much as to be thankful for the least mercy.

AMELIA SADGROVE:

OR,

DECISION FOR TRUTH.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM FRITH, BOROUGH GREEN, KENT.

Author of "Communion of Saints."

(Continued from page 81.)

UNDER the almost maternal care of Miss Glover, the little Amelia grew every day in the amiable beauties of childhood, manifesting those neat and pretty features that soon made her the object of universal admiration, and even more than ever the idol of the mother's heart. Her nurse seemed to take a great delight in adorning her little charge, and exhibiting her to the best advantage to every admiring spectator; but above all she was concerned to eradicate those habits of waywardness contracted under her too fond mamma. Her chaste mind saw the propriety of the apostle's language, when speaking of outward conduct, he says "Whose adorning, let it not be that outward adorning of plaiting the hair, and of bearing gold, or of putting on of apparel; but let it be the ornament of a MEER AND QUIET SPIRIT, which is in the sight of God of great price." 1 Peter, iii. 3. She was therefore anxious that Amelia should not have the outward embellishments of dress and fashion in the absence of those more amiable, valuable, and lasting moral qualities that give a lustre to youth and a brilliancy to mature age. She therefore paid great attention to this as of ulterior importance.

On one occasion after Miss Glover had been to the Baptist Conventicle, in company with Miss Hannah Brooks, the family governess, and was returning along the shady lane that leads to the entrance of Firfield Hall, in company with Sarah and Elizabeth, who had been permitted to accompany their governess to attend the service of her sanctuary, the following conversation arose:—

"And how did you like Mr. How this morning?" said Miss Glover to the governess, with a pleasant smile, indicative of a

lively spirit, but tempered with a beautiful solidity that preserved it from an unmeaning laugh on the one hand, and that sombre sanctimonious sadness of countenance on the other.

"O," said Miss Brooks, "It was a delightful discourse, so full of Jesus. And how nice he divided his sermon, so that the simplest might understand, while the most capacious and well-developed mind could not but admire its excellent adaptation to meet the wants of all present."

"True, dear," said Miss Glover, while Amelia was looking up in her face with that remarkable inquisitive and earnest look which she occasionally manifested, "I never heard that text ('All thy children shall be taught of the Lord') so well spoken to before; indeed I think Mr. How never preached better. . How he shewed the *necessity for divine instruction—the state of Christian childhood—the necessary efficiency of the instruction arising from the qualifications of Him who 'spake as never man spake.* I think I never heard him with so much pleasure and profit."

"You appear to be very attentive to our conversation," said Miss Brooks to Amelia, who was walking beside her devoted nurse. "Miss Glover, did you like our conversation, dear? Did you understand Mr. How when he was addressing himself to the children in the gallery?"

"O yes, dear Miss Brooks, I thought he was speaking to me. He spake so kindly of Jesus, who said 'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.' O, I thought I should like to go to Jesus, who came to seek and to save that which was lost."

Her nurse, astonished at the unexpected proficiency of her young charge, observed to her companion that there was something remarkable in Amelia, for, though she was certainly very forward in all her nursery lessons, yet, still, she did not think she was so observant and serious.

"O," said Miss Brooks, "I have observed this last two years, during which she has been under your care, a marked difference in her manners and address that has much pleased me, and even

prompted me to hope that the dear Saviour was doing a gracious work in her young heart by His Holy Spirit."

By this time they had reached the gates at the entrance of a beautiful avenue of limes that formed a verdant canopy over their heads, and sheltered the well gravelled walk leading to Firfield Hall. After passing through the gates up the serpentine coach road, as they were approaching the house, Mr. and Mrs. Sadgrove, being returned from church, met them.

"So," said Mr. Sadgrove, "you have returned. And have you enjoyed yourselves this morning. I hope you have been good children, and listened to the minister?"

"Very good indeed," replied both the nurse and the governess, "and indeed they have both been exemplary in their conduct. And while both Sarah and Elizabeth have been well behaved, *Amelia has been seriously attentive!*"

"Ah," replied Mrs. Sadgrove, with an air of apparent disgust, not unmixed with a little pride at such a flattering compliment on her youngest daughter, "I fear she will be made, after all, a proselyte to those unfashionable dissenters, if you" looking at Mr. Sadgrove, "allow her to go with Miss Glover and Miss H. Brooks to the Baptist Chapel!"

"O my dear," said the pleasant, pious, and gentlemanly Mr. Sadgrove, in his usual free and unsuspecting manner, "I don't think they can, either of them, get any harm in going to hear Mr. How; he is a good man, and I am sure we can repose implicit confidence in both our governess and nurse. Besides," observed Mr. Sadgrove, "I would rather they should grow up the most rabid dissenters than they should be gay and worldly, and 'bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.'"

The afternoon of this day was spent in the pleasure grounds adjoining the mansion, in a pleasant promenade in the park, paddock, and woods, talking about the Great Creator—of his goodness, wisdom, and power in the works of nature, while the young and inquisitive mind of Amelia was repeatedly asking some question pertaining to Him whose "tender mercies are over all his works." In the evening, while good Mr. Sadgrove was again gone to church, Miss Glover and Miss H. Brooks, with

their young charge, met in the study, and after some little instruction in bible history, and a fervent supplication for the welfare of the little ones under their care, Amelia, with her brothers and sister Sarah, retired to rest; Miss Elizabeth, now grown to the age of fourteen, being allowed to remain and retire with the rest of the family.

As soon as Mr. Sadgrove had returned from church, and the evening repast was ended, the family was convened for prayers.

"Well, Miss Glover," said Mr. Sadgrove, "I have been twice to church to-day, and have heard but little to interest me; I think I shall go and hear Mr. How."

"Indeed," said Miss Glover, "I shall be very glad to see you."

"I want to hear more of Christ," he said, "than Dr. Horn gives me."

Then opening the family bible and reading the 53rd of Isaiah with much feeling and emphasis, he bent the knee with Mrs. Sadgrove and the domestics, and prayed with such fervour that each felt what he felt himself, the Spirit evidently inflamed him and fired his lips to pray with the energy of his entire soul.

None retired to rest that night with a tearless eye, except Mrs. Sadgrove! But that prayer carried its issues to eternity: and even Mrs. Sadgrove herself never forgot that retiring prayer.

(To be Continued.)

ABOUT fifty years ago, an aged grandmother, of ninety years, was brought under deep anxiety for her sins. She felt bitterly that her whole life had been spent in rebellion against God. She hardly dared look for mercy. It seemed so selfish to ask for pardon when she had lost all power to do good, and make any return for God's love, that she could scarcely bring herself to beg for pardon. But at last she discerned that it was a part of the divine glory to forgive—to save sinners *because* they were undeserving and lost; and found rest. About the same time a little grandchild of seven years sought and found the same Saviour. She had peculiar views of the sinfulness of sin, and instead of feeling that she was too young to begin the Christian life, came to her pastor in deep distress, saying—"Is there any hope that God can pardon me?"

GOOD NEWS.

THE illustration on the opposite page is kindly lent us by Mr. Broom, of Paternoster Row, and is from an excellent monthly issued by him, entitled "Good News."

The picture represents JOB, not in the first days of his moral, social, domestic, and circumstantial greatness, nor in the second days of his adversity and affliction; but in the third days of his prosperity, when the Lord turned his captivity, restored unto him more than he lost, and when all his friends came bending before him, bringing him presents, and congratulating him on his holy, happy, and blessed deliverance out of all his afflictions.

These three distinct kinds of days were certainly designed to teach us great and valuable lessons. First, Job's original condition represents man in his first estate: when God made him upright. Second, Job's great affliction shews man in his fallen estate, or rather Job represents THE CHURCH in her low condition before she is raised up to a happy oneness and likeness with, and to the Lord. Then his last days shew THE FAITHFULNESS OF GOD, in raising up all (His) who are fallen down; THE FULLNESS OF JESUS CHRIST, in supplying all their need; and THE EFFICIENCY of the HOLY GHOST, in completely recovering the whole election of grace, and in bestowing upon them ten times more than they ever lost in the Adam-fall.

Oh! it is a great thing to be IN CHRIST—to be CHOSEN IN HIM—to be ACCEPTED IN HIM—to be COMPLETE IN HIM—to be, at last, GLORIFIED WITH HIM. This will be Heaven—this will be holiness—this will be happiness in rich and eternal perfection.

The history of Job is full of wisdom and of wonderful events. That excellent book called "Caryl's Commentary on the Book of Job," is to be re-issued in cheap numbers. We think many will say, "That is 'Good News.'"



WALKS IN VICTORIA PARK.

OF all the truly pretty places on the north-eastern side of London, none can excel the People's Park, so appropriately called "VICTORIA," with its most noble fountain, gardens, shrubberies, walks, pieces of water, plants, flowers, and trees of almost every kind. But the Sabbath desecration of it is fearful to contemplate. Thousands upon thousands mingle together; music and provisions, with buying and selling, and many bad practices are carried out to an alarming extent. It makes one sad to see healthful privileges turned so ungratefully to an evil account.

I sometimes walk for a few moments in it; and have had some good thoughts there a few of which I have caught up in few words, of which the following is a hasty sample. I should like to give more.

I walked through Victoria Park on Wednesday, April 27th, 1864, that Scripture rolling over my mind, "I, even I, am HE that blotteth out thy transgressions, for Mine own sake, and will not remember thy sins." I asked silently, WHAT CAN THIS SCRIPTURE mean? There are three places, I thought, where our sin cannot be said to be blotted out as long as we live here; Satan remembers them, and often terrifies our souls with the temptation that they will yet rise up to condemn us; they are not yet blotted out of his remembrance. Our own memories will often bring them up to our confusion; and our fellow men will never forget them until they are obliged to forget us altogether. What, then, does it mean?

I ask, *Where* did God put His people's sins? Is not the Prophet's language quite true—"All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to His own way; but THE LORD HATH LAID ON HIM, *the iniquity of us all!*" Were not Paul's words true, "He made Him to be sin for us who knew no sin, that we might be made the righteousness of God in Him?" Most certainly this doctrine of Divine substitution is a doctrine originating in, and ratified by Heaven. Were all Zion's

sins then laid upon Jesus? Yes, they were; and there by His blood-shedding, they were blotted out. The poet says,

“ My Saviour's obedience and blood.
Hide all my transgressions from view.”

This was the point I came to—that, in the heavenly mind—in the register of a new and everlasting covenant—in the Person of of Jesus—there is no charge of sin, no condemnation for sin; and in the Great Assize, there will be no remembrance of sin against any of God's chosen ones. Of which great truth for thy comfort, reader, meet me here again to contemplate another day.

GOD WILL PROVIDE FOR THE MORROW.

ONE of the pastors of the early church, Cæsarius, Bishop of Arles, had ransomed a number of captives from the enemy. Owing to many causes, however, these poor people were unable then to return in safety to their homes. They had, therefore, to remain at Arles, and so large a multitude of strangers soon consumed all the provisions which the bishop had at his disposal. It was accordingly told Cæsarius that unless on the following day he allowed the prisoners to beg, he would himself have nothing to eat. When he heard this he retired into his closet, to pray that God would send help to the poor. Full of trust in God he then returned to his servants, desiring that his barns might be emptied and not a grain left, so that the remaining corn might be baked and the prisoners kept from begging.

“To-morrow,” he continued, “we must fast.” But to a confidential friend he whispered, “God will provide for the morrow, since He never suffers them to want who take thought for the poor.”

On the following day, that day to which the others had looked forward to with so much dread, three ships appeared in the neighbouring harbour laden with grain, sent by the Burgundian kings, Sigismund and Gundobald, to assist Cæsarius and his poor.—JANET.—*From the German.*

HAPPINESS EVEN ON THE EARTH.

SO many good people are so much afflicted ; and such numbers who believe in Jesus, walk in darkness and distress, that worldly people consider religion a melancholy delusion. It is pleasing now and then so to realize the presence of God, as to be able to rejoice in hope of eternal glory, and to cheerfully testify that godliness is profitable for all things, having promise of a life that now is, and of that which is to come. In one of his sermons, Mr. Spurgeon said :—

“ I would not change one five minutes of the excessive joy my soul has sometimes felt for a thousand years of the best mirth that the children of this world could give me : there is a happiness which can make the eye sparkle and the heart feel high, and the whole man as full of bounding speed of life as the chariots of Amminadib. There are raptures and high ecstasies, which on festival days such as the Lord alloteth to his people, the saints are permitted to enjoy. We have seen the happiest men in the most sorrowful conditions. Mr. Renwick, who was the last of the Scotch martyrs, said a little before his death, ‘ Enemies think themselves satisfied that we are put to wander in mosses and upon mountains, but even amidst the storm of these last two nights I cannot express what sweet times I have had when I have had no coverings but the dark curtains of night : yea, in the silent watch my mind was led out to admire the deep and inexpressible ocean of joy wherein the whole family of heaven do swim. Each star led me to wonder what He must be who is the star of Jacob, and from whom all stars borrow their shining.’ Here is a martyr of God driven from house and home and from all comforts, and yet having such sweet seasons beneath the black night as kings do not often know beneath their curtains of silk. A minister of Christ going to visit a very, very poor man, gives this description. He says, “ I found him alone, his wife having gone out to ask help of some neighbour. I was startled by the sight of the pale emaciated man, the living image

of death, fastened upright in his chair by a rude mechanism of cords and belts hanging from the ceiling, totally unable to move hand or foot, having been for more than four years entirely deprived of the use of his limbs, and suffering extreme pain from swellings in all his joints. I approached him full of pity, and I said, "Are you left alone, my friend, in this deplorable situation?" He answered with a gentle voice—his lips were the only parts of his body which he appeared to have power to move—"No, sir, I am not alone, because the Father is with me." I began to talk with him, and I soon observed what was the source of his consolation, for just in front of him lay the Bible upon a pillow, his wife having left it open at some choice Psalm of David so that he might read while she was gone, as he had no power to turn over the leaves. I asked him what he had to live upon, and found it was a miserable pittance, scarcely enough to keep body and soul together, "But," said he, "I never want anything, for the Lord has said, 'Your bread shall be given you, and your water shall be sure,' and I trust in Him and I shall never want while God is faithful to his promise." "I asked him," says this minister, "whether he did not often repine on account of suffering so acutely for so many years." "Sir," said he, "I did repine at first, but not for the last three years, blessed be God for it, for I know whom I have believed, and though I feel my own weakness and unworthiness more and more, yet I am persuaded that he will never leave me nor forsake me; and so graciously does he comfort me that when my lips are closed with lock-jaw and I cannot speak a word for hours together, he enables me to sing his praises most sweetly in my heart." Now here was a man to whom the sun of all earthly comfort was set, and yet the sun of heaven shone full in his face, and he was more peaceful and happy in deep poverty and racking pain than all you or I have been in the health and strength of youth."

'How is it that *He eateth with sinners?*' (Mark ii. 16).—They could not answer this question; we can. It is because He is come to seek and save the lost. It is as sinners that we meet with Him, and receive all His love and fulness.

PRECIOUS DEATH-BED EXPERIENCES.

By T. W. MEDHURST, OF GLASGOW,

Author of "Rays of Light in the Dark Valley," "Astounding Grace," &c.

*(Continued from page 74.)*III.—"THE DEVIL WAS STRONG, BUT CHRIST
WAS STRONGER."

ON the following Wednesday Miss Abercrombie was much in the same joyous frame of mind as on the day previous. She continued in prayer and praise, day and night; giving little or no rest to her body. In the morning she cried much unto Jesus, saying, "Oh! come, come, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly, and shew me thy salvation. Take me to glory, take me to thyself, and present me before the Father. Oh! I had fainted unless I had believed to see the glory of God. Lord, shew me thy glory."

A short time after this she broke out in a rapture of joy, saying "Oh! I see so much, and feel so much, that I cannot contain it, I cannot express it."

On being asked if she could give any representation of what she saw and felt, she replied, "I saw the Father and the Lamb sitting upon a throne. O that I were there! O He is precious! O He is glorious! O He is a full Saviour! He is altogether lovely. He has filled me with His glory, I can contain no more. O such a light! such a place! Oh! what am I, that in such a little time I should be set down with the Father before the throne, and behold His glory, and sing forth His praise through all eternity, for ever and ever!"

Similar expressions of joy and praise flowed so rapidly from her, that the half of them could not be remembered. Like David of old she might have sung,

"My heart brings forth a goodly thing;
My words that I indite
Concern the King: my tongue's a pen
Of one that swift doth write."—Psalm xiv. 1.)

Her heart did truly indite a good matter concerning King Jesus, her Lord and Saviour, and her tongue as she spake of His peerless excellencies, was like unto the fleet pen of a ready writer.

Her father being at Edinburgh was bent for that he might come home and see her die. She frequently inquired if he had arrived. Once she said, "O if he were come, that I might tell him what God has done for my soul! But I fear I shall lose my tongue before he comes. If death comes first, it shall be welcome: for Christ makes up for all."

Her words as she was praising and commending of Christ, to those who were present in the room, made such an impression upon them that they all began to weep. She at once said, "Sirs, weep not for me, weep for your own sins, weep for your own state. I wish ye had all such a joy as I have. Weep not for my sickness, it will soon be over."

Her father having arrived in the evening, she said to him, "I thought not to have seen you; but if death had come first, it should have been welcome. O what the Lord has done for my soul! O His kindness has been great to me! Oh! I was brought low, I was brought under great horror; the sorrows of death compassed me about—the pains of hell took hold on me—I found trouble and sorrow. And, oh! I had a hard obdurate heart, and I thought it still grew harder and harder, until the Lord of His rich grace and mercy had pity on me, and shined in upon my soul, and took the veil off my eyes, and let me see the glory of Christ, and took away my aversion, and made me willing to receive Him, and venture my salvation on Him, by a day of His power. O! sovereign grace. O! free, rich, and powerful grace. I was neither able nor willing to come to Christ, until He came to me; I could not take hold of Him, until he took hold of me; no, I was never willing until He made me willing. O! glory, glory to Him that has given me a heart to believe. *The Devil was strong, but Christ was stronger*; He has overcome him and my hard heart. O! such kindness as the Lord hath shewn me."

The dear saint having spoken much and long during that day, her father asked her, "Are you not weary after so much speaking?"

Had you not better take rest?" She replied, "No, my soul is at rest already, and my body will get quiet rest shortly in the grave." On the question being asked, "Are you willing to part with the world?" she answered, "O yes, yes, yes! I would not return to the world again for never so much: for what is in the world but sin, and temptations to sin? I am going to a place where there is no sin, no temptation, no affliction, no sorrow, no desertsions." Oh! that we had larger trust in Jesus, fuller confidence in His word, and more implicit reliance on His grace:—

"For He's the faithful promiser,
His word is ever sure;
He keeps all those who trust in Him,
In every state secure.

(To be continued.)

CALVIN AND GUTHRIE.

We fancy there is a beautiful affinity between the stern and spiritual, the discriminating and determined souls of the good old Reformer, JOHN CALVIN, who has now been three centuries in glory, and the blessed old Scotch Minister of Free St. John's, Dr. GUTHRIE, who has just retired from all public pulpit and platform services by the positive command of his physicians.

When the MASTER called JOHN CALVIN home, he quietly brake bread with his brethren, saying "I am come to see you for the last time, never more to sit with you at table;" but as they carried him to his dying couch, he prayed to God to bless them, and said "A partition between as need not prevent our union of spirit." And so he softly passed away.

Our choice minded and eloquent friend in Christ, the Rev. T. J. Messer, has written a touching life of Calvin. It is published in the Tercentenary Number of THE EARTHEN VESSEL, and is worthy of notice. "Dear Old Guthrie's" farewell we give in next month.

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Cheering Words.

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A HEAVEN-MADE POET OF THE HEART.

BEFORE I knew Sudbury myself, I have often heard Robert Powell, the present Coggeshall pastor's speech of good Daniel Herbert, whose hymns have helped many a ransomed sinner to hope in Jesus for a full salvation.

Tens of thousands of the younger children in Zion never saw any, or very few of Daniel Herbert's precious poems. One now and then in "CHEERING WORDS" would be very appropriate; cannot some of our friends make a selection for us, and send us a few nicely written out? We hope they will.

The Rev. W. Lush, the Incumbent of St. George's, Waterton, Hants, has, this month, sent us copies of "*The Remembrancer*," a monthly magazine, published by J. Paul, and filled with good things; in one of them is the following quotation, which by way of introduction, we give as descriptive of

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF GOOD DANIEL HERBERT.

Daniel Herbert was born about the year 1751. He had to wade through a long series of losses and crosses, that bore down upon him like a torrent, and so shattered his nerves that he never finally recovered. But though God tried him in the furnace of temporal affliction, he balanced his stroke, when the barrel of meal and cruse of oil had been nearly spent, by raising him up some friendly aid; so that he often said, "How good is God to me, a poor, discontented, murmuring, rebellious worm!" The Editor of the "Gospel Magazine," 1833, says of him, "He was a

ONE HALFPENNY.

plain, unadorned, though faithful and honest, messenger to dispense the word of eternal life to the helpless family of Zion. In early life it pleased Jehovah to meet him with omnipotent grace, and put him into the happy possession of gospel peace, at which period he gave him a promise that 'his shoes should be iron and brass, and as his day so should his strength be;' which in the after stages of Christian conflict was truly verified. This indeed was exemplified in the conduct and experience of our beloved friend, who for more than 60 years knew what it was, by a living faith, to view his multiplied transgressions buried in the great fountain of a Redeemer's blood. His dear Lord imparted to him a clear perception, spiritually to enter into the great mystery of iniquity so opposed to the reign of grace in the hearts of God's elect, so that he knew how to speak a word of advice to the tempted and tried followers of the Lamb; and his Lord had designed him to be an instrument in his hand for good to his chosen seed, scattered abroad." "Respecting the last few months of his frail abode, his friends evidently saw the gradual approach of dissolution; and for some weeks prior to that period, the Lord was pleased for wise ends to suffer the great foe to shoot his fiery darts; yet under those dark seasons light sprang up, and faith would say, 'All, all is well. I know whom I have believed. Jesus is mine; He paid down a price for me, and I should be the basest wretch were I not to declare it.' Sometimes he would say, 'Satan is at his old work again, but he cannot come near. No, no! my precious Jesus will not leave me; He has promised me that which I am sure He will perform. He does supply my need. Ah! my precious Christ, what a sink of iniquity I am! I feel it, but I am washed! I will praise free grace as long as I have breath. All my hope beyond the grave is in Christ. I am justified by His righteousness. I have peace within, and will glory in my enfeebled state. I have been called an Antinomian for many years, but tell the professing world my faith is fixed on Christ, the rock, who is the self-existent, independent God, with the Father and the Holy Spirit. I feel His power, and love His dear name, and I care not a rush for what they say. I have an anchorage steadfast and sure, and shall outride the storm and enter

the port, where envy and malice cannot come.' Drawing near his end, he added, 'It will soon be over. Redeemed by precious blood, saved by sovereign grace, rich and free, I shall soon sing as loud as Paul the apostle. Come, Lord, with Thy smiles, and take Thy poor servant home!' This prayer his God answered, and gave him to enjoy a peace of mind that passeth all understanding. On the evening of the day he died, his spirit was calm and joyous. He entered the valley of the shadow of death, exclaiming, as his last words, 'Ah, my Father! my Father! my Father!' and fell asleep upon his couch by his fire-side without a sigh." He died August 29, 1833.

How sweetly does he express "the love of Christ that passeth knowledge," in the words,—

"That God's own Son should bear the curse
For man, when devils were no worse;
For devils sinn'd, man sinn'd as well,
Man's saved, but devils go to hell;
Herein was love, beyond compare;
Poor trembling sinner, don't despair,
For though through seas and tempest tost,
Christ lived and died to save the lost."

How the *constant* presence of Jehovah is shown to be needed in every trouble, and the blessed consequence of such a presence seen in the following lines—

"How many times in sad distress,
In troubles not a few,
When help appeared the farthest off,
The Lord has brought me through.

"And then, alas! I've thought and said
That I would doubt no more;
But when another trouble came,
I fretted as before.

"There's not a trouble comes by chance,
Each comes with God's commission;
With every trouble grant thy smile,
And that will cause submission.

"Ten thousand times I've found Thy help,
When every brook was dry,
The Lord has whispered peace within
Beneath a cloudy sky.

"Because the Lord has been my help,
I will rejoice and sing,
And make my hiding place beneath
The shadow of His wing."

What encouragement, in such lines as the following, is held out to the poor timid soul:—

"O let the weakest saint rejoice,
For God will not His oath deny;
God never made a sinner pray,
And let that praying sinner die."

WEeping AND REJOICING.

THE FAITHFUL MINISTER'S DOUBLE PORTION.

I NEVER did love stony hearts; but a minister with a heart like a rock—is to me detestable. The law was written on tables of stone; so, the Gospel, in the letter of it, is by a mental power written on many a rocky heart, and is preached by many an unguarded tongue. Such ministers never weep for the want of souls as seals. That minister who doth weep, with tears flowing out of a broken heart, a heart full of love to Christ, and having earnest desires to see men saved in Jesus; such ministers are blessed men, and when they gather up a handful, as brother Benjamin Taylor, of Pulham, did the other day, rejoicing must be very good indeed. I understand the Suffolk divines had a photographer on the Association grounds, and that their noble personages are to be sold for 1s. 6d. the group, that is, if any body will buy them. We wish the photographer could have presented a likeness of the Pulham pastor, at the moment when so many blessed testimonies were given to him of his usefulness in the ministry. But as we have no picture, we give something better, words—his own words. He says:

"We have a girl of not more than sixteen years old, that was met with under that sermon you published of mine which I preached to the young. She will be proposed as a candidate for baptism at our next meeting. Another about the same age came forward last Lord's-day, and spoke of the sermon being blessed

to her which I preached in the afternoon. She dated her first impressions under the same sermon which was blessed to the other. Let God have all the glory, and let Jesus wear the crown. At our Association, brother Brand, of Bungay, read in his letter an account of a girl brought to the knowledge of the truth under my preaching, some few years ago at Fulham, when twelve years of age. The Church asked her how long she was in distress of mind about her sins? Her answer was,

"Only one week; I was convinced under the text, 'What shall I do to be saved?' This Mr. Taylor preached from the first Sunday. The next Sunday he took for his text the words, 'Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved'; 'and under this text I got peace and comfort.'

"Brother Brand afterwards told me of a woman that the Lord met with under a sermon I preached at Bungay several years ago, and whom he recently baptized. As soon as I left him I met with a friend in the meadow where our tent stood, a young woman, who asked if my name was Taylor; I told her it was. She said,

"How glad I am to see you: do you recollect preaching about the scarlet line in the window more than twenty years ago at Beccles?"

"I said, 'I cannot recollect anything of it.'

"She said, 'I do. I was only a little girl, and I shall never forget it as long as I live.'

"I said, 'I do not know you, though you know me.'

"She said, 'you know my brother, Mr. John Pells.'

"I was very pleased to hear of this.

"Now, brother, you will say, what do you tell me these things for? . What interest can you have in that? O! I state it for my brother Banks' comfort and encouragement, that he may still push on in the good will of the Lord. A little time before all these things came out, I had been in great distress of mind known to no one only myself, and about my real call to the ministry. For a long time I had been labouring and could hear nothing of anyone being brought to know the Lord under my preaching. I began to think I should be better employed in some other way;

that if ever I was made useful in the conversion of sinners, it would be so no more, for that my work was done; God had ceased to employ me, and that therefore I was now only employing myself and that is the reason I could hear of no conversion work going on. I feel as though I could not go on in the work were it not for these occasional tidings. I also heard on that day from two friends of the *Scraps and Crumbs* being greatly blessed to the Lord's people. When I get almost broken down, my Master starts me off afresh, and so I continue to jog along."

ONE OF HEAVEN'S YOUTHFUL CHORISTERS.

THE CONVERSION AND PEACEFUL DEATH OF CLARA LOUISA MYHILL,
OF FULHAM ST. MARY, NORFOLK.

A JOYFUL record of the goodness and mercy of God through the rich merits of his own dear Son, the Lord of life and glory, in the conviction and conversion of Clara Louisa, an affectionate and beloved child of William and Susannah Myhill, of Pulham Market, Norfolk, aged 13 years.

On Monday morning, March 14th, she was taken ill with the diphtheria; her parents, for some few days, thinking it to be only a common cold, felt no alarm, she being of a delicate constitution; but fearful symptoms began to appear. Mr. Jay, the doctor of Pulham St. Mary's, was sent for, who pronounced it to be that fearful disease which terminated her earthly career; she bowed with Christian patience to the divine will, as will be fully proved in the following pages. The doctor being faithful in letting her father know he thought she would not recover, created in his mind an alarm respecting her precious and immortal soul, although dreading the effect it might have upon her tender frame, he was compelled to let her know the worst, as he thought. On asking her if she had any thoughts about her precious soul, and the Physician of souls, her reply was, "the whole need no physician but they that are sick:" her mother sitting by her side, said, she knew she had thought about her soul; not waiting to be asked,

she said, "As the hart panteth after the water-brook, so panteth my soul after thee, O God," and,

"When I can read my title clear to mansions in the skies," &c.

He said to her,

"One there is, above all others, well deserves the name of friend,
His is love beyond all others, costly, free, and knows no end,"

"Yes," she said, "I have mother and father, and kind friends, but there is a better Father above." She said, "I did not think my time had been quite so short." She then asked her father to pray, after which she clasped her mother, father, and sister all together, as well as she could, intreating the blessing of God to rest upon them all, saying she should like to have us all buried together; naming kind friends of hers to follow her to the grave, telling her father never to be angry any more, but to love his enemies, for she could forgive everybody, saying she thought Jesse had been her greatest enemy, meaning a lad then apprenticed to her father in the baking business. She asked to have him called in to tell him she could forgive him, and asked if he could do the same to her. At a few minutes before four o'clock on the Sunday morning, she said she should soon be gone, and broke out in singing,

"I love Jesus, yes, I do,
Jesus smiles, and saves me too;"

"Glory be to God; Glory be to God," her voice low but in such a sweet musical sound that all in the room present never heard before. Going on as fast as she was able;

"Stop, poor sinner, stop, and think,
Before you farther go;"

and,

"Weep not for me, my parents dear,
For God has called me home:
Think for yourselves what you must be,
To escape the sinners' doom."

Hallelujah, Hallelujah. After this her bodily strength seemed to revive, saying she thought she should have been gone

before, now waving her hands and looking upwards, her mother asked her if dying was not hard work? she replied "no;" her father saying to her, "Jesus, my dear, can make a dying bed soft as downy pillows." She said, "yes, he made the feathers." She put out her hands for her Saviour; and said "here is a mercy! I shall soon be there, and have a golden harp. I shall soon have wings." The appointed time was not quite come; there were a few more things to be revealed. A kind female friend, a member of the Baptist Chapel at Pulham St. Mary's, where the family attend, hearing the beloved Pastor relate the information he had received from the child's father, felt constrained to go and see her; when there the child asked her mother to sing; this friend asked her what she should sing, she said,

"Thy mercy, my God, is the theme of my song," &c.

in which she joined with heart and voice as far as she was able, a short time after this Mrs. Bezzant said to her, "you will soon be in heaven, wont you, dear?" she said "I hope so." She asked Mrs. Bezzant to pray. After so doing, she asked her if there was any passage of scripture on her mind, if she could think of, for it might be made useful to other dear children. The child saying that it was in hearing Mr. F. Shaw once at Pulham chapel in his preaching speaking of the blood of Christ streaming down the hill Calvary, that caused her to think, and wonder, and after that she heard Mr. Robinson from Wymondham, at Pulham Chapel, speaking of the hart panting after the water-brook. This seemed to be her experience; these words she wrote on a piece of paper on both sides and preserved. Mr. Taylor, the minister of the chapel, being anxious to see her, came a mile and a half during the interval of worship on the Sabbath; but she was then very much exhausted. In the afternoon she was asked by her father if she still felt Jesus precious to her soul; "yes," she said, "you do not want to fear;" he then said to her, "you can say,

'Descend from heaven, Immortal Dove,
Spread thy kind wings abroad,
And wrapt in flames of holy love,
Bear all my soul to God.'

Her reply to him was very earnest, "I must wait till he comes." A short time after this a few bunches of primroses that she had gathered seemed to attract her attention, she took a bunch and snuffed at it two or three times and placed it to her bosom, saying they should follow her to the grave; and for the last time to look out at the window and bid a final adieu to earthly things; not forgetting to tell her parents and sister the same, and to let them know she was quite happy, to be sure not to grieve for her; about twelve o'clock at night she became restless, and her mind seemed to wander. A little more than an hour before she died, she walked upstairs, with a very little assistance, her intention seemed to lie down and die in her own room, on her bed there, that her happy spirit might return to God who gave it, to sing her dear Redeemer's praise through one eternal day. I am sure if I have erred, it is because I have not said all the goodness and mercy of God in thus revealing the matter. May the readers or hearers of these lines be enabled to say with the poet,

"Record his mercies every heart,
Sing every tongue the same."

For why should his mercies be forgotten in unthankfulness, and without praises due? Did not the Psalmist say, "I will extol thee, O my God, and I will bless thy name for ever and ever;" if it be God's dear will, may these few things be applied by the Spirit's power to the hearts of many, that God in all things may be honoured and glorified for his dear Son Jesus Christ's sake, to whom be all power and glory ascribed for ever and ever, Amen.—I remain, yours, A POOR WORTHLESS WORM.

BEAUTIFUL LITTLE KEDDINGTON.

AFTER hearing good David Wilson preach a sermon on Jesus shewing the disciples his hands and his feet, I took a little walk. I love to stroll about in lanes and fields by myself, especially when I am expected to preach. Well,—on the 15th of June, I was standing on "Woodland Green." John Dillestone's

garden and nursery was on my right; the banker's villa and gardens on my left; before me lay a peaceful view of spreading and ascending corn fields; and as I stood gazing around, my eye caught sight of the chapel; partly covered over by the high spreading trees which seemed so carefully and lovingly to defend and to embrace that favoured House of God. I could not help breaking out—"Oh! beautiful little Keddington! How fond I am of thee!" The air was fresh; the sun was shaded by quickly passing clouds; the flowers perfumed the breezes; and all nature appeared glad and happy; and I felt a pain at the thought that soon the day would end—and like thousands before it, be swept into the past for ever.

I had been preaching in the morning upon the work Paul sent Timotheus to do, when to the Thessalonians he said, "That he may establish you, and comfort you, concerning your faith;" and now I had to go up and preach again; and those words in the Canticles were with me, "*The mandrakes give a smell, and at our gates are all manner of pleasant fruits, which I have laid up for thee, O beloved.*"

The mandrakes there referred to, were very precious flowers indeed, and the Saviour uses them as figures or emblems of the precious graces which flow out of the soul when CHRIST is revealed; when His love is enjoyed; and when all the powers of the inner man are drawn out in earnest sympathies to GLORIFY HIM, in the *salvation and happiness* of poor sin-bruised men. But the Saviour makes a difference between the *artificial* and the *real*—between the flowers made by creatures, and those made by the Lord himself. We have extensive artificial flower makers in London, and artists and painters who can make flowers most elegant to look upon, yet, *THEY HAVE NO SMELL*. But "*the mandrakes GIVE A SMELL.*" This is Jesus' commendation of the sweet graces which flow out of the heart of an espoused disciple, and which had been expressed by the church when to her Beloved she had said, "Let us go forth into the fields and villages, let us see if the vine flourisheth, and if the pomegranates bud," and so on, and which sweet little experimental prophecy was beautifully fulfilled in JESUS when He rose from the dead; for then His whole

business appeared to be in looking after and visiting His disciples; and bestowing blessings upon them. And the same spirit animates and moves the saints even in these times, when some think there is hardly any life or love in Zion. Still, cold as we are, we are glad to go and see the sister churches, and carefully look after the tender grapes, and enquire into the experimental condition of the brethren; and whenever so called upon to go out upon this missionary or anniversary work, do we not earnestly beseech our Lord to go with us, as Zion did of old, saying, "Come, my beloved, let us go together," for, the living saints do well know there is no real joy, no divine blessing, no mercy realized, no glory cometh in without Him; and His promise is, "Lo! I am with you always." That distinguishing word *smell*, "O, the mandrakes give a smell," opened up itself to me that afternoon as I stood on Woodland Green, and filled my mind with many Gospel thoughts: three of which are worthy of being used as tests of our spiritual and safe condition in CHRIST; for He said, "As the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, except it abide in the vine, no more can ye, except ye abide in me." The "*smell*" indicates, (1) that the flower derives its life from the root; (2) that through the stem it has constant communication with the root: (3) that the flower and smell are but the development of the precious properties and qualities of the root. So with a living saint, a true believer derives all his life and strength from "the root and offspring of David," and this living one is in constant communication with Jesus, drawing fresh supplies from His immeasurable fulness; all its experience and manifestations of grace divine being but a faint unfolding of the glories and virtues of HIM who is "the brightness of His FATHER's glory, and the express image of His Person," and "in whom dwelleth all the fulness of the GODHEAD bodily."

We are none of us flowers in full bloom here. As for myself, I have but seldom realized the vitality of union to the beautiful Rose of Sharon; but I have enjoyed the sweet scent which from other little flowers I have sometimes smelled; and hope, through Jesu's precious blood, to see the full-blown flowers, all rich and radiant, in the paradise of God, beyond, beyond these lower skies.

The evening service at Keddington anniversary was a pleasant one. The chapel was crowded inside and out. Mr. Ince, of Clara, read the hymns so very nicely; the pastor, Mr. Murkin, read Isaiah iv., and prayed earnestly; and once more I had a warming in that little pulpit, and did indeed believe the Lord was good to all His chosen, and foretastes of His mercy I received, although, but

"A VILLAGE PREACHER."

AMELIA SADGROVE:

OR,

DECISION FOR TRUTH.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM FRITH, BOROUGH GREEN, KENT.

Author of "Communion of Saints."

(Continued from page 81.)

AFTER the lapse of a few years, the darling of Mr. Sadgrove's heart passed from under the care of her nurse, and became a pupil of Miss H. Brooks, the accomplished, pious, and devoted governess of the Sadgrove family, and it was but a short time before she gave unmistakable evidence of great superiority of talent.

Her papa now saw what he, though secretly, had so long desired to see—a true and noble seriousness. And it was no small pleasure to the judicious Mr. Sadgrove to witness, in a child so young, the unquestionable marks of true piety, for, although Amelia was naturally very lively and cheerful, and even sometimes apparently light and "flirty," yet, when the hours of study arrived, and especially the time for devotional exercises, she manifested no unsightly reluctance to leave all her pastimes and childish engagements, and retire to the study or the room of devotion.

One day as she had been for an evening walk with her governess, and was returning in company with her elder sisters, Sarah and Elizabeth, the beams of the declining sun were gently gleaming through the leafy elms that shaded either side of the highway, and the breezes of the west carried on their wings the fragrance of many an odoriferous flower nicely blended into a

sweet smelling odour, and the lovely nightingale thrilled the air with her vesper song, Mr. Sadgrove unexpectedly made his appearance at a point of the lane "where two ways met."

Sarah at first caught sight of him, and exclaimed:—

"O papa, we have been for a pleasant walk. Isn't it a pleasant evening? I have been thinking of Cowper's "Evening Walk," and the nice description he gives of the beauties of nature at this charming season of the year. I think nothing can be more pleasant after the studies of the day, than to take a quiet walk, and to admire the scenery of a fine calm summer evening."

Mr. Sadgrove, who had been listening with a marked seriousness upon his countenance to the remarks of his little daughter, suddenly stood still and said:—

"My dear Sarah, the beauties of nature are worthy of our continued admiration, and we should never be insensible to those things our great Creator has sent for our pleasure, but say with becoming gratitude to our great Benefactor, "In wisdom hast Thou made them all: the earth is full of Thy riches." And I think I have a very nice book in my library, which I will give you to read, upon the beauties of nature. I think it is called the 'Beauties of a Flower Garden,' by Mr. James Hervey, of Weston Flavel. But there is something more than the beauties of this world that we should consider, my dears," said Mr. Sadgrove, as in a solemn tone he addressed himself to his three little daughters and their governess.

"O pray what is that?" cried the inquisitive and thoughtful Amelia, as she moved from the opposite side of the road, where she had been collecting a nice little bunch of forget-me-nots, to give to Mrs. Walter's baby, "I should so like to know," and seizing the left arm of her papa, which was disengaged, and looking up in his face, she said, "Will you tell me, papa?"

"Well, my dear, perhaps you may already have anticipated the observation I am about to make. For I observe the sun is now hiding his glorious disk behind the western hills, and aids me in my remarks. But my observation was this—that very soon these beauties will fade. You see already the signs of decay in those yellow leaves that fall at our feet, and I have been thinking that

soon we, too, shall wither like those tufts of grass. As the prophet Isaiah says, "We all do fade as a leaf." And my dearest Amelia will one day fade like that beautiful (pointing to a rose blossom in the garden of a little cottage) rose which a few days ago I saw just expanding into maturity, but is now fading, withering, and falling,—so must we all decay; for the pen of inspiration says, 'The grass withereth, and the flower fadeth, but the word of the Lord endureth for ever!' And while we ought to be charmed at these earthly scenes, yet, we ought still, in observing the constant vicissitude of the most admired objects, exclaim with the holy man of old, 'So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.' "

Now Mr. Sadgrove, in returning to the family seat, had arrived at a churchyard, through which there was a pathway, and after passing through the gate and going up the gravelled walk, Mr. Sadgrove stopped suddenly to read the lines upon a tomb-stone that was near the path, and said:—

"Amelia, dear, I should like you to learn those beautiful lines of Parnell:—

I think, as soft and sad I tread
Above the venerable dead,
Time was, like me, they life possessed,
And time shall be when I shall rest.

We never," resumed Mr. Sadgrove, "can too often call to mind our certain mortality, for 'it is appointed unto all once to die, and after death the judgment.' "

"O," says Elizabeth, "Miss Brooks has been talking to us all about the uncertainty of life, and I have not forgotten what she said."

"Well, dear, and what did Miss Brooks say," asked Mr. Sadgrove, with a pleasing smile of fatherly affection.

"Well, papa," answered Miss Amelia, ever prompt in replying. "Miss Brooks said that we could find salvation in Christ, and that those who believed on the Saviour of sinners would go to heaven, and she quoted those beautiful lines of Dr. Watts:—

There everlasting spring abides,
And never withering flowers, &c.

And she said that *wherever there is love to Jesus there will certainly be salvation,*

And those who love the Lord below,
When they die to heaven will go,
And sing with saints above.

And, oh, I thought while she was speaking, that when I die I should like to go there, and I should like to see all I love there, too. Wouldn't it be nice, papa, for us to be all there together?"

"Yes, my love," rejoined Mr. Sadgrove, as he went in at the gate of his park, and was walking up to the family mansion, "it would, my dear, *but I fear there must be a great change in some of us before that can be the case!* I fear, dear Amelia, we are not prepared for that yet; for you know what the Bible says, that 'without holiness no one shall see the Lord,' and I fear we have not that holiness that is required."

"O, but," observed Amelia, as she approached the hall door, where Mrs. Sadgrove was standing awaiting their arrival, "I was reading only yesterday, in our morning lesson, that Jesus says by his servant Isaiah, 'Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as wool; and though they be red like crimson, they shall be white as snow,' and won't the removal of sin make us holy?"

"Ah," says Mrs. Sadgrove, as she overheard the closing sentence of Amelia's reply, "*there is nothing but that dissenting cant to be heard now from morning till night.*"

(To be continued.)

TEARS.

By REV. C. H. SPURGEON, OF METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.

SOMETIMES tears are base things; the offspring of a cowardly spirit. Some men weep when they should knit their brows, and many a woman weepeth when she should resign herself to the will of God. Many of those briny drops are but an expression of child-weakness. It were well if we could wipe

such tears away, and face a frowning world with a constant countenance. But oftentimes tears are the index of strength. There are periods when they are the noblest things in the world. The tears of *penitents* are precious; a cup of them were worth a king's ransom. It is no sign of weakness when a man weeps for sin; it shows that he hath strength of mind; nay more, that he hath strength imparted by God, which enables him to forswear his lusts and overcome his passions, and to turn unto God with full purpose of heart. And there are other tears, too, which are the evidences not of weakness, but of might—the tears of *tender sympathy* are the children of strong affection, and they are strong like their parents. He that loveth much, must weep much; much love and much sorrow must go together in this vale of tears. The unfeeling heart, the unloving spirit may pass from earth's portal to its utmost bound almost without a sigh, except for itself; but he that loveth hath digged as many wells of tears as he has chosen objects of affection; for by as many as our friends are multiplied, by so many must our griefs be multiplied too, if we have love enough to share in their griefs and to bear their burden for them. The largest-hearted man will miss many sorrows that a smaller one will feel, but he will have to endure many sorrows the poor narrow-minded spirit never knoweth.—Let all men know that there are such men as *weepers who are blest*—From “*Spurgeons Gems*.”

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“ WAVE UPON WAVE ”

OR,

A LITTLE DIARY OF A DARLING DAUGHTER.

SOME of my readers have never lost a child, nor a wife, nor a husband, nor any one very dear to them; they cannot tell what it is. I have had my heart broken many a time by death's terrible intrusion; and it has so filled me with terror and distress, that I feared to move. Oh, death! thou art a fearful foe! Yet, as God's messenger, it becomes us to say, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord." But I have known the time when from the heart, I could not use such words for all the world.

I have this morning read a sermon of good James Wells'; but one part of it staggered me not a little. He says,—

"Why should we be afraid to live, and why should we be afraid to die? It is a good thing to be hardened in sorrow. Job says, 'I will harden myself in sorrow.' Well, say you, I don't like that doctrine at all. I do, and I like the experience of it too. What! hardened in sorrow? I don't like it at all. Suppose you were a soldier, you would have to go on short commons sometimes, and very hard fare, and very rough usage, and a great deal of sharp discipline. Now if you were always wiping your eyes over it, you know, and pining, and crying, and making a great to do about it, so tender and so delicate, you would make a pretty

ONE HALFPENNY.

soldier would you not—faint-hearted? Whereas, if you met it boldly, and endured it willingly, this is a good soldier, hardened in sorrow. Well, say you, I don't mind a rough night's lodging; I don't mind a little knocking about; I don't mind a little short commons; I don't mind this, no! So the prophets, so the apostles, they were hardened in sorrow; that is, they got used to it. If anything came, Well, it is what the Lord had said, 'Tribulations shall come.' I know the Lord means us to feel and to be cast down by some things; but at the same time we may go on pining till we become so faint-hearted, so weak-hearted, that we cannot stand a little knocking about, and face it as we ought. Let us have fellowship with the blessed God by what the Saviour has done, then we are hardened in sorrow, and willingly endure hardness as good soldiers. Better that than to be at ease in Zion; for 'Woe unto them that are at ease in Zion!'"

I admit the truth of all this, and for many years I have been trying to be resigned to anything and everything the Lord might lay upon me; for with me it has been wave upon wave indeed: but,

" His grace shall to the end,
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark Divine."

In that quiet little town called Haverhill, in Suffolk, lives a godly, sorrowing widow indeed, a true believer in Jesus. Once a smart and active young lass in Rotherham's great drapery house in Shoreditch—then little thinking what sorrows awaited her onward path. In the order of God's good providence she was married to a young man by the name of LAY. He was called by grace Divine, and much blest under the ministry of Joseph Chislett, who was the pastor of the ancient church meeting in East lane, in Walworth. Mr. Lay's father is the minister of the Baptist Chapel, at Thaxted, in Essex. A noble-looking, an honourable-walking Christian man is he; and in Thaxted he labours in love and faithfulness, with hopeful success. His beloved son married, as I have said, and he settled as draper, &c., at Haverhill. But after a few years (during which time dear children were

born to him), he was called home, leaving his beloved widow and fatherless babes to struggle on in the battle of life. Her heavenly Father has sustained her, and the grace of God has been sufficient for her, making her very tears to smile with gratitude to the God of all her mercies, and causing even her poor broken heart sometimes to sing for joy.

But this summer another wave has broken upon her afflicted spirit. In a note to me she says,—

“DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Will you oblige me by inserting the enclosed account of my precious daughter? Had you known her life, conduct, and conversation, you would have said it will fill a book, which would be a most profitable one. Her death has given my frail tabernacle a tremendous blow, depriving me of my reason three times; but I hope in God. The Lord is my Rock, and has been a blessed help during eleven months of deep affliction. Accept my Christian love, yours in deep trial,

“SUSAN LAY.”

Ah! poor Susan, it is hard for nature thus to be torn a sunder but this poor world is full of pain, because sin and death are still reigning here.

“A few more rolling suns at most,” will put an end to it all, as far as the Church of Christ is concerned.

I give Mrs. Lay's letter as it came.

On Thursday morning, June 23rd, 1864, died at Haverhill, of consumption, EMILY HUGO LAY, aged seventeen years. From infancy, she displayed a thoughtful and affectionate disposition; and being called to sustain the loss of her beloved father seven years since, she became increasingly attached to her widowed and now sorrowing mother and her sisters. Her diligence in business was remarkable, and her leisure hours were generally occupied in reading the Word of God, or books whose tendencies were to promote the soul's health and comfort. About ten months ago her illness commenced, which terminated in her death. During this long period, she was confined to the house; but her time was not spent in idleness; she occupied herself, so far as she

could, in little domestic undertakings. And then she would resort to reading the Bible, or the works of pious authors. In her affliction, which was borne with much patience, the Lord mercifully met with her; if the work of grace had not been commenced before, which I believe it was six years ago—this was manifested by her conduct and conversation; and a short diary found after her death (a few extracts of which I give) shows the interesting state of her mind.

"Sunday, April 24th, 1864. Spent a nice quiet day with my dear mother; enjoyed reading Hedley Vicars; how I long to feel as he did; I feel so low in mind.

"Monday. Very low in mind all day, dead and cold.

"Tuesday. A little better; had some comfort from Isaiah xli.

"Wednesday. Feeling about the same, longing for a gleam of sunshine. Read Isaiah lv. Cannot take the invitations as I should like.

"Thursday. Very low all day; but got a little comfort from reading Isaiah. Wish I could feel my unworthiness more.

"Friday. Felt very unhappy. Kept going to sleep when I tried to read or pray; but a little more hope.

"Saturday, 30th. Felt more relieved in mind; but still unable to read or pray for sleepiness; it grieves me very much: hope it will be better—but have many mercies. Oh, that I may feel truly thankful for them.

"Sunday, May 1st. Very poorly with cough, which prevents me from sleeping: but have a clearer hope that the desire within me could not be a natural one. Oh! that I may not be deceived.

"Monday, 2nd. Still unable to read or pray in the morning; very grieved, rather low in mind; it seems confused.

"Tuesday, 3rd. Tried to read 52nd Isaiah. Could not get further than the sixth verse. Dear mother read the Epistle of Paul to the Galatians; felt a strong hope.

Wednesday, 4th. Still feel a degree of hope, and desire to read the Bible, from which I received a little comfort. I trust I feel thankful for that; but how rejoiced should I be if but a verse or sentence were applied with power.

"Sunday, 8th. Felt a great deal of unbelief; how deeply thankful no one could tell I should feel if there was the slightest assurance of my being a Christian. I want to feel it.

"9th. Longing to feel an union to Jesus Christ; how I wish I could love him more: it does not seem love at all which I have.

"11th. Very remiss; might have read more if I had tried—prevented by friends calling. How apt we are to be absorbed with things around. Oh, that I may be enabled to live close to God, and be able to trust and love Him with all my heart! What would I give could I know my sins were washed in the blood of Jesus, and feel more love to Him.

"14th. Still in the same state, rather worse if anything. Might have read the Bible more, but did not feel to relish it. Would give anything to feel different. Yet I cannot believe the desire is a natural one, how thankful, very thankful, I ought to be for it. What ungrateful creatures we are.

"15th. Was very wakeful in the morning; still the same in mind, which I know to be wrong. Dear mother read and explained some portions from the Bible, which was very nice, but no real comfort for me. Going to bed dear mother explained to me the state I was in was an unbelieving one; how dreadful to be an unbeliever. If there is a work begun, how much I owe to that dear Saviour that died for us guilty sinners, I feel it is wicked to doubt Him, but seem to want more evidence.

"16th. Could not forget all night what dear mother said. 'An unbeliever;' oh, I hope the spirit of prayer may be put into me.

"17th. 'Unbeliever' still ringing in my ears: feel a thirsting for good things. How I long for some one to read with me.

"18th. Felt more hope; could not pray: thoughts get so confused. How dishonoring I feel it must be to God, and when he is continually showering mercies on me. Went down the garden again this afternoon; nature looked glorious. How kind and strange to think I should ever go down again.

"19th. Feeling empty; O how I pine for something comforting.

"21st. Very remiss in reading. I seem to be getting into a careless state; oh that I may be enabled to live closer.

"25th. Breath very bad; mind very much down. I fear that I have neglected reading too much, and cannot profit much when I try. The 145th Psalm gave me some comfort; hope I shall be enabled to lay hold of the beautiful promises."

Our pastor, Mr. Murkin, improved the occasion of her death by a sermon from the words, "By their fruits ye shall know them," which was very solemn and interesting.

I omitted to say many delightful things I could say of her: the conversation at different times, she was so impressed that it was for some peculiar kind motive of the Lord's to remove her so young. I said to her a short time before her death, "My dear, do you feel now that you can love Jesus as much as you have always desired to do?" She answered loud, "YES, THAT I CAN."

May the Lord overrule this event for his own glory, and the good of his people.

HER BELOVED AND SORROWING MOTHER.

Thus, with hundreds of thousands of tender lambs, Emily Lay has passed through Jordan, and in the vision of God realizes all her soul desired. Reader, art thou ready?

PRECIOUS DEATH-BED EXPERIENCES.

By T. W. MEDHURST, OF GLASGOW,

Author of "Rays of Light in the Dark Valley," "Astounding Grace," &c.

(Continued from page 100.)

IV.—"I BLESS GOD I AM GOING TO DIE."

ON the minister, Mr. Gray, coming into the room, Miss Abercrombie said, "O Mr. Gray, bless and praise the Lord that it is not with me now as it was when you saw me some time ago. Oh! the Lord has been kind to me since; free grace has made a great change upon me; He has loosed my bonds, and set me at

liberty." Shortly after she said, "I fear the Lord will not always continue with me." One answered, "Whom He loves He loves to the end." "I do not fear but He will love me," she replied, and take me to heaven, but Oh! His presence is sweet and comfortable; and I would fain have it continued with me. I have a battle to fight with death yet. Oh if it were over! But Christ has died and risen again, and so shall I. My time is lengthening. I thought that death was nearer; but, Lord, give me patience to wait."

Looking towards her mother, she said, "I bless God that ever you asked me what my trouble first was. For had you not done so, I believe I should have concealed it, until it had overcome me."

Shortly afterwards, she again in a rapturous strain, began to praise God for the gift of Jesus, and for redemption through His blood, and for the Holy Spirit who had applied Christ's purchase to her, saying, "I see now I have a right to all His purchases; all is mine. Oh! I am now willing to die; come, Lord Jesus, come quickly; I am ready to go out to meet the Bridegroom. *I bless God I am going to die*; I cannot think to return to the world. I am not worthy of Christ if I did not prefer Him before all the world. Oh! I bless the Lord who has spared me until this time, that He has made such a discovery of Himself to me, and shown me His salvation: for if I had died sooner, where had I been to day?"

Her mother remarked, "I had always good hopes of you." "Oh!" she replied, "your hopes were ill-grounded: because I was grave and sober, you thought I was good, but that was nature still; I had as proud a spirit, and as hard a heart as anybody for all that. And since I was *seven years old*, I always doubted if I belonged to the election of grace, my heart was so hard, which many a time discouraged me, and weakened my hands in my duties. But now I am over these, glory to Him! and now I could not wish to live longer in this sinful world, where there is nothing desirable. O for heaven, where there is nothing but joy, no sin there, no temptation there, no desertion there, where I would not see Him as through lattices! Oh! if

to see Him through lattices* be so sweet, what will a full view of Him be, when I shall see Him "face to face,"—"shall see Him as He is," shall see the Father, and the Lamb, and walk with Him in white, and be for ever with Him! O come, come, come, Lord Jesus, and take me to thyself!"

"He shows Himself in all appointed means,
As lattices, admitting just so much
Of His refulgent glory to burst through,
As our poor weak capacities can bear;
Reserving His full beauties to unfold,
When at the marriage supper He sits down,
With His beloved wife in climes of bliss."

JOSEPH IRONS.

* Solomons Song ii, 9. *Laices*.—The partial views of Jesus with which the believer is favoured, while herebelow, in the ordinances of the gospel.

(To be Continued.)

THE OLD MAN AT SOUTHERY.

A NOTE TO MR. JOHN DILLISTONE.

DEAR CHRISTIAN BROTHER,—It seems a long time since I wrote to you; do not think me ungrateful. You know how suddenly I was taken ill at your house, when there in June; that has, in measure, continued with me, more or less, until now. I have had many weeks of sinking, and silent sorrow, but I hope I may say the Lord has been my helper all the way through. Whether I am to continue working or not, I cannot say, but certainly I have felt the sentence of death to be in me, and yet all my engagements have hitherto been filled up. I am glad you are purposing to build a gallery in your beautiful little Kedington chapel, and to carry the roof up higher. I shall be most thankful if I might be honoured to help you a little in a work so desirable.

When I consider how wonderfully the Lord helped you to raise your chapel—how much He has honoured the word there—how He has always fitted the pulpit with good Gospel—how He has

enabled you to pay all the debt upon it, and when I think upon the many years I have been favored to visit you in real peace and with Gospel pleasure, I feel I am bound to call upon the friends in Zion to remember the little church at Kedington, on the borders of Suffolk, and to ask one and all to send you their mite at once. Let it but be well understood that Kedington Baptist chapel is the only place of truth for a number of villages in which it stands as a centre point. Let it also be remembered that for more than fifteen years God has crowned the Gospel there with good success. Many souls have been gathered in, called, converted, fed and instructed, and safely carried home to glory. For a long period did good Robert Powell, now of Coggeshall, blow the trumpet there. The people heard him gladly, some will never forget him, and when the Lord required him in a larger sphere, he sent you brother Murkin, whose ministry crowds your chapel, and comforts your hearts. In your last note to me you say :—

“We had a very crowded chapel yesterday ; many strangers ; hope the Lord made use of the word preached. The Lord is good, a very present help in trouble. O for grace to help and guide, to hold up, and hold on. Yes, and for grace to praise Him ; it must all come from Him. May He bless us, so pray yours in Him,

“JOHN DILLISTONE.”

Well, now then what must be done ? I will tell you what I will do, please God to spare me. I will mention Kedington chapel to the friends around me. I think I will try and preach one sermon from that text in the Canticles, “What shall we do for our sister in the day when she shall be spoken for ?” And when I have endeavoured to prove that she is a faithful and a fruitful sister, a sister that has always been exceedingly tender and kind towards me, I will ask all to do a little towards carrying your chapel up higher, building a gallery, establishing a Sunday school, and then, when they have collected their trifles, to dispatch them to my brother John Dillistone, Woodland green, near Halstead, Essex. And here, in my study, to God Almighty I would pray that we may all live to see Kedington chapel large enough to hold many hundreds of people, and the roof high

enough to keep them from being suffocated, and the gallery strong enough to hold a large Sunday school. And if my blessed Lord Jesus will grant me the favor to get you help, and then to come to the formation of your school, I think I shall rejoice indeed. Well, John, you and I have seen much of His goodness pass before us, may He help us still to pray in faith, and prove in full realization that He is better to us than all our fears, yea, than even all we can desire. Amen, and amen.

Dear friends, do not forget Kedington in Suffolk. The good old man in Southery must wait till next month, they have no more room for THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

AMELIA SADGROVE:

OR,

DECISION FOR TRUTH.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM FRITH, BOBOUGH GREEN, KENT.

(Continued from page 81.)

MR. S. overheard Mrs. Sadgrove's invidious reflection, and stepping up to the door, he said, in soft and gentle language:—

"I am sorry, my dear, to hear you speak thus. Instead of being pleased and gratified with the fact that dear little Amelia gives so many evidences of true piety, you appear to manifest every sign of disapproval, and to discourage and annoy those who I am sure feel the deepest interest in her welfare."

To this Mrs. Sadgrove made no reply, but quietly walked away, and nothing more was said that evening.

Some time after this, when the sunny days of summer had departed, and the beautiful landscapes in the neighbourhood of Firfield Hall had changed their verdant excellence for the barren nakedness of the hyemal seasons, instead of going forth along the shady lanes, and through the grassy fields covered with gorgeous flowers, they were confined to the house; and in the hours of vacation talked over the most attractive and interesting

books, and the various sources of amusement that would beguile the "leisure hour." And it was on one of these occasions, in the foggy month of November, when the day had been dark and cloudy, and unpropitious for any recreation in the pleasure grounds, that Amelia had entertained, by the consent of her affectionate parents, after the termination of the hours of study, a young friend whose name was Thirza Williams, of a very gentle and amiable disposition. So after tea, Amelia, her little friend and sisters, together with her governess, retired to the study and began a conversation on the most acceptable books for vacation hours.

Thirza Williams, who had brought some books in a little morocco bag, began to pull out one or two of them, and placed upon the table "Jane Hudson," "Robinson Crusoe," the "Pilgrim's Progress," and a number of books of light literature.

Miss Brooks, who was observing every action of Thirza Williams, asked her which book she liked best. To which Thirza replied:—

"I think 'Robinson Crusoe' is so very interesting and entertaining. When once you begin it, you do not like to lay it down till you have read it."

"O," said Sarah Sadgrove, "I am very pleased with that book, for I have read it, yet I think I much prefer 'Jane Hudson,' for the lessons taught by the book are so useful and important, and it also has a regard for piety, being published by the 'Religious Tract Society.'"

"I am very glad to hear you make those remarks," observes Miss Brooks, "and I hope you will always have your choice directed in the selection of your books more by a regard to their utility and piety than to amusement and gratification, because you know, dear Sarah, that, while it is right that we should have some diversion and amusement, it should always be connected with a becoming sobriety. Do you recollect what the poet says?"

"Religion never was designed
To make our pleasures less."

And therefore in all our ways we should acknowledge Him,

'whose ways are ways of pleasantness, and all His paths are peace.'

Amelia, who had been quietly listening to all the remarks of her attached governess, and looking with that marked attention that is a sure index of felt interest, now broke silence, and said:

"Dear Miss Brooks, I think you already know my choice, for I recollect that you have always taken particular notice of the books I have selected for my evening's recreation. But there is one that I like above others, and it is the 'Pilgrim's Progress.' O I think it is so very interesting, and so full of interest to those who hope to go to heaven when they die. O it has been very useful to me during the last year, it was on my fifteenth birthday that I seemed to enjoy it most. I had often read it before, but it was after going one day with you and dear Miss Glover, my old nurse, who has now left us, to hear Mr. How at the village chapel, that I began to read it with more interest. You remember when Mr. How was speaking to the young, he referred to it as a very nice book for young enquirers, and said that next to the Bible it was the best book in the world. And from that time I began to read it with great pleasure, for I felt that I was an enquirer for Jesus, and must be something like poor Christian. I must leave the world and its wicked company, and take the Bible as my guide to heaven."

"My dear girl," exclaims Miss Brooks, "how glad I am to hear you talk so. It is indeed a precious book, and I hope the Holy Spirit will make it a blessing to you. But as Miss Thirza Williams has come to spend the evening with us, we must not engross any more time, though it would delight me much to hear more of your experience of the value of that excellent volume, which indeed I shall do at some convenient season."

"How much Miss Amelia talks like my dear mamma," exclaims Miss Thirza Williams. "The 'Pilgrim's Progress' is her favorite book, and often, after she has come home from hearing Dr. Horn, the vicar, she has sat down and said, 'I can get more comfort and instruction in that little book of the tinker, than I can from hearing that poor, misguided, jesuitical vicar, who says nothing that comes home to the heart.' Indeed it always stands

side by side with the Bible on the table, and I believe that is one of dear mamma's choicest books."

"Did I hear, Miss Thirza," exclaimed Miss Amelia, "that you went to a ball with the Georges and the Miss Gregories at Captain Prescott's?"

Miss Thirza Williams flushed like a crimson rose, with conscious shame, and biting her lips with anger to think that should have reached the ears of her young friend at Firfield hall, in a very confused and agitated manner replied:—

"It is true, dear Amelia, that I did go, though much against the wish of mamma. But I did not enjoy myself. I felt out of place, and the lightness of all, and indeed the rudeness of some quite disgusted me, and I spent the evening without any pleasure, and came home truly wretched, and grieved poor dear mamma for some days after. And I have resolved that I would never go to a ball again. For though I am not, you know, so religious as you are, and do not like to go to chapel, because few people of refinement, position, and good education go there, yet I like to go to church, and hope, by so doing, I shall get to the same heaven at last."

(To be continued.)

WHAT IS LOVE?

By REV. SAMUEL MARTIN.

I HAVE been reading a sermon by that refined, gentlemanly scholar and truly gifted minister, SAMUEL MARTIN, of Westminster. I do not think he is much known by CHEERING WORDS readers; but he is a great favourite of mine. I believe the Lord has given him powers of thought, and affections toward heavenly things beyond many. They are building him a new Westminster Tabernacle, and in it I hope thousands will be truly gathered to Christ. In this my first notice of Mr. Martin I will only give a few words of his on love. It is the commencement of a sermon on Jer. xxxi. 3. He says,—

"PROFESSOR BLAYNEY renders the Hebrew text, 'From afar off

Jehovah appeared unto me: Also with a love of long standing have I loved thee: therefore have I lengthened out my mercy to thee.'—Dr. Henderson renders the passage, 'Of old Jehovah appeared to me. Yea, I loved thee with an everlasting love; therefore have I prolonged my loving-kindness to thee.' And in the margin of some Bibles you will read, 'The Lord hath appeared from afar. With a love of long standing have I loved thee, and I have extended loving-kindness unto thee.' These different renderings, however, do not much modify the meaning of the text; and we may take it in substance as it is rendered here. 'The Lord hath appeared of old unto me, saying, Yea, I have loved thee with an everlasting love: therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee,' or, 'therefore have I extended my loving-kindness unto thee.' We shall speak of this love as everlasting love, as everlasting love of God, following its objects to the uttermost.

"Now, What is love? Is it not delight in an object, and is it not desire to promote the well-being of an object? The love of God answers to these definitions. For example, it is said, after an account has been given to us of the creation of our earth and her firmament, that 'God saw everything that he had made, and behold it was very good.' The feeling within the Creator that what He had made was very good, was delight in that which He had made, and that delight is one form of love. In the 104th Psalm, after the inspired poet has been describing the manifold works of God, he says, 'The Lord shall rejoice in His works'—or *delight* in His works. That delight is one form of love. But this is not the kind of love to which our Saviour refers, when, in his conversation with Nicodemus, he spake the oft-repeated words, 'God so loved the world that He gave His only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in Him should not perish, but have everlasting life.' This is a form of love different from that represented by the words, 'The Lord shall rejoice in his works.' 'God saw everything that he had made, and behold it was very good.' This is love taking an extraordinary form in order to reach beings who have sunk below their normal state. So that you see that so far as the Divine nature is concerned, the desire to do good may exist

where delight in the being who is the object of that desire, has been disturbed. Our Father in Heaven cannot look upon us with the delight with which he looked upon the first man, when the first man came fresh and fair from the hand of the Creator: we have been marring our condition, and tainting our being. The only thing that God hates, the one thing that God abhors, is within us, it has spread itself as a leprosy over our whole spiritual being, but still there is a form of love which can reach us in this low and in this lost estate. Some resolve love into self-love. We delight in what we love, therefore, say some, we love for the delight. But this is a serious error which may be refuted by a thousand facts. Just think of the facts by which you may refute this error. And let me here make two remarks concerning love generally,—First, Its existence is universal, except as sin reigns and checks it; and, secondly, its work and its service are multiform and extensive. With very few exceptions love exists wherever there is conscious life. In a low form it is found among irrational and unaccountable creatures; as a spark or a fire it burns in every human soul; it is a passion with the angels; and it is the characteristic of God. Men love, angels love, and God is love. We feel, and observe, and mark its existence on earth; we hear of it in heaven; and we know that there is but one place tenanted by beings capable of love who do not love, and that place is hell; and we also know that there is but one class of human beings from which it has departed, viz., souls that are lost. Love! It gushes forth from the throne of God, flows round the universe, and rises again to the level of its source. Like an inverted tree, it roots in heaven, and yet drops its fruit upon this wide world, and upon beings in the lowest terrestrial estate. Nor is love, to drop our figure, inactive or useless among the children of men even in their low estate. It unites, as in conjugal life, two streams of being, and makes them one,—it causes the mother to forget her anguish and to make her bosom the refuge and the strength of helpless infancy—it makes parents ministering angels, and the children bright morning stars in the household firmament—it creates all that is meant by home—it impoverishes itself to enrich others, and exposes itself to danger to protect and otherwise to serve others—it feeds the

hungry ; clothes the naked ; shelters the homeless ; takes charge of the orphan ; attends at the sick bed in the face of contagion ; visits the captive in prison ; weeps at the grave ; builds hospitals ; erects almshouses, asylums, and places of worship—it instructs, warns, entreats, reproves, consoles, and in ten thousand forms ministers to the creature while it worships the Creator—it renders benefits to the sinner and serves the Saviour ; it intercedes on earth and it offers praise in heaven ; it weeps here, it rejoices in the world above."

THE SOUL THAT BELIEVETH.

ISAIAH XXXVIII. 16.

THE soul that believeth shall surely be sav'd,
Tho' hell, sin, and Satan oppose;
Tho' not for believing, yet 'tis thro' believing
He's enabled to conquer his foes.

The soul that believeth, what does he believe?
What is the report that he credits?
That sinners are saved thro' the blood of the Lamb,
Sav'd freely, and not for their merits.

The soul that believeth is built on a rock,
That shall stand when this world is on fire,
Upheld by the arm of omnipotent grace,
That arm that shall raise them up higher.

The soul that believeth, is safe and secure,
He rests on the words of his God,
Who'll hedge up his foes, that they cannot break thro',
And put blessing in ev'ry rod.

The soul that believeth, ah let him stand still,
And see God's salvation for man,
God draws him, he runs—God holds him, he stands,
And this is Jehovah's own plan.

The soul that believeth has God for his friend,
Who loved him before he believed,
And because he's loved, he has tokens of grace
That Satan can never deceive.

O may I believe that these blessings are mine,
Thro' Christ the adorable Lamb,
And may the bless'd Spirit but whisper to me,
And sweetly say—Thou art the man.

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Cheering Words.

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NO. 185.

"I WISH THAT YOU KNEW JESUS!"

A TRUE TALE OF THE TABERNACLE.

THERE are but few who really know the trials and anxieties of mind to which the faithful preacher and the honest teacher are subjected. Month after month, and year after year, they continue steadfastly to sow the precious seed of the bread of life; but no fruit has been visible to the preacher's or the teacher's eye. When, therefore, we can show a case which would be "cheering words" indeed to either preacher or teacher, we do so with the greatest satisfaction.

The following striking instance of the Divine sovereignty of our omnipotent Jehovah, is the substance of what we heard related by a kind Christian brother who visited the case. The names alone are fictitious.

Little Jane Morgan lived with her parents in one of the densely populated and over crowded localities in the south of London; the great fever nests of the metropolis. Her father was a labouring man who cared more for the ale house than his own miserable home—if home it might be called; it was one miserable room. The only furniture was a broken chair and a shattered table; and on the floor in one corner, lay a heap of rags, which served father, mother, and daughter for a bed. The father scarcely ever returned to his wretched home except in a state of the most beastly intoxication. His wife had been accustomed to spend hours at night in seeking for him, and persuading him to return home

ONE HALFPENNY.

But alas! alas! as is too often the case, she, too, became a lover of the bottle; and at the time when our short tale opens, both husband and wife were most inveterate drunkards. What, then, was likely to become of poor little Jane, nurtured in such a place? How often has she sat in that wretched room awaiting the return of her fallen parents, until sometimes she would fall asleep, out of which she was too often awakened by their drunken brawls.

By some fortuitous circumstance, Jane was led to attend the Sabbath School, where the word taught sank deep into her young mind. She heard with delight the holy words, "They that seek me early shall find me," and there is reason to hope and believe that she not only sought, but found Jesus.

One Sabbath morning, the father, scarcely recovered from the dissipation of the past night, commenced his customary tirade of oaths and curses. His little Jane, with kindness looked up and said,

"I wish that you knew Jesus, father, you would not use such hard words."

His already hardened heart became the more rebellious, and he determined that he would go where they talked about Jesus, to have "a fling at the minister." Accordingly, he went to the Tabernacle, and took his seat in the upper gallery, having made up his mind to insult the minister. Mr. Spurgeon was proceeding with his sermon, when Morgan rose to resist or attack the preacher, when some words which he uttered were made use of by God's Holy Spirit to arrest the sinner's hand and voice. Like an arrow, it pierced his guilty heart, convincing him of sin. Thus disarmed, he sat himself down until the close of the service. He returned home a different man. His wife scarce recognised him when he mildly said,—

"Oh, Mary, I wish you would go with me to hear Mr. Spurgeon to-night."

She was startled, and asked how she could go with such ragged clothes?

"Never mind your clothes," was the rejoinder, "we can go into the top gallery where no one will see us."

They went, and it pleased the Lord to meet with the woman also, and subsequently both found peace in believing. How changed the scene! The ale house and its drinks were abandoned; the ribald song gave place to the hymn of praise; and the home became comparatively a happy one.

Our friend, who related the circumstance, called in promiscuously one Saturday evening to see how they were going on. Morgan was sitting down in a clean flannel jacket, and the room looked remarkably changed. There sat little Jane, happy. Her father apologised for the absence of his wife, and bid his visitor be seated. He smelt something very savory coming from the large pot which stood over the fire, and made some remark thereon, to which Morgan replied that it was a rabbit boiling.

"Very nice," said his visitor, "to have boiled rabbit for supper."

"Oh, no! that's not for supper," responded the man; "we don't have boiled rabbit for supper; that's for to-morrow's dinner."

"You have it cold to-morrow, then."

"Oh, no, we don't; the wife makes up the fire, puts on the pot, and the "holy" * shovel in front; then we go to chapel, and when we come home the fire is all right, and the dinner is hot."

Such a remarkable instance of God's sovereignty deserves to be put on record. Father, mother, and child are now walking in the same path, expecting to meet at the same home, relying on nothing but the blood of Jesus for their everlasting salvation.

"Hail, mighty Jesus, how divine
Is Thy victorious sword!
The stoutest rebel must resign
At Thy commanding word.
Still gird Thy sword upon Thy thigh,
Ride with majestic sway;
Go forth, sweet Prince, triumphantly,
And make Thy foes obey."

One word to our readers. If some of them were to use the "holy" shovel as Mrs. Morgan did, perhaps we should not see so many vacant seats in some places of worship on the Sabbath morning.

* Meaning the perforated sinder-sifter, in common use among families.

THE SOUL THAT BELIEVETH.

MY dear daughter, Anne Huard, departed this life 17th of March, 1864, after a painful affliction of two years, aged fourteen. She was beloved by all that knew her; was always what is called a good girl. When first taken with her illness, she did not like anyone to talk to her about dying, but would say she should get better. She did not wish to leave her father and mother. She was very fond of going to chapel, and her Sunday school. The first time we perceived a work of grace upon her soul was one Sunday, when brother Wall was to preach in the evening. We asked her if she should like to hear him. She said, "Very much." Her mother carried her to chapel; not being able to walk, being then a poor cripple. The text was, "My sheep hear my voice." While brother Wall was describing the difference between the sheep and the goats, her mother perceived her holding down her head, and crying. She said to her:—

"Are you in pain? shall I take you home?"

She said, "No."

She had very little sleep that night: the next morning, her mother said to her,—

"My dear Anne, you have been very bad all night."

She said, "O mother, I am such a sinner. You did not know why I was crying at chapel last night. I did not think I was one of God's sheep; but thought I was a goat, and should go to hell."

She was for some length of time troubled in her soul; and was passing through great exercises of mind: was often heard to cry to God when alone: her mother would sometimes listen at the foot of the stairs to hear her pleading with her God; on going up to her would find her weeping on those occasions. She would talk to her; ask her if she thought the Lord was not very good to her even in the midst of all her sufferings in giving her a desire to love him, and a spirit of prayer? She would say, "O yes, mother; He is good: but do you think He will hear such a sinner as me? I feel that I have such a wicked heart." Her mother told her that

she would never have known that, if God had not revealed it unto her; for He only did that to His own dear children, whom He had chosen for Himself.

One very remarkable circumstance occurred about this time. One morning she said, "I want to tell you something. Last night, after praying some time to God to tell me I was His child, I went to sleep, and dreamt I was in a large room where there was a great feast spread on a very large table; at the end of the table such a beautiful person sat, all in white. There was such a many there. I was there, and you, and father. Presently that beautiful person rose and gave something to some of the people: he came to me, and looked so pleasant, and gave me a white stone with gold letters on it, and one to you and father; that was to show that we were welcome to the feast. The rest covered their faces, and went out. I woke, and felt so happy." Shortly after that, a dear brother in Christ called to see her. While talking to her, he said he had had such a good time at the throne of grace pleading to God on her behalf, so much so that he believed the Lord had heard him. You could see her face brighten up. When he went she said, "O mother, I am so glad that real good Christian people do pray for me." I said, "My dear, that will not do unless you pray for yourself." She said, "I know that; and am so glad that the dear Lord knows more than you do: He knows I love Him; I hate sin." She seemed from this time to lose the fear of death, though at times sorely tried and harassed. Her sufferings became very great. She would say, "O if I were the Lord's, He would give me more patience to suffer His will." She knew she was dying; she felt her end would soon come; but was ripening for glory. Sabbath evenings were then sweet times for me, although painful at the thought of so soon losing her; being unable through great affliction to attend chapel, I was alone with her. She would talk so heavenly, and sing so sweetly such striking hymns: such as,

"Yes, I shall soon be landed on yonder shores of bliss,"

and one in her school hymn book,

"Thy will be done."

While singing this hymn, one Sabbath evening, she saw me weep. She said, "Sing, father; the Lord will give you strength to say, 'Thy will be done.'"

I said, "I cannot say so now, my dear; I don't feel as though I could give you up."

She said, "O dear father, the Lord will support you; I don't think that you will be long after me, mother, and you, and brother, I hope, will soon meet above, with precious Jesus; O how happy we shall be."

Our pastor came to see her. On coming in, he said, "You are very bad, Anne."

"Yes," she said, "I am."

He said, "Do you think you will get better?"

She said, "No."

"Then where do you think you will go?"

"To heaven sir."

"How do you know that?"

She said, "Because I believe that God has pardoned me."

"What makes you think so?"

"One day, I was so dark in my mind, and I prayed to God, and the room seemed all bright, and I seemed so happy."

"Have you ever had any passage of scripture applied to you?"

"Yes; 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,' and so on."

He said, "Well, if after all, if God was to send you to hell, do you think He would be just?"

She said, "Yes, I should deserve it."

I could fill a book if I were to write all; I will come to the last part of her life. She suffered very much; she would cry out, "Dear Lord, do take me home: do, dear Lord, release me, take me to Thyself;" then she would say, "O mother, O father, pray for me, that the Lord would give me patience; you don't know, father, what I suffer, but it is all for the best, the Lord does right." We saw her end approaching; we could scarcely bear to see her sufferings. We asked her if she feared death. She said, "No; come, Jesus, take me home." About half-an-hour before she died, I said, "You will soon be with Jesus." She said,

"Yes, I hope so, I think I shall." About three minutes before she went, she asked for her brother; she kissed him, and her look I cannot forget; and her happy spirit departed to be for ever with the Lord.

76, Green-street.

W. HUARD.

AMELIA SADGROVE:

OR,

DECISION FOR TRUTH.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM FENTH, BOROUGH GREEN, KENT.

(Continued from page 129)

SARAH SADGROVE, who had been long silent, and had been particularly noticing what Miss Thirza Williams said, with a mark of surprise mingled with regret, visible in her countenance, said,

"O! my dear Miss Williams; I am sorry to hear you say that you are not so religious as Amelia; I thought you were a very pious young lady."

"Indeed," replied Miss W., "I really do not know how you could have formed that opinion of me. I have never made any great pretensions to a sanctified life; for I have never felt any taste for reading religious books; and though I do not indulge in any of those low novels; still I like some good reading in Natural History, or the Biographies of some eminent persons. But, of course, I always try to accommodate myself to my friends as well as I can, and would not offend the feelings of any one; yet if I could see and feel the importance of religion, I should act differently."

"Ah, indeed you would," observes Miss Amelia, whose truthful and sympathetic mind, and tender conscience seemed deeply affected in hearing the remarks of her young friend, "if you knew the worth of a religious life; for I am sure that, although I do enjoy reading a good volume of Natural His-

tory of Linnæus or Buffon, or some instructive and well written Biography, yet THE BIBLE is to me more attractive and interesting the more I read it. I seem to have such a pleasure in reading it that, though I cannot understand some of it, and some parts of its doctrines do really astonish me, yet I could not part with it for any book in the world. I have read that Alexander the Great, king of Macedon, said that he could find enough in Homer's Iliad to make a good general, and always took it with him in all his campaigns, and made it the study of his spare moments and leisure hours; and what he did with that very excellent poem, I would say and do with the Bible; for I do think that it is 'able to make wise unto salvation, through faith that is in Christ Jesus.' Indeed, I like what the poet has said of it in those beautiful lines,—

‘May this blest volume ever lie
Close to my heart and near my eye.’

But, dear Miss Williams, have you ever prayed to God? Have you never felt a desire to enjoy that beautiful Book which you say is so highly appreciated by your dear mamma?”

“Well, dear Amelia, I have sometimes had such a desire, but it has soon passed away, and my interest either in the Bible, or in the Church, is not very great. I think, too, it is a great grief to dear mamma, for I know by some remarks she makes that she often thinks of me.”

“O, dear Miss Williams, I do wish my dear mamma was like yours. I should be so happy. For though mamma loves me dearly, yet she does not like religion at all; and if it was not for dear papa and dear Miss Brooks, my kind governess, I should be very unhappy indeed, for I am often encouraged by them. But I often pray for dear mamma; and I shall also pray for you, too, dear Miss Williams, because I am sure you would love a religious life if you only entered upon it. And as the Lord is the Hearer and Answerer of prayer, I shall not cease to pray for you.”

Thus spake Amelia Sadgrove, who, having felt the power of the world to come herself, and having drank of the fountain of life herself, she would fain have others drink of the crystal fountain, and feel the same joys she herself had so fully experienced.

So is it with most who have realized the Divine blessing of a new heart and a new life. They desire that their friends and their neighbours, like the poor woman at the well of Sychar, should also participate in the inestimable blessing of eternal salvation. For pure and undefiled religion does not glory in a spirit of exclusiveness that would circumscribe the boundary which is known alone unto Him who has said, "I will both search my sheep and seek them out." No! a true and generous heart opened, like Lydia's at Philippi, by God's Spirit, rejoices to

"Tell to sinners round,
What a dear Saviour it has found."

The time was now advanced, and Mr. Sadgrove, who had recently returned from a journey, knocked at the study door; and having entered, and made the usual complimentary observations, said,

"I hope you have all enjoyed yourselves."

"O yes! indeed, we have," exclaimed the youthful voices unanimously; "and I am sorry that the time is expired," observes Amelia.

"Well," said Mr. Sadgrove, with his usual parental tenderness of expression, "if it can be arranged, Miss Williams shall pay another visit; but we must now retire for the evening's devotions."

And after they were all assembled, and Mr. Sadgrove had read the 103rd Psalm, he knelt with the family at the domestic altar, and sought an evening blessing from Him who causeth the outgoings of the morning and of the evening to rejoice; and earnestly beseeched a blessing, especially upon the youthful visitor, that the Lord might grant her repentance unto life, and an inheritance among them who are sanctified. And, O! how he wrestled with the mighty God of Jacob, that He would appear as a God hearing and answering prayer. The breathings of his soul seemed to arise from his heart like the sacred incense from off the ancient Jewish altar. His whole heart seemed burdened with his petition, that the Spirit of Divine grace would come home in His heavenly and converting influences upon those who had not yet felt its power. And then, after rising from prayer, the family

retired to rest, evidently solemnized by the spiritual and heart-felt supplications of Mr. Sadgrove.

After the lapse of some few months, a circumstance occurred that gave additional and corroborative evidence of the seriousness of Miss Amelia. The season was early autumn; and the beautiful foliage of the park and woods, once verdant and jubilant with the melodious songs of the thrush and the nightingale, had now changed their verdure for a sickly yellow; and the withered leaves, chased by the evening breeze, gave signs of the dying year. The birds of flight, too, had left this "sea-girt isle" for a fairer clime. And the sheaves of harvest had been gathered into the garner by the toiling hands of honest industry. The days were drawing in apace, and the long twilight of eventide was protracted by the silvery rays of the harvest moon, when Miss Amelia Sadgrove, her governess, and another young friend, whose name was Miss Emma Drayson, walking slowly along the gently flowing stream that ran through the adjoining paddock, entered upon the following conversation:—

"What a delightful evening it is," observes Miss Brooks, the governess. "How beautifully the moon is reflected from those placid waters! How calm and tranquil nature seems! It reminds me of the inscription upon the pediment of Rose Cottage, *Tellus quietus est* (the earth is quiet, or at rest.)"

"Indeed it is, Miss Brooks," observes Miss Amelia, "and it reminds us of the goodness of our great Creator, who hath wisely and kindly appointed 'the sun to rule the day, and the moon to rule the night.' I always think this season so adapted for pious meditation and reflection. I remember it is said of Isaac that 'he went out into the fields at eventide to meditate.'"

"True!" rejoins Miss Brooks, "and I am very glad, my dear, that your mind turns on such pious reflections. I hope you will always cherish the excellent habit of bringing the things of nature under contribution for spiritual improvement. A prayerful perusal of the inspired Scriptures and a familiar acquaintance with the same will greatly facilitate this."

Miss Drayson, who had been taking but little notice of what had been said, suddenly broke silence, and remarked,

"I do think, dear Amelia, that you would be greatly delighted to come to our dancing party next week. We expect the Miss Gregories, and a large company from London; and I do think we shall have quite a gay day. If you wish, I will speak to your mamma about it."

Miss Brooks was silent; but seriousness sat fixed upon her countenance. Amelia saw that, and it responded to the deep feelings of her own youthful heart; and her reply to Miss Drayson was prompt, ready, and wise: for, like Joseph, she said,

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PRECIOUS DEATH-BED EXPERIENCES.

By T. W. MEDHURST, OF GLASGOW.

Author of "Rays of Light in the Dark Valley," "Astounding Grace," &c.

(Continued from page 124.)

V.—"THE SHAKINGS OF FAITH ARE HEAVY."

ON the following Thursday morning, Miss Abercrombie, finding herself under the influence of a dark suggestion from the adversary of God's elect, said she feared she would not be able to declare the praise of Christ that day; "for," she said, "I am very weak; and what troubles me most is, that I am tempted to think that what I said and did the days before was all in vain, and that I was a hypocrite." Mr. Logan, the minister of the parish, answered her by saying, "that it was very ordinary for the people of God after such manifestations to meet with such temptations; but, 'fear not, only believe.'" She replied, "Lord, help my unbelief; Lord, strengthen my faith. Hast thou brought me this length, and wilt thou leave me now? Though thou should'st desert me, yet will I trust in thee: for thou art faithful."

One now desired her to look back to her former temptations, and to the manifestations of divine power therein granted unto

her. She then began again to praise Christ for what He had done for her, and about her. She continued in prayer all that night that she might be guarded from temptation, and that the dear Lord would not hide Himself from her, nor withdraw His sweet presence from her soul. She seemed to be much under a cloud during that night, and frequently cried out, "O Lord, return, return, take fuller possession of my soul, cast out hardness of heart, temptations, and fears of death."

The good minister of Dollar, Mr. Gray, said to her, "Pray be of good cheer; for the Lord may be *really*, though not *sensibly*, present with you. It is not the privilege of the saint always to have His sensible presence, no, not even on a death-bed. Moreover, it is not so much His sensible presence, as if that you should lay hold by faith, and ground your hopes upon, the doing and dying of your Elder Brother." She answered, "It is true; but oh! His sensible presence is sweet and comfortable." "I own," she continued, "I have great peace flowing from the former views I had, though I have not always His sensible presence; but oh! *the shakings of faith are heavy!* but God is the God of peace, and He is my peace."

After this, she shook hands with her mother, and said, "I thought I would not have been willing to part with you, but now that is overcome; and I have prayed the Lord to reward you for the care and trouble you have had about me. I regret I was not more helpful to you many a time; but it was the want of health that hindered me."

Sometime before she died, she spoke particularly to every one in the family, and took her leave of them, and of all the bystanders, giving advice, and recommending Christ to them all. She called especially for her eldest brother George, who asked her how she was. She answered cheerfully, "Better than you are, lad;" and then added, "Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth; mind that your time is short and uncertain; you do not know when you may be called off this side of time. You may soon be hurried out of the world, and death has enough to do with itself when it comes. Therefore, remember that your working time is short, at death it ends. Oh! glory to the Lord

in Christ, that He has in my short time manifested Himself thus to me. Flee to Christ while you have time. Do not trust in youth till old age overtakes you unawares. Satan will tempt you to do that; but pray Christ may begin early with you: for Christ must begin His work first, and carry it on also; for without Him you can do nothing. Never despise either God's word or His ordinances: but serve God and honour Him: for them that honour Him, He will honour. Honour God's servants. Obey your parents in all things. Always remember, your own works will never save you. Though you should read, pray, and hear never so much, yet that will not do your business. You must be clothed with the righteousness of Christ. The Holy Spirit must apply Christ's righteousness, and make it yours: for your own righteousness is as filthy rags. Man has nothing in himself but sin and corruption. Suppose you should not be guilty of any gross sins, yet you have original sin, and many secret actual sins. Live to God while you are here, and seek Him while He may be found, and pray that you may be His in that day when He makes up His jewels. Never let your heart be given to the vanities of this world: for they are great temptations to youth. Set your affections on things above; let your heart and soul be still upon Christ: for He is our only sure portion for ever. Flee to Christ while you have time, and the sooner the better. Youth is the best time. Let not the world be your chief care, nor the things of the world. Do not follow the practice and generality of the world; but lay your trust in Christ, who is better than a thousand worlds. They that trust in this world have no future hope. I leave you upon a God in Christ that He may provide for you."

(To be concluded next month, if the Lord will.)

Note. On page 124, footnote, read "*Lattices*" instead of "*Laices*."

We often hear Christian persons complain that they cannot love the Saviour. That is a common complaint, but there is one easy cure for it. The more you live with Christ the better you love him.

THE OLD MAN AT SOUTHERY.

BRAND CREEK is a pretty rural hamlet between Littleport and Southery, and on the morning of Tuesday, June 28th, I had an opportunity of looking at the scenery surrounding it, which, as a change, was very pleasant. But I did not feel well; and having to preach three times—in the morning at Southery, and afterwards twice in the booth at Brand Creek, I preferred walking by myself to Southery, that I might meditate a little on high and holy things.

As soon as I started on my journey, the postman came to me and said, "Is it Mr. Banks?" I said, "Yes." Then he handed me a letter, which our good brother, John Clark, of Downham Market, had sent to say he could not spend the day with us, as he was lame. This was a damper to my spirits, for I had quite an aching heart to see him, and hoped much to have had his company and his conversation during the interval of worship that day, for I have ever found him to be a tender-hearted and choice friend. No clouds have ever caused him to frown, or to slightly pass me by; but, whenever we have met together, our conversation has been pleasantly touching upon the great theme, the Saviour's greatness and glory in our salvation. But the enjoyment of his company was denied me. His letter, also, contained the tidings of the death of that long-tried friend to truth, Master Bailey, of Hull. This was no cheering note either. Beside all this, the weather looked gloomy, threatening, and likely to be wet; my mind was fast sinking, and I said to myself, "To preach three times to-day!"

Ah! many a sad hour have I spent previous to preaching. For years, many years, and many times in every year, during the last twenty years, have I been shut up in soul, beclouded in mind, wounded in feeling, and as destitute of light in the word as though I had never known anything of the teaching and power of the SPIRIT in me.

There are three classes of ministers who would only laugh at me in these gloomy seasons. The first is the methodical student, who has been trained to write all his sermons, and he goes to his

work to make a sermon, as a shoemaker goes to his seat to work a shoe, or as a lawyer sits down to draw up his client's brief. This class of parsons work hard mentally, but then they are always ready. Either from their book-shelves or from their brains they make up their sermons, and off they read them, and glad enough they are when their task is performed. I cannot tell what their end will be: of course I must leave that, but I do pity them.

The second class of ministers who would sneer at me are those who have very active minds and tongues to talk at any time, and on any subject. Many of these men get into the ministry; they love talking, they delight to hear themselves talk, they hardly think anyone else can talk at all; but their talk tendeth to poverty. I know some of these men to my deepest sorrow, but I have left them, and they have left me, and neither of us mourn our departure, at least I do not; only, I would be glad to see them, and hear them, really humbled, emptied, torn to pieces, bleeding to death, with sorrow of heart, and then raised up in the free and full grace and glory of the LORD God of Israel.

There is another class of good men who have such confidence in themselves, and so careless as to *what* or *how* they speak, that then they can go at any time, and into any place, and just talk any of all things, and of everything, just as it comes to hand. Some of these men are called great men, and perhaps they are great in themselves, if in no other. Of none of them shall I expect any sympathy, because, before I can venture into the pulpit, I must have a text given to me, that is, if I can get it; and by asking and seeking and waiting, I have received many; and then I want to think right through the text, and be myself comforted and edified by it, ere to others I go to speak. And, certainly, I may positively say here, many times have I enjoyed holy meditation on the Word of God, and when a Scripture has been given, when it has been opened, when other Scriptures have come in to expound and confirm it, then I have been solemnized, and to my work I have gone with thankfulness and prayer.

But I cannot write more this month.

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

THE LAST DAY.

THAT day of wrath! that dreadful day!
 When heaven and earth shall pass away,
 What power shall be the sinner's stay?
 How shall he meet the dreadful day?
 When shrivelling, like a parched scroll,
 The flaming heavens together roll;
 When louder yet, and yet more dread,
 Swells the loud trump that wakes the dead
 O! on that day,—that wrathful day,—
 When man to judgment wakes from clay,
 Be Thou, O Lord! the sinner's stay,
 Though heaven and earth shall flee away.

THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

WHEN in the depths of vice and
 sin,
 The prodigal is found;
 And his awakened ears begin,
 To hear salvation's sound:

When by the Holy Spirit's power,
 His eyes are made to see
 The sad condition of his soul,
 He cries, Ah, woe is me.

He sees himself estrang'd from God,
 Deserving His just wrath;
 And from the fulness of his heart,
 Pours his confession forth.

Father! O, have I still the right
 To call Thee by that name?
 Or wilt Thou, justly, cast me off,
 And leave me to my shame.

Against Thee only have I sinn'd,
 And broke Thy righteous law;
 A suppliant at thy feet I fall,
 Thy mercy to implore.

Forgive, or punish, as Thou wilt,
 Blest Jesus, intercede; ^{guilt,}
 Tho' great my sin, tho' vast my
 Thy love is great indeed.

Deserving nothing at Thy hands,
 I throw me at Thy feet;
 But, O! with one forgiving word,
 My waiting spirit greet.

Pardon, my Father, pardon me,
 And clasp me in Thine arm;
 There let me stay—close, close to
 Thee,
 Where none my soul can harm.

T. G. C. A.

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Changing Words.

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OUT, DOWN BY LIGHTNING IN LONDON.

"Behold this dreamer cometh."—Gen. xxxvii. 19.

ABOUT twenty-four years ago a young friend of mine (one who feared the Lord) had a peculiar dream concerning me. When we met in the morning, she said,

"I have dreamed a very peculiar dream concerning you; and I hope in twelve months I may be able to tell it to you."

"Oh, then," said I, in my then careless manner, "if I have to wait as long as that, I would not give you a penny to know it." Time passed, and I thought little of her peculiar dream. But it was not so with her as she informed me afterwards, for with that dream came an impression of the greatest importance, even my eternal salvation. Month after month passed, and alas! no change. Her mind was very much exercised concerning me. I became more trifling and vain than ever. Her hopes at times were almost gone; in fact her friends admonished her for being so friendly with me. I used to walk home with her from business daily; and how she endured my company I have since wondered. She would frequently admonish me, and endeavour to take her arm from mine, to walk from me; but it was no use, I was not to be put off. I would turn her admonitions into humour and laughter, and so quaint and curious were my remarks, that at times she found it impossible not to laugh at me. All this time there was a secret something told me she was right and I wrong.

A circumstance which transpired about this time I cannot omit.

ONE HALFPENNY.

I could not imagine how she could rise early enough on Sunday mornings to attend seven o'clock prayer-meetings, and after that teach in the Sunday school, and so on all the day and every Sunday, while I could indulge myself in bed, and have my breakfast brought to me, and do just as I pleased all day. Supposing it must be very tedious and irksome, to lead her sort of life, speaking to her in this sort of fashion one day, she related to me this circumstance:—

One Sunday morning, just as she was about to leave home for her beloved Grafton street prayer-meeting, a storm arose; she hesitated, but afterwards resolved to venture through, saying, What had Jesus done for her? When she had got part of the way, the lightning became terrific; she took refuge under a doorway. She said, it appeared to sweep through the street: after a time it abated, and she arrived safely at the prayer-meeting. The next day she heard that a man and his wife were burned to death in the very street she had passed through. She was led to see the blessedness and safety in serving the Lord; and I was unable to say anything to the contrary.

At length her expectations were realized, the Lord in mercy was pleased to convince me of my fearful state as a lost sinner; and indeed I felt like the publican of old; I could not so much as lift up my eyes to heaven, lest the Lord should kill me for my presumption; and I also felt I could not communicate my exercises to my friend, I was ashamed of myself. I therefore came to the conclusion to say nothing to anyone; but the change was not long hid from her; I could not sing my favourite songs, nor jest at things Divine.

Some time after this, she invited me to go with her to the Friday evening lecture she usually attended. I consented, and went with her. The minister read for his text (Psalm cxii. 8, 9), "He raiseth up the poor out of the dust, and lifteth the needy out of the dunghill, that he may set him with princes, even the princes of His people." I was truly astonished at the sermon. Had I told my exercises of mind to my friend, I should have believed she had communicated the whole to him, but as it was that was impossible. The whole appeared for me, and I had faith to believe it, and was amazed at the wonderful compassion of our blessed

Saviour Jesus, the goodness of God the Father, and the work of the ever blessed Spirit. The plan of salvation was then as clearly made known to me as it is at this present moment. "Oh, magnify the Lord with me, and let us exalt His name together, who of His great mercy hath kept me, and doth still enable me to say with the sweet Psalmist David (Psalm cxix. 30, 31), "I have chosen the ways of truth; Thy judgments have I laid before me; I have stuck unto Thy testimonies. Oh, Lord, put me not to shame."

I will now relate the dream, as near as I can remember.

My friend told me that she dreamed that she and I were in a beautiful sunny field, and as we were walking along, a beautiful dove with its wings tipped gold, flew before us. We both ran, and pursued after it; and after a time, I outran her, and she awoke. Her impression was, that we should run together in the ways of the Lord. And, blessed be the Lord, she lived to see her dream fulfilled, although nearly four years elapsed between; and, using her words truly, "Iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."

It is now ten years since she entered into that rest that remaineth for the children of God. Thus I have outrun her in time, and live in hope of enjoying a peaceful eternity with her and all the blessed of the Lord. Truly, the "memory of the just is blessed." "Sing praises to the Lord which dwelleth in Zion, declare among the people His doings." J. H.

Sep. 6th, 1864.

THE SAINT AND THE ASYLUM.

IN visiting a lunatic asylum upon one occasion, I observed a quiet looking old woman in the attitude of prayer, at the end of a long room. I made enquiries about her of my conductor, who said, "If there ever was a saint upon earth it is that old woman. She has no business here; she is as gentle as a lamb. You can talk to her if you like," I approached her, and made

some enquiry as to her health. "I am quite well," she replied, "and at times, when I am on my knees, I am happy, and would not change places with any one; but I don't know that I shall be saved at last, and I am miserable when I think of that." A few words as to the love and power of Jesus to save to the uttermost, struck a chord that vibrated in her breast. She said,—“I know that He *can*, but I want to know He *will*—I want to feel I am saved. But if I never know it, do not condemn Him; He has a right to do as He will by me; and I shall love Him if He sends me to hell.” I cannot tell my reader any more about this poor old woman: but of this we may be assured, no soul that loved Jesus ever dropped into hell.

A poor godly woman, who for many years groaned under the heavy load of unpardoned sin, used to say, in reply to enquiries about her state, “I am not saved, and I don't know that I ever shall be saved.” When the hour of death drew near, she called a relative over to her bedside, and exclaimed, “God has just told me I have been saved all these years, but I did not know it. I know it now: I always *was* saved—I *am* saved eternally.” And with this testimony to a faithful God, she expired.

What countless multitudes have carried the terrible burden of unpardoned sin until within a few hours of their death! How many saved souls have groaned and wept over the bitter grief of ignorance upon this one point! This has been their cross, and it has called out their cries to God, “Say unto my soul, I am thy salvation.”

“The promise may be long delayed,
But never comes too late.”

And saints in an endless eternity will find ample amends for the brief sorrows of the wilderness, from whatever source they had their rise. God states the facts of the case in the abstract concerning his family thus,—“I will leave in the midst of thee a poor and afflicted people,” and “through much tribulation ye must enter the kingdom.” The details can be made out very readily by every child of God “who knows his own bruise and sore.” *From the Remembrancer*, Edited by the Rev. W. Lush.



LIVES AND LESSONS.

THE following simple and sacred testimony to the power of God's grace, in enabling afflicted saints to bear up under heavy trials, is from a favorite volume by Rev. D. A. Doudney, entitled "BIBLE LIVES AND LESSONS." The volume is to be had at Mr. Collingridge's; and is suitable for sick chambers, for spiritual nurseries, and as a present to young and sincere seeking minds. Giants in theology, and elephants in divinity, may smile on pretty little kind and tender expositions of this character: but the children are very fond of such easily digestible scripture narratives. Mr. Doudney does a good work this way, here is one of his chapters.

How well may the conduct of Joseph encourage the Lord's people to pause ere they come to too hasty conclusions as to the "Why am I thus?" In clearer light—under fuller development—when by little and little Jehovah's purposes shall be accomplished, then shall be seen even by those who are now so perplexed and anxious as to who they are or why so led, that every step of the journey, and each incident by the way, has been directed and controlled by wisdom infinite, and love, and grace, and mercy worthy of a God!

"And their father Israel said unto them, If it must be so now, do this; take of the best fruits in the land in your vessels, and carry down the man a present, a little balm, and a little honey, spices and myrrh, nuts and almonds: and take double money in your hand; and the money that was brought again in the mouth of your sacks, carry it again in your hand; peradventure it was an oversight: take also your brother, and arise, go unto the man."

Reader, do mark the striking contrast between the verse just quoted, and that with which the previous chapter is closed.

"And he said, My
son shall not go
down with you."

"Take also your
brother, and arise,
go unto the man."

See you not here the proof of what we before stated, how in the

issue the Lord brings down His people? The great *I*—the *shall* and the *will* of the creature—must give way, sooner or later, before the Lord's loving and gracious, but at the same time determinate, discipline. And the sooner the great *I* is subdued, the spirit humbled, and the soul led to exclaim, "Not as I will, but as Thou wilt," the sooner will relief be experienced, and peace enjoyed. "In quietness and in confidence shall be their strength."

We remember a case in which the Lord was teaching one of his servants some important lessons in a way extremely mortifying and painful to flesh and blood. After a long-continued series of trials of the most anxious and perplexing character, in which heart and flesh were continually failing, and in regard to which the tried one oftentimes mentally exclaimed, "One half-ounce more burden, Lord, without additional strength to bear it, and sink I must;" the Lord laid His hand upon a child—a lovely little boy. He was seized with convulsions, but speedily recovered, and it was fondly hoped that all was well. A few days after, however, the child was seized again, and died! It was a tremendous blow! All other trials seemed trivial to this. The whole were absorbed in the one. Recovering, at length, from the stunning effects of that fearful and unexpected stroke, there followed heartfelt congratulation. It was a child, and, as such, very near and dear; but it was not the wife—not the early-loved and tender bosom-companion, sharer of one's joys, and the helper in one's sorrows: no, no, it was not her, blessed be God! A few months only, however, passed away, ere symptoms of decay manifested themselves in regard to this loved one, whom the heart reserved, and around whom the spirit entwined with a tenacity that would seem to defy severance under any circumstances. Other loved offspring there were, but the *companion* and the *helpmeet* was the all-absorbing source of solicitude. Each new symptom of decay was beheld with intense anxiety, and sought to be warded off, until at length assuming a decided and unquestionable form, the anxious observer mentally exclaimed, "Then I'll die, too:" and, alas for blinded and too often presumptuous human nature, he sought to catch the malady! But, before the companion in

question was removed, first one and then another precious child was taken. Then followed the mother. One child—and one alone—was left. But then came the struggle; and here that surrender and acquiescence, to insist upon the necessity for which we have introduced the illustration. When thus left bereaved, and all but broken-hearted, the individual in question had his position thus presented to him. He stood, say upon the outer side of a circle; on the opposite side was a certain spot called *Submission*. Now it was felt that until that spot was reached, there could be no satisfaction—no peace—no rest; and it was seen, moreover, that if one travelled to the right hand or to the left, that is, round the circle, the distance would be so much the greater, and the time occupied in going so much the longer; but that if one had grace to strike directly across the circle, both time and trouble would be saved. In this simple way, the Lord opened the subject, and by its means as instrumental brought the bereaved and mourning one to exclaim, “The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.” And, though the surrender was so to speak in the dark, the reason of the dispensation could not be seen or understood; yet afterwards it was duly opened, and the Lord’s wisdom and mercy became the more striking and apparent.

Do we happen to address one who, in similar circumstances of bereavement, is fretting against the Lord, and encouraging hard thoughts of Him and His dealings? Such an one will never find peace or contentment or satisfaction whilst thus contending with the Lord, and thus practically disputing His perfect right to do as He will with His own.

We know a case where the grave of a departed wife is resorted to every day and under all circumstances. A half-hour or thereabouts is regularly passed in tending the little garden-plot set over her mouldering body. All this bespeaks a want of reconciliation—a lack of due surrender to Him who gave and had a perfect right to take away. Did we happen to meet with that bereaved one, we should seek as delicately and as tenderly as possible to tell of the rebuke one under similar circumstances once met—and which proved an effectual check to that mode of

betraying his creature idolatry, "Why seek ye the living among the dead? (she) is not here, but is risen."

Notwithstanding, then, the *self-will* of the patriarch under the previous circumstances, when he exclaimed, "My son shall not go down with you," "his heart is now brought down by *labour*;" and, in *submission* to the will of God, he exclaims, "Take also your brother, and arise, go unto the man." Then, in contrast to his policy of a *present* with his balm, and honey, and myrrh, and his "double money" in their hand for *purchase*, he adds what was infinitely better, and far, far more acceptable—yea, it was the very climax of blessing—the sure forerunner of full and free deliverance, "and God Almighty give you mercy before the man, that he may send away your other brother, and Benjamin. If I be bereaved of my children, I am bereaved." Here was surrender—here submission—yea, more, acquiescence. Now, and not until now, the patriarch bows to the divine will, and virtually says, "Thy will be done." But how little did he know who "the man" was of whom he spoke! How utterly ignorant was he of the near and endearing relationship that existed between himself and "the man!" How far beyond his utmost hopes and expectations (whatever they might occasionally or momentarily have been since last he saw his much-loved Joseph,) that "the man" was none other than his long-lost and painfully-mourned-for son!

And so it is, reader, in a Gospel sense; how little do the Lord's people imagine, under their various trials, and in those particular courses of service and of suffering through which an unseen but divine hand leads them, that their elder Brother has the direction and the control of all. How little do the voyagers upon the tempestuous waters of this world conceive that "their Father is at the helm," as "they mount up to the heavens, and go down again to the depths; their soul melted because of trouble; and they reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man, and are at their wits' end." But ah, the Captain of salvation says, at length, "Peace, be still!" and then His tempest-tossed and affrighted ones know what it is for Him to "make the storm a calm, so that the waves thereof are still." And "then are they glad, because

they be quiet ; so He bringeth them unto their desired haven."

Reader, it is so, and the Lord's people, without a solitary exception, in due time realize and enjoy the mercy.

PRECIOUS DEATH-BED EXPERIENCES.

By T. W. MEDHURST, OF GLASGOW.

Author of "*Rays of Light in the Dark Valley*," "*Astounding Grace*," &c.

(Continued from page 143.)

VI.—"PRISONER OF HOPE, GO FREE."

AFTER the conversion recorded in our last chapter, Miss Abercrombie blessed her parents, shaking hands with them, and praying that the peace of God might rest upon them, and upon the family, after she was dead and gone to her rest. She then caused to be read Matthew 25th chapter, and said, "Well may I say of my glorious Christ, that which He will say to the righteous at the great day, (as recorded in Matt. xxv, 42, 43,) that I was an hungered, and He gave me meat, the flesh and blood of the Son of Man, whose flesh is meat indeed, and whose blood is drink indeed ; and I was thirsty and He gave me drink, and I was a stranger, and He took me in ; I was sick and He visited me ; and I was in prison, and He came to me, and broke my fetters, and loosed my bonds, and said to me, "*O YOU PRISONER OF HOPE, GO FREE !*" O glory, glory, to Him !" She afterwards said the following Scriptures were poured into her with a power she could not resist. "Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out." (John vi. 37.) "He hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things, and sure." (2 Sam. xxiii. 5.) "My grace is SUFFICIENT for thee." (2 Cor. xii. 9.)

The night before she died, seeing persons slumbering in her room, she said, "It is not time to sleep ; watch and pray that ye enter not into temptation."

Having taken a bleeding at the nose, she was afraid, lest dying

that way, she should not be able to witness a good confession. On the bleeding being stopped, she blessed God that he had spared her, so that she might have her graces in exercise when she had her last battle to fight.

On the morning before she died, she again seemed to be under a cloud, and said,

"Has the Lord done so much to me, for me, and brought me this length and shall the devil tempt me to despair? Lord forbid! The Lord rebuke thee, Satan. Oh! give me victory over his temptations. He tempted Christ, no wonder he tempts me. O Lord, shine in upon me, cause the light of thy countenance to shine upon my soul, and strengthen my faith. Do not let it shake now that I have the valley of the shadow of death to go through, and that battle to fight. O come, come, come, Lord, and help me to fight my last battle. O my soul, return unto thy rest: for the Lord hath dealt bountifully with thee. O come, Lord Jesus, and take me to thyself, and present me spotless before thy Father. O sweet death! O Lord Jesus, into thy hand I commit my spirit. I thought the battle would have been stronger."

She continued for some time, thus breathing out her desires that Christ would come and receive her soul. Mr. Logan, the parish minister, having briefly prayed with her, asked, "How is it with you now?"

She replied, "I AM DYING SWEETLY, WITHOUT FEAR, AND FEEL NO PAIN."

Thus, this eminent saint gave up her spirit to God, and fell asleep in Jesus, on Saturday, January 23rd, 1720, about four o'clock in the afternoon. She died in the full assurance of a safe arrival in the realms of glory, and of a blessed and glorious resurrection in the morning of that great day, wherein Christ shall come *the second time*, without a sin-offering, unto salvation. Reader, are you prepared to meet Jesus then? Oh! that you were able to sing,

"If I have but Jesus, what can I want more?
I cannot be wretched, I cannot be poor,
But ah! without Jesus, ah! what am I then?
If rolling in riches, I'm but a poor man."

But if I have Jesus, in Him I have all,
I'm rich as saint Peter, yea, rich as saint Paul,
For my riches are such, that no mortal can tell :
For Jesus is mine, He redeem'd me from hell.

If Jesus is for me then, who shall condemn me ?
My Jesus died for me, my Jesus hath sav'd me :
My Jesus is for me, and will be for ever ;
My Jesus won't leave me, no, never, no, never.

If Jesus is mine, then He ever was so :
What then should distress me, whoever my foe ?
While Jesus stands by me, I'll laugh at them all :
My God and my Father will hear when I call.*

* Hymns and Poems, doctrinal and experimental, on a variety of subjects, designed for those who know the plague of their own heart and are fully persuaded that salvation is entirely of grace. In two volumes. By Daniel Herbert.—1819. Vol. II., pages 259, 260, 261.

AMELIA SADGROVE:

OR,

DECISION FOR TRUTH.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM FRITH, BOROUGH GREEN, KENT.

(Continued from page 141)

“MY dear Miss Drayson, you know I have a deep aversion to every appearance of evil, and as I do not think that public balls and dancing parties are at all congenial with serious habits of mind, and a deep desire to lead a pious and godly life, you must not be surprised at my promptly and unhesitatingly declining to accept your generous invite. I acknowledge it is exceedingly kind of you to favour me with the invitation, and cannot doubt that you would do all in your power to render me happy, consistently with the usual arrangements of a dancing party ; yet, as I know I should not enjoy myself, and should probably, if there, diminish the pleasure of those present, by my singular abstinence from the engagements of the evening, I think it far more prudent to decline the acceptance of your very kind offer.”

This prompt, ready, and decided reply to a pressing invitation to the enjoyment of carnal pleasure, reminds us of Egypt's great viceroy, who, when pressed to indulgence, exclaimed, "How can I do this great wickedness and sin against God?" And though the acceptance of the generous invitation of Miss Drayson would not, perhaps, have been any enormous act of criminality, still it had the appearance of evil, which an inspired apostle has urged us to avoid. And, beside, it is more than possible that if this one invitation had been accepted, it would soon have been followed by another. A new course would have been entered upon, and new habits formed altogether inimical to the growth of true piety. The work of grace, which appeared to have been begun in the youthful heart of Amelia, would have been stunted or impeded in its spiritual growth. Her chaste and hallowed pleasures would have been possibly exchanged for the light, frivolous, and unprofitable pastimes of a gay companionship. And if her amiable and modest virtues had not become tarnished, she would at least have brought a reflection upon her Christian character, because by this time it had become pretty generally known that the youngest daughter of Esquire Sadgrove was a pious young lady, and had also expressed a desire to be baptized upon a profession of her faith by Mr. How, at the Baptist chapel.

Miss Brooks, however, still kept silence, deferring her counsel to Amelia till some opportune occasion.

But Miss Drayson, who just at this point had come out from under the umbrageous elms, and whose face was lit with the silvery rays of the shining moon, and blushing like a crimson rose, because of the remarks of Miss Amelia, said:—

"I hope I have not offended you, dear Miss Sadgrove, in giving you an invitation to our proposed dancing party, for I assure you I had not the least intention of so doing, and should deeply regret having hurt your feelings in the least degree. Indeed, when I gave you the invite, I had no idea that you would object to it on the ground of religion, because the Miss Gregories, who are coming, are the daughters of the Rev. Mr. Gregory, the rector

of P——, in the county of Kent, and they are often out at balls and dancing parties!"

"By no means," rejoined Miss Amelia, "have you offended me by merely asking me to be your guest on the occasion, for I appreciate your kindness, though I confess I deeply regret that you have any taste for any such thing as a dancing party, and I should think it must be a great grief of mind to your dear mamma. And as to the Misses Gregories, I fear that though they are honoured to be the daughters of a rector, they can have but very little regard for Him who says by His inspired servant, 'In all your ways acknowledge Him, and He will direct your steps.' For how can we acknowledge Him in attending dancing parties? It is true there may not be any harm in dancing, but the class of persons who are too often admitted to them, though persons of high respectability and social position, yet their presence renders the occasion one of unhallowed levity and merriment. And you know, Miss Drayson, I profess to have a serious regard for religion, and if there were no other reason for declining to accept your very kind offer, this would be quite sufficient to decide my mind, viz., this religion is alluded to and spoken of in the most slighting and depreciating terms."

As Miss Amelia ended these remarks, they had come up to the hall door, and after the usual preparations they retired for the night, nothing more being said.

About this time some remarkable signs of genuine piety made themselves manifest in the life and character of Miss Amelia.

She had been for some years steadily progressing in her studies under the devoted and accomplished Miss Brooks, her governess. Her acquirements in history, grammar, music, drawing, &c., had been beyond the average at her age. Her habit of persevering application rendered it very pleasing to be her instructor, and made the efforts of her governess appear to the best advantage. And, indeed, a tutor or governess will do little for a pupil if there is not some disposition to apply the mental faculties to the acquirement of erudition. But the youngest daughter of Mr. Sadgrove was a credit to her governess, and the centre of a mother's hopes, the object of her father's joy. And as

she had now entered upon her seventeenth year, it was a matter of serious consideration whether Amelia should be sent into France to complete her education, or whether she should remain still at home under the care of Miss Brooks, who was quite competent to complete the education of Amelia. This engaged the anxious consideration of Mr. and Mrs. Sadgrove for some weeks, and became the daily topic of serious conversation when Mr. S. returned from town, and, but too often, it gave rise to much unholy anger on the part of Mrs. Sadgrove. The fact was Mrs. S. really desired that Miss Amelia should go for her finishing studies to some good Parisian boarding school, in order to get her away from the religious influence of Miss Brooks, and the anticipated disgraceful baptism at Mr. How's chapel, which Mrs. S. considered would be a lasting disgrace to the family, and cause Dr. Horn, the vicar, to make it the topic of conversation in his parochial visits, which good Mrs. S., poor soul, thought would for once and for ever lower them in the estimation of the neighbouring gentry.

At last, however, a decision was arrived at. Mr. Sadgrove had been to see a very distinguished gentleman in London—the Hon. Arthur K., who had recently espoused the views of Dr. Ryland, an eminent Baptist minister, who, asking after Miss Amelia, and learning that it was contemplated sending her to France to finish her studies, earnestly dissuaded Mr. S. from so fatal a step, assuring him that if he had the least regard for her religious welfare, it ought to be the very last course he ought to take, because there were so many influences in operation in the French seminaries in general, that a young person of devotional feelings and pious habits, and true Protestant principles, would suffer almost a martyrdom.

With this advice Mr. S. came home one evening, and after he had taken dinner, and was sitting in the dining room with Mrs. Sadgrove, reiterated to Mrs. S. the judicious and seasonable advice of the Hon. Arthur K., and added:—

“You know, my dear, it is of no use to ruin the religious life of dearest Amelia for the really inferior advantages which a few years at a French seminary might afford her. For you know, my

dear, that the religious interest of our youngest daughter is far more in my estimation than learning to speak French fluently. Indeed, I know nothing that would bring more sorrow to my mind than to see either of my children gay, light, and frivolous!"

"Just like you," exclaims Mrs. S. in a very angry tone, and with a countenance far less mild and placid than an archangel's, "you always try to prevent them from having a good fashionable education. They won't be fit for society and the requirements of the age; for what is a young lady now if she is not fit for the ball room? Besides, she is not likely to get a suitor anywhere so well as by attending the fashionable parties!"

"Mrs. Sadgrove," exclaimed Mr. S., in a subdued tone, and evidently with a subdued temper, "I am really ashamed of you. What are the fashions of the world? are they not too often the very means of engendering extravagant habits, to say nothing of any other evil consequences that attend them?"

At this moment a knock at the hall door demanded the attention of Mr. Sadgrove, and the conversation ended for the evening.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Oh! how solemn will be that hour when we must struggle with the last dread enemy, Death! The death rattle is in our throat—we can scarce articulate—we try to speak; the death glaze is on the eye: Death has put his fingers on those windows of the body, and shut out the light for ever; the hands well nigh refuse to lift themselves, and there we are, close on the borders of the grave! Ah! that moment, when the spirit sees its destiny; that moment of all moments the most solemn, when the soul looks through the bars of the cage, upon the world to come! No, I cannot tell you how the spirit feels, if it be an ungodly spirit, when it sees a fiery throne of judgment, and hears the thunders of Almighty wrath, while there is but a moment between it and hell. I cannot picture to you what must be the fright which men will feel when they realize what they often heard of—the worm that dieth not, and the fire unquenchable.—REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

I W O U L D .

BY THE LATE DANIEL HERBERT.

I would lift up my soul to God,
At least I think I would;
But oh, I feel within my heart
There's nothing, nothing good.

O let me never be ashamed
Of Jesus and his cross,
For I would count all things below
As dung, and worse than dross.

I would, but ah! how strange it is,
I cannot praise or pray,
But often feel a secret wish
To turn from Zion's way.

Lord, keep me, keep me in the way
That leads to Zion's hill,
Tho' sin and Satan plague my soul,
I love my Jesus still.

I love, ah! sure I'm not deceived;
I know I want to love;
I want to feel this earth-bound
heart.
Aspire to things above.

But oh, this fascinating world,
These trumpery foolish toys,
They captivate my foolish heart,
And spoil my better joys.

I know the path that leads to God
Goes through this wretched land,
And when my Jesus draws, I run,
He holds me, then I stand.

But when sad unbelief prevails,
Alas! then I'm beset;
No power to stand against my foes,
I'm trapped in Satan's net.

Till Jesus loose my fettered soul,
I have no heart to try;
Altho' I'm fastened down with
chains,
I feel no heart to cry.

Ah! Jesus knows how base I am,
As vile He puts me trust;
He knows I am a lump of sin,
He knows I am but dust.

Then what can God expect from me
He knows I am undone;
God knows that he must carry on
The work he has begun.

He found me just at hell's dark
door.

I must have plunged in,
Had not my God my nature took,
And with it took my sin.

He knows I am a ransomed soul,
He knows my debts are paid,
He knows my sins are blotted out,
He never will upbraid.

Tho' Satan still perplex my soul,
And often traps my feet,
He'll never gain the soul of one
That is a chosen sheep.

But some he never plagues at all,
With such 'tis always right;
They pray at morning, pray at noon,
And pray again at night.

They've done their duty: all is well,
They're just like praying Sam,
Till Jesus met him in the way,
He never prayed at all.

But you who fear you never pray'd,
You feel so dark within;
The blind can't see, the lame can't
walk.

The dead can't mourn for sin.

If you can feel, if you can see,
If you can mourn for sin,
Then sure I am you are not dead,
There must be life within.

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Cheering Words.

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No. 157.

BOAZ IN THE OMNIBUS; OR, A LIFE-LIKE LIKENESS OF A SINNER SEEKING SALVATION.

I HOPE this will not be considered an irreverent use of the word "Boaz." I mean nothing opposite to the most sacred of all thoughts, feelings, and pursuits, but I wish to shew the truth of the Saviour's words when of the grace of the SPIRIT He said, "It shall be in you as a well of water springing up into everlasting life."

Returning home one evening, tight packed in the corner of a "bus," I thought to myself, "What a poor, dark, empty mind is mine. What a poor, low-sunken soul is mine; there seems not one thought, nor one single seed, nor fruit, nor feeling in it. It is like a deep pit of lifelessness "a chaos of confusion." I think my heart then tried secretly to ask God to speak into my soul some enlightening and saving word; and without any power, without any particular feeling the words of Boaz sprang up within me, "And let fall some of the handfuls of purpose for her."

This led me to think of poor Ruth; and to myself I said, or some good spirit in me said, Ruth's experience is an answer to the question, "Who is this that cometh up from the wilderness, leaning upon her beloved?" Poor Ruth was in a wilderness. Her husband was dead; her father-in-law was dead; and Naomi was about to leave her. All seemed gone.

ONE HALFPENNY.

The desert land is where the Lord finds all His people. A wilderness is expressive of a place wherein there is no way, no SHELTER, no SUPPORT, NO SATISFACTION. Such is this world to every one who is truly born again of the SPIRIT. But, you may say, "Why Orpah was in the wilderness too. She had lost her husband and all; and she said she would go with Naomi, as well as Ruth."

Yes, but Ruth had three things working in her spirit, the other I think had not. Ruth had a deep sense of her wilderness state, she was truly miserable, and in the land of Moab she could not remain. Secondly, she had a strong affection for Naomi: she said, "Entreat me not to leave thee." *Distress* in her soul; *Decision* in her mind; *Desire* in her heart; these three things made her say, "Whether thou goest I will go; thy people shall be my people; and thy God, my God."

Ah! young Christians seem to love believers before they really know the LORD. I remember good old HENRY CHRISTIAN, of Canterbury. He was a dear friend to me in the days of my spiritual youth; and I loved him with great affection. So did Ruth love Naomi.

And then Ruth had faith in God, and faith in the tidings which came from the land of Judah: they had heard that the LORD had visited his people in giving them bread.

These are the works: the SPIRIT of God doth work in souls who are to be saved. Hence Ruth persevered; and, with Naomi, she came to Bethlehem.

The same faith which led her to cleave to Naomi; and to come to Bethlehem, stirred up her heart to believe she should find favour in the sight of Boaz. The faith which Ruth had would not let her sit down carelessly and see her beloved Naomi and herself want bread.

The faith which the Lord implants neither leads to idleness, nor puffs up with pride. Nay. Ruth hears of Boaz as a poor starving sinner hears of Christ and of HIS GOSPEL FIELD; and she says, "Let me now go to the field and glean ears of corn," &c., and she went. Ah! this is a beautiful picture—a real life-like likeness of a sinner seeking for salvation.

I walked, and thought; for Boaz did not leave me when I left the 'bus; no;—he still communed with me; and these sacred times of thinking on Him; and His unfolding to me the Scriptures have been to me the happiest moments of my life; and when all the world has been a wilderness to me, this one thing—the Lord helping me to think upon His name—has been rich and sweet indeed.

The Reapers are the ministers of Christ. Other men ploughed up the field; and sowed the seed: we enter into their labours. Abraham, and Moses, and David, the prophets and the apostles:—these saints of earlier days suffered much in sowing the seed, and planting the fields. Now we enter in and reap the fruit of their toil. Blessed be the Lord for the Bible.

These reapers—or, at least—"the servant that was set over the reapers,"—knew all about poor Ruth; so that when Boaz asked, "Whose damsel is this?" they soon told him. This is, perhaps, designed to show us how carefully and earnestly ministers should seek to know the real character and condition of all who come to glean in that part of the field over which they are placed to "watch for souls;" and whose work is "to feed the Church of God which He hath purchased with His own blood."

The charge given by Ruth to Boaz particularly interested my mind. It has two parts in it. The first was freedom and kindness: "Let her glean among the sheaves—and reproach her not;" that was as much as to say, Take away all stumbling-blocks and hindrances—LET her glean among the sheaves.

There are many stumbling-blocks in ourselves which often fill us with fear. Our hearts feeling so hard, and everything within so much worse than lifeless—causeth us to shrink back, instead of going to glean among the sheaves. Do we go into the beautiful fields of Bible truth, and glean there? Ah! no, alas! precious Bible! how much do we neglect thee! How can ministers take these stumbling-blocks away? Only, instrumentally, by a faithful exposition of their own experience; telling the people plainly their own conflicts, and how the Lord leadeth them to His

Word, to His throne, to ask for the incoming of His Spirit; and by exhorting them to press with all their might to get beneath the wings of the mercy-seat, and there to plead for more grace, more spirituality, and more heavenly power.

There are stumbling-blocks also in others; but let it be fairly declared that while every godly man seeks to walk uprightly; yet is it not true, every man is, in himself, a frail and imperfect mortal?

Stumbling-blocks will sometimes seem to be in the word of God also, but I have no more room this month. I certainly will try and give some of the handfuls of purpose which I had given to me that Wednesday evening, October 19th, 1864,—a season for which I pray to be thankful unto the Lord.

They help me on in this dark day of sighing and sorrow.

Before I close this paper, may I ask, as Editor of little CHEERING WORDS, have I any friends? If so, to them I present my thanks, and ask them individually, to put forth a little exertion to extend the circulation. Another year is drawing to its close. During the next two months, get me good canvassing agents, who will use means to let the people have CHEERING WORDS. Booksellers care not to get them; the profit on a half-penny monthly is so little. I would forward hints for helping us, if friends will please address

THE EDITOR.

AMELIA SADGROVE:

OR,

DECISION FOR TRUTH.

BY THE REV. WILLIAM FRITH, BOROUGH GREEN, KENT.

(Continued from page 161)

CHAPTER II.

The Completion of Amelia's Education.

WE alluded to the decision of Mr. Sadgrove, relative to the finishing of his youngest daughter's education; and, although it was the innocent occasion of considerable altercation between Mr. and Mrs. S. before it was finally settled, yet event-

nally the proposal of Mr. S. was submitted to by Mrs. Sadgrove, though with some apparent reluctance. The idea of a French education was entirely abandoned. And in this, we need hardly say, that both the governess and her affectionate, devoted, and attached pupil, cordially rejoiced; for Amalia had no wish to leave the Hall, and much less the endearing society of her accomplished governess; indeed it would have been a painful separation for each.

It was, early in the year, on a cold, bleak January day, when the ground was hard with frost, and the weather stormy and uninviting, that Mr. Sadgrove, returning in the evening from the Metropolis, met Dr. Horn in the lane that conducted to the back entrance of Firfield Hall, when the doctor approaching him, said, addressing Mr. S.,

"Well, Mr. Sadgrove, I understand you have at last abandoned the idea of sending your daughter to France; may I be allowed to ask the reason? not that I wish to be intrusive—but hearing that Mrs. Sadgrove was exceedingly favourable to a French education, it appears strange that so judicious and fashionable a course should have been so suddenly abandoned."

"Well, to be candid, Dr. Horn," said Mr. Sadgrove, in a tone that spoke a firm and decided mind, "I am not at all favourable to an education in France: and it is chiefly from a regard to her religious training that I object. For I have no sympathy with the clandestine and insidious efforts that are made in many of the French seminaries to proselytise the youth to Romanism. I hold that vile system in great abhorrence. I believe that it is grossly IMMORAL; its nunneries and monasteries are gigantic 'houses of ill-fame!'. The youthful and unsuspecting are first induced, by Jesuitical persuasion, to go in and take 'the white veil'; and during this term of trial as a novitiate, they are treated with some measure of kindness, and their friends are allowed to go and see them. But AFTER the expiration of this term, during which they generally manage to make sure of their innocent victim by their artful and subtle persuasions, they are expected to take the 'black veil,' when they are kept so secluded that no access can be had to them, and they become the sad and helpless victims of those

infernal priests. This opinion is substantiated by many and painful facts. And, besides, I like to train up my children in the way they should go; and to give them, so far as I can, a sound religious education, as well as a secular one. And I am not without hopes that my youngest daughter is giving some gratifying evidences of this."

To these remarks, Dr. Horn seemed rather to be opposed: true he did not speak, but his face gave unmistakable signs of his warm disapproval of the sentiments of Mr. Sadgrove, and putting forth his hand, he said,

"Well, I must wish you good afternoon, Mr. Sadgrove."

To this Mr. S. said,

"But do you deny what I said, Dr. Horn?"

"Well—, no," gradually withdrawing.

So Dr. Horn, manifesting a reluctance to continue the conversation, Mr. S. proceeded to the Hall, where dinner awaited him at five. And ringing the bell, Miss A., who was crossing the entrance hall at that moment, exclaimed in a cry of youthful joy,

"O! papa is at the door;" and without leaving it to the servant to open the door, in all the spontaneous tenderness of her full and youthful heart, she immediately drew back the lock, and exclaimed,

"O, papa, how glad I am to see you: I have been longing for your arrival. Have you brought me Dr. W's, work on the Holy Spirit which you promised me yesterday?"

"Yes, dear," replied Mr. S., at the same moment bending forward to kiss his darling daughter, I have, and hope you will read it with pleasure and profit. It is a very nice book, and has been made very useful, and has a wide circulation."

In the evening, Mr. S. took the opportunity of making the necessary arrangements for Amelia's future studies; so calling Miss Brooks, he said,

"I want to make some arrangements for Amelia's future studies; and any books, &c., you think necessary, shall be immediately obtained. And when I return to town, if you will let me know, I will bring them with me to-morrow evening; or, if you prefer, they may be obtained of the bookseller in the town. Moreover, I should like her to make good progress on the piano,

and also with her pencil. I think music and drawing are two of the finest accomplishments that can be desired, and such as will not fail to be both instructive and useful. Music is one of the highest engagements of heaven, and surely that which engages the lofty seraphs of the skies, is worthy of our most assiduous cultivation : and drawing is calculated to inspire the mind with noble and lofty sentiments of the dignity, majesty, and character of the great Creator. I should much like you and Amelia to go to Ebbw Vale, and take some sketches. If ever I felt a sense of my littleness, and of the Divine majesty, it was when I walked amidst its elevating scenes. And as I desire to inspire dear Miss Amelia with a glowing admiration of Him of whom Pope writes when he says—

‘ These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good ;
Almighty, Thine, this universal frame !
Thyself how wondrous then !’

“As to French and German, I care but little for anything more than the rudiments of either of them ; but as she has made some progress in French, it would be as well to abandon German, and devote more time to history, in which I wish Amelia to be especially accomplished.”

Thus, Mr Sedgrove continued to give the necessary instructions for the future. Mrs. S. was present, and heard all, but said nothing, as she was not yet fully resigned to the “odd arrangements.” After the needful preparations were made, and supper ended, the servants were called in, as usual, for the evening devotions. Mr. S. read the twenty-third Psalm ; Miss Brooks read the last chapter of Ecclesiastes, with Amelia at her side. When this was done, the sincere proprietor of Firfield Hall knelt in prayer to God. And, O ! how fervid were his utterances for Mrs. S., and family, and household. His prayer embraced them all. The blood of Christ, and the full and complete atonement effected thereby, seemed to be the centre and ground of his supplications. A more truly evangelical prayer could not have been offered ; nor did he omit to implore the aid and influence of the Holy Spirit as needful to effect the salvation of those in whom he felt the deepest interest, and for whose present and eternal welfare he so earnestly supplicated.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

STRAIGHT TO HEAVEN.

"IF I die," said William White, "I go straight to heaven." To die, is sometimes dreadful; but, to die in the Lord, is safe, and sometimes very delightful. I was preaching the other night, and the Christian's death-bed came before my mind in a moment, like this: I said, death may make a terrible noise in knocking the old case to pieces; and the dust and confusion may be so thick, that the state of the soul can hardly be discovered; but, within, where Jesus is, it must be peace, and to the redeemed spirit, the prospect must be rich and transporting, causing that soul secretly, if not vocally, to exclaim, "Oh, Jesus! let me fly; and to thy kingdom come."

In commencing that discourse, Watts's precious words rolled through my memory with much feeling,

"The holy triumphs of my soul,
Shall death itself out-brave;
Leave dull mortality behind,
And fly beyond the grave."

I was led to contemplate both the trials and the triumphs of the Christian's heart:—of the first, I have had many; of the last, I hope I have had a few; but devoutly do I pray that at the end, "the holy triumphs of my soul, may death itself outbrave:" &c., &c.

James Dawson's memoir of William White, in "*Primitive May*," I read solemnly; he died a young man, and in full harness, and the following finish of his memoir I much commend to all who read these "CHERRING WORDS." The writer says:—

We have intimated that the first symptoms of the disease were experienced on Saturday; but with what rapid strides did death approach! Yet he did not come armed with vengeance, but to take God's beloved child to the place where he longed to be, to lead him from mortality to life, and to lands where brightly bloom immortal flowers. And when he stood on the brink of this world, heaven shed comfort over him, and eternity put on its

gentlest, most pleasing, and most winning look. His pain at times was acute; yet even then he found the consolations of the Gospel to smooth his uneasy bed. When he spoke of recovery he always associated with it the opportunity of preaching Christ. When some one expressed to him the hope that he might be spared to go to his new station, Doncaster, he remarked, "I wish to live to preach Jesus, and I hope to see hundreds of souls converted." But on the Wednesday it became painfully apparent that he was becoming much weaker. Yet he was still happy in the Lord, as he had been from the beginning of his affliction. On this day we had left his room for a short time, when a messenger came for us, saying, that Mr. White desired to see us. When we returned he remarked, "Ah, brother Dawson, I wish to tell you how happy God has made me! Ah, how happy I am! how happy I am!" Neither he, nor any of his friends, at this time, thought death was so nigh. We remarked, "Keep yourself as composed as possible; and we who know your manner of life can have no fear of your death, if God should see fit to take you to himself." Raising his hand, with emphasis he remarked, "If I die, I go straight to heaven—straight to heaven." Ah! was this gracious visitation of the Lord the preparation of grace for the conflict, which, although unknown to us, was so near at hand? This was about six o'clock. About half-an-hour after this, we were alone with him, when, with great earnestness, he said, "Brother Dawson, I am dying." Was it so? Yes; from the unfathomable shades and viewless spheres of eternity, came a sweet voice, unheard by other ears, saying unto him, "I have prepared your mansion-home, and am come to receive you to myself, that where I am you may be also." Yes; his loving Saviour, in whose cause he had so zealously laboured, was come to lead him through the valley of death, to bid him welcome to heaven, and to say unto him; "Well done, good and faithful servant, thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord." With deep affection he committed his wife and infant son to God, and exhorted his partner to love Jesus and to meet him in heaven. It was deeply painful to see the young husband, cut down in his bloom, bidding

farewell to his young wife and infant child. Yet he and she bore it with Christian resignation. With bitter tears they said, "It is the Lord, and he cannot do wrong;" and meekly kissed the hand that held the rod. Now he neared his heavenly and everlasting home. "I am in the river," he exclaimed, "and it is very deep." His wife remarked, "There is rock;" and he replied, "I am on it." Now all fear was calmed, his faith was animated; hope and joy filled his soul, until it was wrapt in ecstasy. The peace, the joy, the bliss of dying manifestly surprised him. Full of joy he exclaimed, "What a pleasant thing it is to die! What a pleasant thing it is to die! I never thought dying was so pleasant a thing! I cannot give you to understand what a pleasant thing it is to die! Ah, how soft this bed is! How soft it is!" Now he experienced a severe paroxysm. He appeared to suffer much. When he was partially relieved, he remarked, "It is hard dying, physically I mean; but it is a pleasant thing to die! how soft this bed!" His end was now at hand. The mental and emotional which were so characteristic of him in life were strong in death. Longing to see his dear Redeemer, he said,

"Bring me to see Thee, my precious, sweet King,"

and attempted to say,

"In mansions of glory Thy praises to sing"

but was unable. His desire was granted, his spirit passed away to be with Jesus, and to sing his praise in mansions of glory. Thus departed William White, June 15th, 1864, in the thirty-first year of his age, and the eighth of his ministry. He died as he lived, rejoicing in the Lord.

"Calm on the bosom of thy God,
Fair spirit, rest thee now!
E'en while with ours thy footsteps trod,
His seal was on thy brow.

Dust to its narrow house beneath!
Soul to its place on high!
They that have seen thy look in death,
No more may fear to die."

"WALKING IN LOVE."

A NOTE TO MR. JOHN DILLOSTONE, WHOSE VILLA STANDS ON
WOODLAND GREEN, NEAR HAVERHILL, IN SUFFOLK.

AFTER so long silence, good brother John, may I come to thy sweetly-scented garden-door with a few CHERRING WORDS? I hope you will not frown upon me, because I am little; nor be angry because I have been so long in coming. I am still as hard at work as ever; and the way (to my spirit) is still rough and hard. I cannot get on so fast as some people; nor can I proceed so well as I desire; but I shall not fail to call on you once in a while; unless you shut your door against me; or death call me into another country. I wish to know if you have commenced to build your gallery yet? If not, and the lack of means prevent you, I would beseech all Christian people to be kind to your cause, and send you aid without delay. Could they see your clean and comfortable chapel, standing so meekly in that quiet corner, shaded so softly by the trees; could they look in some lovely Sunday morning, as my faithful brother stands up to read the first hymn; could they hear the dear saints singing—

"The waves of care may darkly bound,
And buffet till our strength outworn,
We stagger, as they gather round;
All shattered, weak, and tempest torn;
But there's a LIGHT HOUSE for the soul,
That beacons to a stormless home;
It safely guides, through roughest tides,
It shines! It saves! "Thy Kingdom Come!"

Could they look up at brother Murkin as he reads his text—
"Fear not, little flock; it is your Father's good pleasure to give you the kingdom;" could they hear him preach of that kingdom, and of the believer's happiness there; could they witness the need there is, that you should gather in the cottager's children, and instruct them in things moral, evangelical, and spiritual—as the Lord might help you—I do feel certain there is not a Christian under heaven but would rise up and resolve to send the little

church at Kedington, near Haverhill, a mile towards enlarging the tent, and to make room for the little boys and girls who are left without the happy privilege of Sabbath-School instruction. Beloved friends, arise, and write to the pastor and deacons of the Baptist church at Kedington, care of John Dillostone, the nurseryman; and smiles from off the lasting hills shall cheer thy homeward way.

I love to think of some days I have spent in the service of the Gospel. Let me give you a line or two respecting the ninth of October, 1864. It was arranged I should, on that day, commence my more stated labours in Squirrels-street chapel, in the Bethnal Green-road. On the Thursday evening previous I delivered my last sermon in Bethel, Old Ford; and my departure therefrom has been a trial, and a conflict, most severe; every step of which I am inclined to write out some day, if the Spirit of Love shall lead and help me.

Before going to Bethel chapel that evening, the words of Paul were given to me: "AND WALK IN LOVE" and in a good spirit I spoke of the great principle of VITAL GODLINESS—LOVE IN THE SOUL; and then of the practice—"And WALK IN LOVE;" but how very little good has resulted therefrom, I shall not now trouble to think about. But while of some I say nothing, others there were who, on my leaving them, looked at my words like these:

"We love each other—yet, perchance,
The murmurs of dissent may rise;
Cross words may chase the tender glance,
And unkind flashes light our eyes:
Still—let us for each other pray—
Hoping to see a brighter day."

Ere the Sunday morning's sun arose, two beautiful scriptures came; and with them to my work I went; and I will tell thee what they were. The first was this, "Let my Beloved come into His garden: and let Him eat His pleasant fruits."

Out of a crowd of precious things which from this Scripture flowed, I only give you one. It is the Singleness and the Sufficiency of the spouse's desire. She only asked that HE *would* COME;

because in Him; and with Him, there was all that heaven could give; and she could heartily sing—

"All my capacious powers could wish
In Him doth sweetly meet,
Nor to my heart is life so dear,
Nor friendship half so sweet."

In this one thing all pardoned saints agree— with them Christ is everything— Let Him come; and it doth suffice,

More than Himself He cannot give,
And I desire no more."

Tell me, thy heart, dear brother John, is not this the church's prayer. "Let my Beloved come into His garden?" and is not that prayer answered? In Kedington, I feel, sure it has been many times. As I have stood in that pulpit, I have realized the glory of God in my own soul; and I have seen the faces of old fathers and mothers, and of young people, shine brilliantly with joy: and I hope the great day will declare good to souls has been done; not by me only, but by the pastors, specially. Brethren Powell and Murkin have not laboured in vain, as you well know. As soon as our morning service was over, I flew away to Wimbleton, to preach for my brother Luke Snow, who has built a pleasant little house for God, and freely preaches the Gospel there. I had a good time with excellent Luke, a doctor of divinity beyond a doubt, for God has made him useful in bringing souls to Christ, and in feeding and establishing them in the truth. Of him and his place and people, a nice little map might be drawn, but here I have not room now. On returning to Squirrels street that evening, the words of Paul were in my soul, "We preach not ourselves, but Christ Jesus the Lord; and ourselves your servants for Jesus' sake." After sermon, we had the ordinance of the Lord's Supper; and tokens that Jesus had come into His garden, were proved, by not a few. My soul was favoured to be free; and, although, in this removal some think I have acted wrongly, to me it appeared imperative; and how I have aimed to "walk in love," may be known by you when next you see. THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

‘HOW AM I TO KNOW THAT I AM CHRIST’S?’

MR. JOHN GRACE, of Brighton, preaching a sermon the other day at Lewes, said,—

“If ye are Christ’s, then are ye Abraham’s seed, and heirs according to the promise.” Christ’s, how am I to know, sir, that I am Christ’s? I will tell you: “If any man have not the spirit of Christ, he is none of His.” That is an answer to it at once. The Spirit of Christ! what is that? The indwelling of God the Holy Ghost! the working of the Spirit upon the heart; the spirit of the fear of the Lord; the spirit of wisdom; the spirit of prayer and supplication, which God has promised that He will bestow upon all His people. Therefore if you have these, it is well with you. Now take another. This text I am going to quote would cut up half the religion of the day,—half? I do not know but what it would cut up seven-eighths of it: “They that are in the flesh cannot please God.” But, say you, I am not in the flesh; then, blessed be God! for I am no drunkard, nor swearer; I have been a person of very religious habits, and I have been a member of a Church, I would have you to know. I will tell you another thing; you may be a member of a Church, if you like; and you may be a Calvinist, too, and hold the creed, and the doctrines of grace in your judgment, and yet be “in the flesh.” Oh! say you, solemn thought! True, true! If God the Spirit has never taught you, and quickened you, you are in the flesh; and while you are in the flesh, you cannot please God.

When young in the things of God, I used to walk about, and the simple prayers I used to put up were something like these—“Lord, do not let me die in my sins!” “Lord, do make known to me that I have an interest in thy salvation!” “Remember me with the favour that thou bearest unto thy people, O visit me with thy salvation!” “Lord, do say to my soul, I am thy salvation!” This was the sort of language I used; and I verily believe if God had not quickened my soul into life, and given me some evidence of being taught of Him, I never should have put up such prayers.

But what a mercy it is to be taught of God. "All thy children shall be taught of the Lord, and great shall be the peace of thy children." Have you done this? Has the Lord displayed His grace to you? Do you ever sit at His feet? Are you a disciple of the Lord's Christ? Paul was a disciple of Gamaliel: he was well taught in the Jewish law. Are you really taught of God? Can you come and prove that you are, by the teaching of God's Spirit, one of this "inheritance?" Ah! what a mercy, dear child of God. Now I say that all religion that is of God comes to this. If anybody were to say to me, "Oh! sir, I do so desire to know that I am one of the people of God, that I have an interest in these things;" I would ask them a question, Do you recollect what David says? "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after." You may depend upon it, if God has made you in earnest to desire these things, you will seek after them. "Seek after them"—but where? say you. In the public means of grace; you will seek as for hid treasure in the word of God; you will seek for it at the throne of grace; an ejaculation will often come up from your heart, "Am I taught of God?"

Like a poor woman I knew, now in glory, when she was once in great distress of soul, she knelt down in a little shrubbery, and with great earnestness cried out, "Lord, I beseech thee, have mercy upon me." There was a gentleman passing just at the time, but she did not observe him; and he put his hand on her, and he said, "My good woman, if God had never had mercy upon you, you would never have cried like this." He gave her half-a-crown, and went away. That woman found mercy of God, and I recollect her telling me of the work of God upon her soul; how she went out into a field once, in great distress of soul, and cried to God for mercy, saying, she would not go home till she had obtained that mercy. The night came on, and she thought, "Ah! I must return home now, and I must die without mercy; but," said she, "while I was speaking, the Lord broke in upon my soul, with these words, 'Woman, thy sins, that are many, are all forgiven thee; thy faith hath saved thee, go in peace.'" Then, she said, she could not go; she was compelled to stop, and bless and praise the Lord, and dance, and make merry with the thing of God.

"OH! THAT I KNEW WHERE I MIGHT FIND HIM,"

JOB. xxiii 2.

O that I knew where I might find
My Father and my God;
I'd plead his everlasting love
Tho' now I feel his rod.

I'd tell him of his former love,
I'd plead his special grace;
But ah! he's gone, my Lord is gone;
His ways I cannot trace.

I forward go, but he's not there,
I backward go again;
I seek him on the right and left,
But seem to seek in vain.

Sometimes I seek him in his house,
Where others sing and pray;
I oft go mourning to his house,
And mourning come away.

Sometimes I seek him in his word,
But almost in despair—
Oh! what a dreadful path is this;
Ah! were you ever there!

Sometimes I feel no heart to pray,
And think to pray no more;
And then again I think I'll try
Once more at mercy's door.

I go—but still no comfort find;
My soul's as dark as night:
How dark and dismal is the road
When Christ is out of sight.

Then Satan vaunts, and tells my soul
That I'm a cast-away:
Ah! who in such a frame as this
Can either praise or pray?

In this sad state I've often been;
Then like poor Job I've cried,
Oh! that I knew where I might find
Some shelter where to hide!

But Jesus knows my wretched state,
He knows I fear the rod;
Ah! sure the Lord has found me out,
But I can't find my God.

But when my Jesus shines again,
His presence makes me bold:
Ah! then I see God's furnace is
To purify the gold.

Lord, cleanse my poor polluted soul
From dross and filth within;
And let me feel thy furnace, Lord,
Burn nothing but my sin.

D. HERBERT.

The Old Man at Southey.—"The Village Preacher" is a little unhappy at not being able to visit, and preach at, Southey, as requested; but the church in London could not, at present, allow of it. He hopes before very long to see Brand Creek and Southey again, and to give the Old Man's portrait in *extenso*. Meanwhile, may the mercies of the Lord be on all the saints in those retiring places.

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Cheering Words.

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BEAUTIFUL DYING:

OR,

THE LAST WORDS OF THE VENERABLE BEDE.

THE Venerable Bede was born near 700 years after our Lord went to glory. In his time, the good preachers were simple and devout, caring only for the souls of the people. But it is of Bede's happy death, I have a word to give you now. His last words have been beautifully recorded in a letter of his pupil, Cuthbert, which has happily come down to us. We give this renowned letter in an abridged form.

"He was much troubled with shortness of breath, yet without pain, before the day of our Lord's resurrection, that is, for about a fortnight; and thus he afterwards passed his life, cheerful and rejoicing, giving thanks to Almighty God every day and night, nay, every hour, till the day of our Lord's Ascension, and daily read lessons to us, his disciples; and whatever remained of the day he spent in singing psalms; he also passed all the night awake, in joy and thanksgiving, unless a short sleep prevented it, in which case he no sooner awoke than he presently repeated his wonted exercises and ceased not to give thanks to God with uplifted hands. I declare with truth that I have never seen with my eyes nor heard with my ears any man so earnest in giving thanks to the living God. O truly happy man! He chanted the sentence of St. Paul the apostle, 'It is dreadful to fall into the hands of the living God,' and much more out of Holy Writ;

ONE HALFPENNY.

wherein also he admonished us to think of our last hour and to shake off the sleep of the soul. He also sang, 'O glorious King, Lord all power, who, triumphing this day, didst ascend above all the heavens, do not forsake us orphans, but send down upon us the Spirit of Truth which was promised to us by the Father. Hallelujah.' And when he came to that part, 'Do not forsake us,' he burst into tears and wept much, and an hour afterwards he began to repeat what he had commenced, and we, hearing it, mourned with him. By turns we read, and by turns we wept, nay, we wept always whilst we read. In such joys we passed the days till the aforesaid day; and he rejoiced much and gave God thanks, because he had been thought worthy to be so weakened. He often repeated that, 'God scourgeth every son whom he receiveth,' and much more out of Holy Scripture, as also this sentence from St. Ambrose: 'I have not lived so as to be ashamed to live among you; nor do I fear to die, because we have a gracious God.' During these days he laboured to compose two works well worthy to be remembered, besides the lessons we had from him and singing of psalms, viz., he translated the Gospel of St. John, as far as the words, 'But what are these among so many' (John vi. 9), into our own tongue for the benefit of the church. When the Tuesday before the Ascension of our Lord came he began to suffer still more in his breath, and a small swelling appeared in his feet; but he passed all that day and dictated cheerfully, and now and then, among other things, said, 'Go on quickly, I know not how long I shall hold out, and whether my Maker will not soon take me away.' But to us he seemed very well to know the time of his departure; and so he spent the night, awake, in thanksgiving; and when the morning appeared, that is Wednesday, he ordered us to write with all speed what he had begun. There was one of us with him, who said to him, 'Most dear master, there is still one chapter wanting; do you think it troublesome to be asked any more questions?' He answered, 'It is no trouble. Take your pen and make ready and write fast.' Which he did, but at the ninth hour he said to me, 'I have some little articles of value in my chest; run quickly that I may distribute the gifts which God has bestowed on me. The rich in this world are bent

on giving gold and silver and other precious things. But I, in charity, will joyfully give my brothers what God has given unto me.' He spoke to every one of them, admonishing and entreating them; but they all mourned and wept, especially because he said, 'They should no more see his face in this world.' They rejoiced for that he said, 'It is time that I return to him who formed me out of nothing. I have lived long; my merciful Judge well foresaw my life for me; the time of my dissolution draws nigh; for I desire to die and to be with Christ.' Having said much more he passed the day joyfully till the evening; and the boy above mentioned, said, 'Dear master, there is yet one sentence not written.' He answered, 'Write quickly.' Soon after the boy said, 'The sentence is now written.' He replied, 'It is well, you have said the truth. It is ended. Receive my head into your hands, for it is a great satisfaction to me to sit facing the place where I was wont to pray, that I may, also sitting, call upon my Father.' And thus on the pavement of his little cell, repeating 'Glory be to the Father and to the Son and to the Holy Ghost,' when he had named the Holy Ghost he breathed his last, and so departed to the heavenly kingdom. All who were present at the death of the blessed father said they had never seen any other person die with as much devotion and in as tranquil a frame of mind."

DEPEND UPON IT,

THE "HYPERES" ARE RIGHT.

STRANGE sentences for CHEERING WORDS you say. Well, read the following, for only these words can really be CHEERING words which establish us in the reality of our soul's salvation.

I was walking up that wretched street called "Green-street," leading from the "Roman-road" to Bathna-green, one Wednesday evening. It was pouring rain. All was dirt and darkness without, but I was full of thought within, and was travelling up to green from these words: "He that endureth unto the end the same shall be saved." I said to myself, here is, first,

the test of true Christian character, "ENDURING UNTO THE END." Secondly, the promise, "HE SHALL BE SAVED."

I thought to myself, this is a trying Scripture; for, really, there are two things implied. First, that many may run on well for a time, and yet not enter in at last; and, secondly, it almost declares that opposition will afflict us unto the end, and that only to him who endures right to the end is the promise sure. This train of thought led me to reflect upon four or five sayings which appeared trying to faith and afflicting to the spiritual and sensitive mind.

This one in particular which our Lord uttered. He said, "I am come in my Father's name, and ye will not receive me; another shall come in My name, and him ye will receive." Christ came in His Father's name—in the name of His absolute sovereignty; in the name of His everlasting love; in the name of His predestinating purpose; He came in His Father's name; that is, in the Divine nature, and as the Eternal Son of God, and, as such, and in such a name, they would not receive Him. Is it not the same in our own day? Is it not the same with our own people?

Oh! what a flood of light flowed over my mind! I do fear to say it was of God; because the conclusions to which it carried me appeared so dreadful. Ah! they did, indeed. For I said to myself, If, and when, CHRIST, by His Gospel, comes now, He comes in His Father's name. He comes to a chosen vessel, as he came to Saul of Tarsus. He comes to one the FATHER gave HIM. He comes to one whose name is on His heart, and, by His SPIRIT, He regenerates, He calls, He enlightens, He pardons, He sanctifies, He preserves, and, finally, He saves:—

"Grace all the work doth crown;"

and high in the glory-world the chosen vessel is raised, to join the everlasting song,—

"And crown Him Lord of all."

But will men receive Christ in His Father's name now? Nay, thousands of them will not. Will they receive Him as the Son of the Father in truth and love—as the Eternal Son of God? Nay, they will not.

All men in the visible Christian Church are coming in the Saviour's name. They say, "Preach Christ, love Christ, believe in Jesus, trust in the Saviour," and so on. And to question the reality, and safety, and righteousness, and goodness of all this would appear to be high treason against heaven. It would appear to be a libel upon the Gospel; it would fall like thunder upon thousands who are gathering under the wings of many of the legally qualified preachers of the day. Nevertheless, preach as they may, prosper as they may, if they deny the sovereignty of the Father on the one hand, or the eternity of the Son on the other, I feel they are in danger.

I could not refrain from inwardly exclaiming,—

"DEPEND UPON IT, THE HYPERES ARE RIGHT!"

And the following scripture came in upon the other to seal it home; yea, two sentences Christ spake in his day, spread the light more fully over my mind, and opened up the empty and shallow foundation upon which many a minister, and many a church, is now standing.

The scriptures I refer to are these:—

I. "MANY SHALL COME IN MY NAME, AND SHALL DECEIVE MANY."

Oh! how awfully solemn did these words appear! I was pressing through the wet and muddy streets of Bethnal Green; all the people were hurrying to their homes; I was hurrying on to my pulpit, with thoughts as painful as ever man's mind could contemplate. I thought how many come in the Saviour's name, yet the true origin of His coming they deny; His glorious Sonship they reject. The union of the everlasting covenant they turn into a shadow, and the speciality of the church's salvation they deride. "Many shall come in My name, and shall deceive many." Alas! alas! and is it so? What, then, am I? Reader, what and who are you?

The third scripture which followed upon the others was heavier still. "MANY ARE CALLED, BUT FEW ARE CHOSEN." That is, "Many are called" (by man), compared with which, 'FEW ARE CHOSEN' of God.

Every minister is anxious to call in many. Everything about

a man tends to promote the desire to call in many. Natural pride, temporal support, and a sympathy toward our fellow-men, all lead to the desire to call in many. We think much of these men who call many. Mr. Spurgeon has called in his thousands. I suppose, since he first came to London, tens of thousands have been called in by him; how they wear in working I know not; but the fact of his still having many thousands around him, leads to the hope that there is a bond of vital union tying many of their souls to God by faith in Jesus—a faith wrought in them by the Holy Spirit himself.

Some of Mr. Spurgeon's sayings contain words of fire; they flash through you with a spiritual electricity as defies your doubting.

OF HIS PREACHING.

He says,—“The old truth that Calvin preached, that Chrysostom preached, that Paul preached, is the truth that I must preach to-day, or else be a liar to my conscience and my God. I cannot shape the truth. I know of no such thing as paring off the rough edges of a doctrine. John Knox's gospel is my gospel. That which thundered through Scotland must thunder through England again. The great mass of our ministers are sound enough in the faith, but not sound enough in the way they preach it.”

OF THE WORK OF THE SPIRIT.

He says,—“Ye may take a corpse, ye may dress it in all the garments of external decency; ye may wash it with the water of morality; ye may bedeck it with the crown of profession; ye may put on its brow a tiara of beauty; ye may paint its cheeks, until ye make it well-nigh like life itself. But remember, unless the spirit be there, the worm shall feed on the painted cheek, and corruption will ere long seize on the body. It is the Spirit that is the quickener.”

We must hope he comes in the right name, and that out of the many thousands called by him not a few are chosen. We all think much of men who can gather crowds to hear the Gospel; and yet to say it is always a sure sign of heaven's approval would not be safe.

There is good. James Wells, he gathers in many too. He has been a harvestman of many years' standing. A bad harvest has never fallen to his lot yet; and now he is erecting a much larger garner. He seems to think that as he gets nearer the summer-fields of endless glory, he must have his arms more heavily-laden than ever; and, through his instrumentality, he hopes to gather in many, very many, thousands yet: and if only a quarter of all he has gathered in should be amongst the chosen of God, what a family James Wells will find in heaven! But if

THE WORDS OF CHRYSOSTOM

have any suitability to the times we live in, the wheat, when compared with the chaff, is little indeed.
When Chrysostom lived in Antioch, there were full 100,000 inhabitants there; but he declared he did not believe above one in a thousand really received Jesus Christ in the Gospel.

JOHN CALVIN

had hard thoughts of people in his day. He said not one man in a hundred who heard the Gospel really received it. That is, not one in a hundred seemed to be saved. "Many are called, but few are chosen."

After all these thoughts, my mind turned to many I have known—I mean of those who will hear nothing but high doctrine Gospel. Some of them can play cards in a public-house on a Saturday evening; and after a good sermon on Sunday morning, will tell the parson they like *practical godliness*.

Poor wretches! what will they say of all this on a dying bed?

Some I have known, wonderful men for deep and dark experiences, but then they can beat their wives at home, and make slaves of them, yea, their homes are little hells. Others can swell like green bay trees, driving all before them—with bustle and bluster too—until they are felled by all who know them. But from them all I turn. I preached the chapel; I preached the sermon; I retired again to my cot; and by my own fire-side I thought of the promise, "He that endureth to the end, he shall be saved."

What that salvation is, for a moment was sweet on my heart. But write that here I cannot.

Dear readers of little CHEERING WORDS, we have nearly weathered another year. Soon its close will come; and soon our end will be realized. Some of us have travelled many years together. I have written; you have read. I have preached; you have heard. I have laboured; some of you have reaped a blessing.

May many mercies attend you. I wish you all a truly happy Christmas; and if you live to see our peaceful 1864 depart, and the yet unknown 1865 come in, may the God of all grace richly anoint your souls, and lead you on, and safely take you home.

Since my last, I have been into Lancashire and Yorkshire, and there found many Christian friends, but, as my words here have been many, and, I fear, to little purpose, I must close, most deeply beseeching you to consider well, that it is not every one that saith, "Lord! Lord!" but he that doeth the will of our Father which is in heaven. When I say, therefore, "Depend upon it the Hypers are right," I do not mean theorists, nor speculators, nor licentious professors, but I mean those who fear God, who have faith in Christ, who sincerely obey the Gospel, who have fellowship with God, who live in the humble expectation of immortal glory and everlasting life. I mean those who, in faith and affection, "DWELL ON HIGH: whose place of defence is the munition of rocks:" of whom the Lord Jehovah has said, "Bread shall be given them—their water shall be sure."

Before we say farewell, at the end of this year; let me beseech of you, every one of you, to strain your nerves, and exercise yourselves a little to circulate these CHEERING WORDS more extensively. And if in them you find a blessing, when it is well with you, remember

THE VILLAGE PRACHER.

GEORGE WHITEFIELD'S MEMORIAL VOLUME
OF CHEERING WORDS.

THIS is our last number for this year;—and we close up this our fourteenth volume with the announcement that next year, (if our heavenly Father spare and strengthen us) we shall

furnish, — complete, in the fifteenth volume of CHEERING WORDS, an ORIGINAL, and an ILLUSTRATED LIFE of ENGLAND'S GREAT EVANGELIST, their self-denying and soul-seeking Preacher, the Rev. GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

There has, of late, been costly editions of Bunyan, Goldsmith, Shakspeare, and other noted men ; but, as a servant of JESUS CHRIST, as a renowned, and unparalleled preacher of the Gospel, as an instrumental deliverer of souls from the bondage of sin and Satan, as a labourer who puts to blush all the ministers of our day, whether you think of Spurgeon, or Wells, or Foreman, or Bloomfield, or Lincoln, or any man in existence ; unhesitatingly we declare no man in our day, great and good, and devoted, and successful as they may have been, and much as we love and esteem them, and perfectly clear as we are from attaching the slightest want of faithfulness to them, yet, with us, they all will say, since the days of Paul, no man has so entirely given up himself to the great work of converting sinners, as did the ever-to-be-loved Whitefield.

Blessed Bunyan left his work behind him. He has done, instrumentally by his writings (God's blessing accompanying them); ten million times more good since his death than he did during his life. But George Whitefield, like a glorious and laborious harvestman, seemed determined to gather up in his own arms all the sheaves he could find in the fields of the Gospel, and carry them right home to heaven, there to lay them, with himself, down at his holy Master's feet, and there to unite with the immense army of noble martyrs in celebrating Jehovah's praise for ever.

Let us all unite to give the world a faithful memorial—a pictorial and pleasant literary monument in memory of the man who was filled with the hottest love for CHRIST and for souls that ever men or angels knew.

Our Protestant churches, our nation, our people, seem to want another Whitefield. We cannot give them another ; but we may give to millions of people a life-like and comprehensive history of the man who defied the devil when he was fast rocking old England into a dead sleep ; the man who, as God's messenger, sent

old Satan into his den howling with madness many thousands of times; the man who called good old Zion from her slumbers, and sent her forth in good Gospel apparel for many successive years. Some one says, "Mr. Spurgeon will prove to be a twin-spirit, combining the lion-like energy of Martin Luther with the laborious ox-like devotion of George Whitefield." For England's sake, we pray it may be so. All we can add now is, please remember

THE FIFTEENTH VOLUME OF "CHEERING WORDS" IS TO BE
A MEMORIAL AND PICTORIAL TRIBUTE TO THE
MEMORY OF ENGLAND'S GREAT PREACHER,
GEORGE WHITEFIELD.

A word or two of his last sermon comes in here suitably :—

"On Saturday morning he set out for Boston, but before he came to Newbury Port, where he had engaged to preach the next morning, he was importuned to preach by the way at Exeter. At this last place he preached in the open air to accommodate the multitudes that came to hear him, no house being able to contain them." He continued his discourse for nearly two hours, and was greatly fatigued in consequence. This was the last sermon he ever preached, and it was an appropriate *finale* that he who in modern times had initiated field preaching should close his labours almost in the very act of appealing to the thousands assembled under the canopy of heaven. There stood the great field preacher, pale and exhausted, after a ride on horseback in the heat of the day, with all his intense love for souls, his indomitable zeal, his neglect of himself or of consequences—cold and heat, sickness and pain, hindrances of enemies and discouragement of friends—all counted as dross so that he might hold up a crucified Saviour to perishing millions. It was an appropriate close to his glorious career—stamped as it had been with the indubitable approval of his divine Master,—were he should go hence and be no more seen, that this his last sermon was addressed to the descendants of those Puritans who, a hundred and fifty years ago, had landed within a few miles of the spot he was now preaching from."

"He rose from his seat," said an eye-witness, 'and stood erect. His appearance alone was a powerful sermon. The thinness of his visage, the paleness of his countenance, the evident struggling of the heavenly spark in a decayed body for utterance, were all deeply interesting; the spirit was willing, but the flesh was dying. In this situation he remained several minutes unable to speak. He then said:—'I will wait for the gracious assistance of God, for He will, I am certain, assist me once more to speak in his name.' He then delivered perhaps one of his best sermons; the latter part remembered was as follows:—'I go, I go to a rest prepared; my sun has arisen, and by and from heaven has given light to many; 'tis now about to set for—no, it cannot be, but 'tis to rise to the zenith of immortal glory. I have outlived many on earth, but they cannot outlive me in heaven; many shall live when this body is no more, but then—oh, thought divine—I shall be in a world where time, age, sickness, and sorrow are unknown. My body fails, my spirit expands; how willingly would I live for ever to preach Christ! but I die to be with Him. How brief—comparatively brief—has been my life compared with the vast labours which I see before me, yet to be accomplished; but if I leave now, while so few care about heavenly things, the God of peace will surely visit you!' After the sermon was over, he mounted his horse and rode to Newbury Post to the house of his friend, the Rev. Mr. Parsons."

It will not save me to know that Christ is a Saviour; but it will save me to *trust* him to be *my* Saviour. I shall not be delivered from the wrath to come, by believing that his atonement is sufficient; but I shall be saved, by making that atonement my trust, my refuge, and my all. The pith, the essence of faith lies in this—a casting one's self on the promise. 'It is not the life-buoy on board the ship that saves the man when he is drowning, nor is it his belief that it is an excellent and successful invention. No! he must have it around his loins, or his hand upon it, or else he will sink.—*Spurgeon*.

"OH! FATHER, MAKE ME THINE."

MY FATHER, I would be Thy child,
 I know I'm sinful, wayward, wild,
 To Thee I would be reconciled
 Oh! make me Thine.

With patience I the race would run,
 Not looking back when once begun,
 Seeking salvation through Thy Son.
 Oh! make me Thine.

The narrow way I fain would tread,
 And by Thy gentle hand be led,
 With heavenly manna daily fed.
 Oh! make me Thine.

Make me to love Thee more and more,
 Thy Holy Spirit on me pour,
 Grant me of grace a plenteous store.
 Oh! make me Thine.

When death's cold hand is on me laid,
 My God, let me not feel afraid;
 Be with me, for I often prayed—
 Oh! make me Thine.

1866.—What do the Prophets Say of it?

SEE THE "EARTHEN VESSEL," JANUARY, 1865.

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Twelve Original Papers on this interesting part of the Mosaic Economy are promised by "Gideon" for next year's *VESSEL*.

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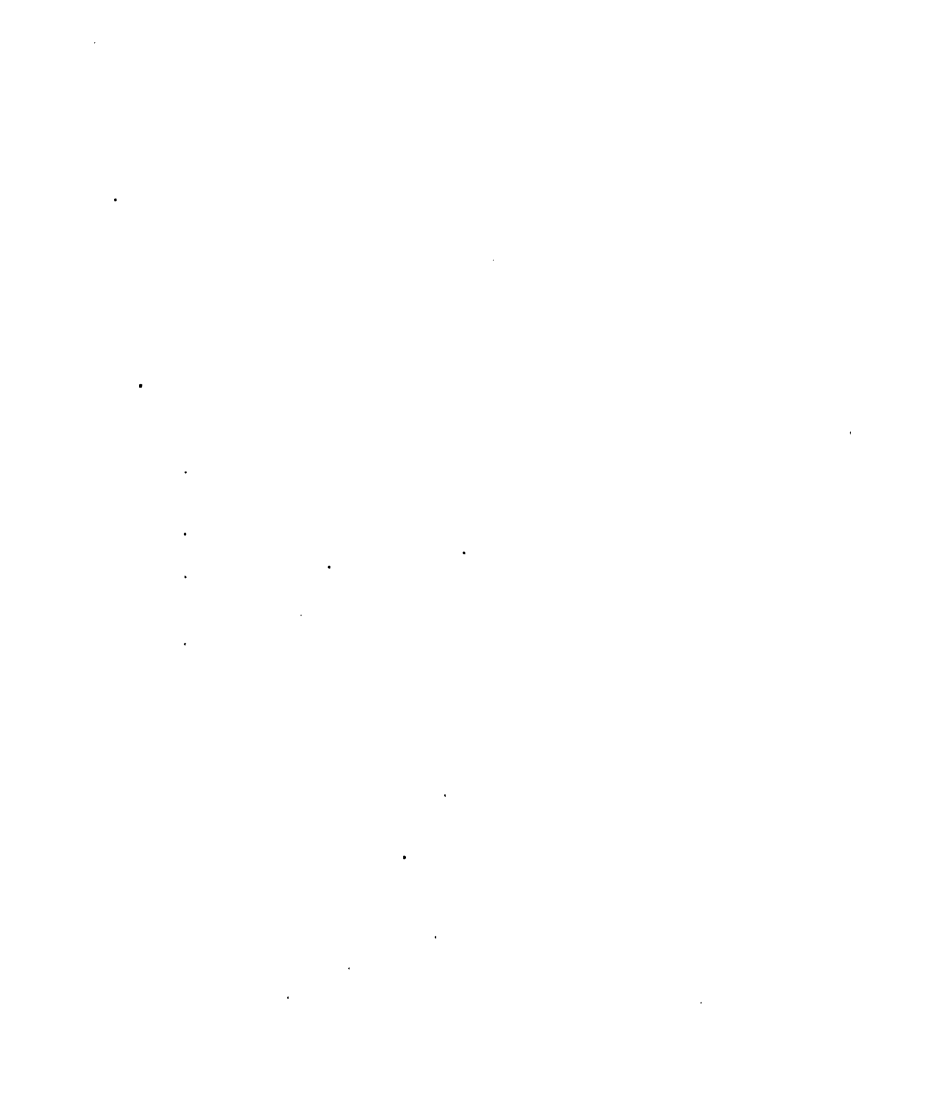
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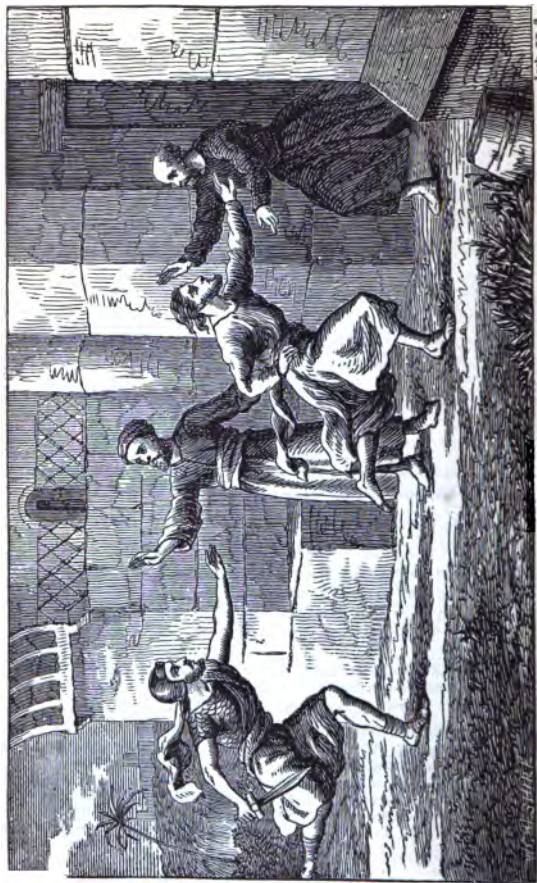
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THE CITY OF REFUGE.

JOB. XL. 1.

**CHEERING
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Cheering Words.

VOL. XV.

DECEMBER, 1866.

No. 170.

THE PARSONAGE PEW.

ONE beautiful November morning, I was taking my breakfast with the esteemed minister of one of those noble and substantial edifices, called "Lady Huntingdon's Chapel," in a populous and large manufacturing village in the northern parts of England; and while discussing things both natural and spiritual, the clerk of the chapel called to say "the wedding folks were waiting." We both went together. I was put into the Parsonage pew; but the minister went into the vestry to prepare for the performance of the marriage ceremony. Presently he appeared in a pure white surplice, and long black silk scarf; and in a most reverent manner, he joined in wedlock the happy-looking pair, whose hearts were professedly melted by love into one.

The Parsonage pew is a large square compartment; and the donor of the chapel had evidently anticipated that the minister of that sacred place would generally be the head of a numerous family; and therefore provided for them a good amount of accommodation. In this, however, at present, the case is different. "Who occupies the Parsonage pew?" asked a whisperer. "No one, sir." "How is that?" "The minister is a young single man, sir."

The fact is (and in the fact is involved a lesson of great value to all who can profit by it; for the fact is) this devoted minister, some few years since, found his affections most deeply fixed upon the doctor's only daughter; and as intensely were the affections of

ONE HALF-PENT.

the doctor's daughter placed upon the minister. In the course of time, the doctor's permission was asked, and as sternly refused. He would cut his daughter off without a shilling, if she dared to marry a man who had nothing in this world but what the ministry produced. This was a painful crisis. But after much sorrow, anxiety, and internal conflict, the betrothed couple covenanted together to wait. The doctor's wife was a greatly-afflicted invalid; and she required the sympathy and presence, the care, and gentle nursing which her daughter was so well adapted to afford her. If the daughter married against the father's will, she would never be allowed to see her mother, nor her mother be favoured with her daughter's gentle aid. If the daughter married against her father's will, she would lose every penny of that patrimony so justly belonging to her. Under these considerations, both the minister and his beloved one resolved patiently, and faithfully, and lovingly to wait. They have given to each other the most solemn vow, in prayer and faith to wait until God shall make their pathway plain. Therefore, the minister, in his quiet parsonage and chapel, goes on with his godly work; and the devoted daughter continues to console her greatly-afflicted mother; and the old doctor remains unrelentingly determined to prevent the marriage; and hence the Parsonage pew is empty. How long the hard-hearted doctor and his bed-ridden lady may live, none can tell; but die they must, some day; and surely then our Heavenly Father will reward the devotion, the patience, the self-denial, and the resignation of his servant and his tender lamb-like saint; and then, may many years of real happiness be enjoyed by them, is the inmost and earnest wish of him who sat in the empty Parsonage pew.

If, in thousands of cases, the patient and holy waiting, until the more suited season arrived, could be exercised, there would not be one quarter the misery and poverty which is now, in every part of England, so visible, and so painfully abundant. I could but admire the sterling principles which evidently ruled in the breasts, both of the minister and his devoted and attached one. They felt love to be a powerful passion. They practically, and experimentally knew "that many waters cannot quench love,

neither can the floods drown it." Their hearts were fixed. A stern unnatural decree might have broken them both; but, as God had said, "My grace is sufficient for thee, and my strength is made perfect in weakness;" in God, alone therefore, they trust, and hope, in His own time, the pathway will be clear; then, with purified feelings of richly-bought experience they will sing—

"Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own Interpreter,
And He will make it plain."

I cannot soon forget that singular morning; nor the kindness
of the intelligent pastor to A VILLAGE PREACHER.

TWO CROWS IN A COTTAGE.

TO me, the company of very aged saints is delightful; and I never meet with good old pilgrims, but I desire, in some way, to comfort them. The other day I preached two little sermons in Mr. Debnam's chapel, at Maldon, in Essex. Between the services, we went into a very small cottage the back of the chapel. There lives in it a good old man and his wife, named "CROW." They are very aged, much afflicted, and poor enough. We had some spiritual conversation; and I found that this venerable brother had composed a thick book full of hymns, poems, &c. He is a very rustic kind of poet; but although his metres are various, and his rhymes not always correct, yet the matter is of the sweetest nature, and sound as the strongest believer could desire.

The Bible says nothing about crows; but my Lexicon says—"Crow—a bird, or, a southern constellation." This "crow," at Maldon, is a bird of some mental beauty: although not a singing bird, I think he is more like a southern constellation; for the south wind of heaven has blown into his soul a variety of precious knowledge; and as he cannot preach, he pens his meditations on paper, and treasures them for his friends when they call to see

him, and his poor old dame. From one long piece I give my readers the following few lines, as specimentary of heaps he has in his cottage library. Of course the following stanzas are only picked out:—

"The God of all love, he descends from above,
And comes from his glory to we,
To redeem a choice part of the old Adam race,
Altho' we rebelled against he.

He came down in love, for to purchase his bride—
His bride which his Father gave he:
He well knew before what he'd have to go through,
For to set his beloved bride free.

He knew he must suffer dread death on the cross,
But his love did'n't alter from we;
But says to his Father, I love her so well,
All the weight of sin lay on me.

His Father now takes his dear Son at his word,
The whole weight of sin on him lay;
He satisfies justice; he died on the cross!
"His finish'd," his last word did say.

His Church he has cleared from the judgment to come;
No demands has justice on she;
"My Father ne'er looks to my bride for one claim,
But gives her salvation through me."

But tho' I've redeem'd her, and made her my bride,
I know now she often will sin;
Yea, every time I leave her to herself,
As long as this world she is in.

But still I will keep her from all beasts of prey,
Although they may much worry she;
Yet they cannot destroy one part of my bride,
Till they destroy Father and me.

Now if our Saviour doth love his church so,
And she is his Father's delight;
Then she's cleared from all sin; there's no guilt upon her,
She's perfect in God's holy night."

O what are all our sufferings, when the glory to be revealed is
put into the opposite scale!

A TABERNACLE FOR THE GOD OF JACOB.

Oh ! that thou would'st me bless indeed, •
And that thou would'st enlarge my bound !
And let thy hand in every need
A guide and help with me be found.

EARLY in October we held our first anniversary in our little tabernacle in Bethnal green. The place was crowded ; and all things were cheering. One feature of the meeting was a warm desire expressed that we should arise and build a new tabernacle in which more people might assemble, and in which (God smiling) a good work might be done. This desire has originated more with my friends than with myself. Still, if it be the pleasure of the most High God that, after all, I should have an honour so great as to erect a house for His name, I feel it would cause me to try more than ever to praise Him. There are some things which indicate the necessity of such a step being taken. I may refer to one or two.

First : Our lease will soon be out ; then, we might be driven from our little sanctuary altogether. So that **PRUDENCE** calls us to inquire what is best to be done.

Secondly : Some friends, whose hearts beat warmly towards me, and whose hands are not very weak, have freely promised me their utmost aid in such an undertaking.

Thirdly : I have almost thought I have heard a silent whisper inside my soul, saying, " Prepare thy work without, and make it fit for thyself in the field ; and afterwards build thy house." I see what this preparation and making fit for one's self in the field is ; but I cannot enter upon that now. All I will add is, one petition, that if this little note meet the eye of any who have love enough in their hearts towards God and His truth, and length and strength enough in their hands to enable them to help me, then, of such friends I ask, first, their prayers ; secondly, their pence or their pounds, according as the Lord may have prospered them.

Bethnal green is one large sea of commercial enterprise, of

artistic toil, of much poverty, ignorance, and sin. In the very midst of it I stand and preach Christ's Gospel, with all the ability and power I possess. But I need a position and place of more extensive capabilities. I will not be ambitious for myself, but for the Gospel's sake, and for the furtherance of its blessings, I will, if spared and helped, work on in prayer and persevering toil until the work is done; and even more than was said of David, I do pray may be said of the Village Preacher; for Stephen said of David—"He found favour before God; and desired to find a tabernacle for the God of Jacob; but Solomon built Him a house." May our heavenly SOLOMON build us a house. Amen.

SEARCH THE SCRIPTURES.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

THE Holy Bible is older than any other book, but it is not given to the world merely to make us acquainted with the events that occurred in former times—"Whatsoever was written aforetime was written for our learning." (Rom. xv. 4.)

Imagine a father to write to his son living at a distance a letter containing such advice, and such rules of life, as would conduce to his success and happiness; would it not be extremely ungrateful if the son did not choose to open the letter, or were to despise its contents? In the Bible God speaks to us with far greater condescension than a father uses when addressing a son. Without this book we all find ourselves in darkness with regard to His will and being; we all find ourselves in uncertainty respecting our own future state. To "this sure word of prophecy," we "do well if we take heed, as unto a light that shineth in a dark place." (2 Peter i. 19.)

Avoid, then, anything like neglect of this sacred volume. A learned man, named Salmasius, exclaimed, upon his death-bed, "I have lost a world of time. Had I my life to live over again, I would devote myself to the study of the Psalms of David, and

the epistles of the Apostle Paul." "That Scripture is given by inspiration of God," we have proof in prophecies, which are already fulfilled, in miracles which have been worked, in threatenings which have met their accomplishment, and promises which meet with daily fulfilment in the experience of all in whose hearts true faith reigns. Add to these proofs the elevation, purity, simplicity of the sacred writings themselves, the wonderful concord and harmony between all the separate books, both when they treat of the being of God, and the natural tendencies of the human heart, and the fulfilment of prophecy in the present condition of the Jewish people, and every humble truth-seeking heart can, and will acknowledge that none save God could have given such a book to the world.

Unbelievers have nothing to offer which can be put for a moment in comparison with the Bible. Uncertainty and torturing doubt in this world, and misery in the life to come, will be the lot of every one who rejects this book. Such unhappy beings resemble the maniac, who, having been seen incessantly busy in polishing a piece of brass, was asked what he meant to do with it, and answered, "I mean to make a sun out of it, which shall give more light and warmth than the sun up yonder in the sky." In the word of God there is something to suit all our needs, something adapted for every circumstance and every condition of life.

Let him who loves the world search the book of God, and turn to Ecclesiastes, the wise preacher; there will he learn the vanity and nothingness of all things earthly. Let him who desires to know what true morality is, read the Proverbs of Solomon and the sermon on the Mount (Matt. v. 7), and he will there be taught the meaning of true virtue. Let him who trusts in his own righteousness and his blameless external conduct, read the epistles to the Romans and Galatians, which will acquaint him with the true method of justification before God.

Professors of the Gospel who bring forth no fruit, should study the epistles of St. Peter and St. James. The reckless and the unbelieving will find many solemn warnings in the epistle of St. Jude and the second epistle of St. Peter, as to the miserable consequences of sin and unbelief.

Those who are in danger of backsliding we would send to the Prophet Hosea and the epistle to the Hebrews, that they may learn the fatal results of "drawing back unto perdition." The silent, patient watchers of God's providence, we would send to the book of Esther, where, though the name of God is not found there, yet the hand of the Almighty can be visibly traced. Those who are occupied with great undertakings for the benefit of Church and State, should read the books of Ezra and Nehemiah, in order that their work may be carried on in the fear of the Lord and in humble reliance upon Him.

Let the prayerful and devout study the Psalms of David, in order that their own prayers may be purified and elevated.

Let sufferers read the books of Job and Jeremiah, that they may learn how trials are to be borne.

True believers should read the epistles to the Ephesians, Colossians, and Philippians, that they may know what it is to grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and the prophecies of Isaiah and Zechariah, that their hearts may be gladdened with the future glories of the Church and the everlasting triumphs of Christianity.

The minister of the Gospel should read the epistles to Timothy and Titus, that "he may take heed unto himself and the doctrine; and continue in them, for in so doing he shall both save himself and them that hear him."

We do not, however, wish it to be inferred that readers are to limit themselves to one or two portions of God's word, however appropriate to their particular case these passages may be; but let every one search every part; the doctrines for edification, the promises for comfort, the precepts for guidance, the invitations for encouragement, examples that they may be followed, and bad examples that they may be shunned, questions for the proving and awakening of their souls, and threatenings to affright them from sin and unbelief. Do not be frightened because some parts seem dark and mysterious. One by one, all the difficulties will vanish. Only read attentively, only read as one thirsting for salvation. Compare one part of Scripture with another, towards which exercise the marginal references under each verse will give

you some useful hints. And when you read, do not fail to examine yourself carefully. Ask yourself, "What especial lesson is taught us in this chapter? Do I believe it? Am I inclined to follow it? What especial promise is contained here? Do I need, do I long for this blessing? What precept do I find here? Do I take it as the rule of my life? Is there any good example here? Do I follow it? Any bad one? Do I avoid it?" And when you read, pray thus, "Lord, give me faith in the truths which Thou hast taught us! Cause me to walk in the path of Thy commandments. That which I see not, teach Thou me. Let Thy word be a light to my feet, and a lamp to my path. Write Thy law in my heart, and inscribe it in my mind, and remember no more my sins and my iniquities, through Thy gracious promises which are all yea and Amen in Christ Jesus." When you examine yourself in this manner, apply everything to your own heart, and pray that your path shall be "like the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. (Prov. iv. 18.) The Bereans compared the doctrines which St. Paul brought them with the Old Testament Scriptures already in their hands. (Acts xix. 11.) "It is," says a pious writer, "incredible to all who have not yet tried the experiment, what rapid progress may be made in that knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation, by the study of the word of God, without any other aid than the interpretation which one passage of Scripture gives of another. Yes; I feel no hesitation in saying that the most unlearned Christian, if he can only read his Bible, and will only take the trouble to adopt this method, will be able to obtain all the strengthening, vivifying knowledge which is needful for his soul's salvation. Yes, he will become so wise through God's blessing, in everything connected with his religion, that the most sophistical temptations and worldly arguments of those who endeavour to torture and wrest the word of God to suit their own opinions, will be incapable of shaking his faith. In this sense, also, does the peace of God which keeps our hearts and minds in Christ Jesus, pass all understanding, all mere human wisdom, springing from the corrupt will of man, how profound soever his reasoning powers may be.

(To be continued

ELIJAH.

WHEN Carmel's prophet bade adieu
 To Jordan's ancient flood,
 He to his side a ploughman drew,
 He spake, and looked above.
 "To yonder sky, my faithful son
 I mount, I haste away
 Where Israel's God, our glorious
 sun,
 Shines unbedimmed day."
 Tho' rough the ploughman's garb
 and speech,
 He cried—being all on fire—
 "When on celestial joys thou feast
 Say, who shall tune thy lyre?"
 "At that thrice hallow'd sacred hour
 Shall I thy mantle wear;
 Redoubled in majestic pow'r
 Thy mighty spirit share?"
 Seraphic fire beam'd in his eyes,
 As thus the sage replied:—
 "Son, if thou see me as I rise
 Thou wilt not be deny'd,"
 They onward press—but pause my
 muse,
 Survey them as they walk;
 Church street, Shoreditch.

Wilt thou the sacred pleasure lose
 Of list'ning while they talk!
 Ah, no! I'll breathless silence keep
 To catch the faintest sound
 That echoing hill, or dale repeat,
 Around the hallow'd ground,
 But effort fails, for all is still,
 No whisper can I hear;
 The breeze refuse, the vale, the hill,
 The murmur'ing sound to bear.
 But, lo! I see a glorious sight,
 A chariot all of fire,
 And steed so matchless, dazzling
 bright,
 Ascending higher, higher.
 In it great Carmel's prophet sits;
 He soars above the skies;
 And there the ploughman stands
 transfix'd,
 And wond'ring sees him rise.
 What mighty power doth appear
 (How deep the mystery lies)—
 Transforms a ploughman to a seer,
 A prophet to the skies!
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Cheering Words.

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JANUARY, 1865.

No. 159.

"A DAY'S MARCH NEARER HOME!"

READERS of my little CHEERING WORDS,—I pray God, through JESUS CHRIST, by the power of the HOLY GHOST: that you may be favoured to know feelingly and fully the whole of the truth as contained in those words of Paul's,—which, to me, and by me, have lately been spoken with much understanding, when to the Galatian Churches he said, "I am crucified with Christ, nevertheless I live: yet not I, but CHRIST LIVETH IN ME, and the life which I now live in the flesh, I live by the faith of the Son of God, WHO LOVED ME and, GAVE HIMSELF FOR ME."

This sublime, this large, this truly experimental text, has lately been much opened up to me; and instead of writing myself down as a deluded, deceived, and ruined one, I have been led to hope that all my days of tribulation have been, not the effects of apostasy, not the fruits of hypocrisy, not the evidences of perdition, but designed to kill my pride; to crucify my natural spirit; to lay me low at the foot of the cross; and to lead me into that state of debasement and humiliation, into that genuine contrition, repentance, and godly-sorrow, into that valley of self-loathing, and self-condemning, whereby the HOLY SPIRIT makes way for His higher and happier work, the revelation of JESUS CHRIST as the Saviour and Redeemer of the poor soul who is brought down almost to despair of everything, and really is in that place to which Watts points, when he says,

"Furied in sorrows and sins,
At hell's dark door we lay."

ONE HALFPENNY.

Yes, indeed,—"I am crucified," in some sense dead to the world—dead to, ~~creatures~~—dead to all those natural ties which bind up relationships on earth; and which are often pleasant, and smooth the pathway of life a little. Thus to be crucified, and to look abroad upon the whole face of this created state, and honestly to declare there is not a possession nor a position—that there is not a friend nor an acquaintance—that there is not an earthly prospect nor expectation—yea, that there is NOTHING, that there is NO ONE which can give the soul one moment's real joy or satisfaction; thus, to enter into the apostle's words—"Ye are dead," to the law and to the Gospel, so far as its mere services and successes are concerned, and dead to the Gospel, as regards thereby effecting any real good now, I am almost become dead to all below the skies. Thus, to be "dead," yet to know your life is hid with Christ in God," so hidden from nature, from the world, from the professing church; so hidden, that only the living Spirit of the living God can discern it; thus to be crucified and dead, is a line of experience not known, as I think, to many who either now stand in pulpits or sit in pews.

All these things, under the good hand of a covenant God, help us on

"A day's march nearer home:"

and I am happy to meet all my readers and friends this first of January, 1865, with the assurance that although thus crucified, thus dead, thus humbled, still, I am

"Marching through Immanuel's land,
To fairer worlds on high;"

and do soberly and solemnly hope that after a long and heavy march, after a terrible fight, and ten thousand fears, I shall, at last, be helped through the river; and on the other side, sit down with many around my Redeemer's throne, and unite to lift His praises high, and sing

"Free grace and dying love."

Since I last addressed you in the opening of 1864, I have been removed from one encampment in the ministry to another. After

spending three years in Old Ford, and after many very happy seasons there, I removed last October to Squirries-street chapel, in Bethnal Green. "This removal has appeared clothed in mystery, and yet there is no mystery in it; but it has cost me many sighs and sorrows; it has made me many enemies; it has been a source of deep anxiety. Nevertheless, the word of the Lord has been with me in every move. The causes of my removal, I shall some day trace out, and, connected therewith, I hope to shew that the whole has been in answer to prayer; although not as I expected, and that it really has been to me in every sense."

"A day's march nearer home."

Dear readers, from the valley of Achor I address you. Here let me give you one CHEERING WORD. It is this. You know the Lord promised to "allure Israel," and to bring her into the desert, and there to give her her vineyards, there to give her the valley of Achor for a door of hope, and there to speak "comfortably to her heart." That means an inward whisper, a secret sentence spoken into the soul; so silently that none but that soul can either hear it or receive it. Thus hath the Lord dealt with me. His goodness has been great, His mercies have been many. He is a stronghold in time of trouble. He "knoweth them that trust in Him," and while men and devils fight against them, He will not forsake them. That is a nice word, "He knoweth them that trust in Him;" that is, He is well acquainted with them. He is very fond of them, and he means to do them good.

But ah! oh! dear me! I am thinking what a strange way he has of saying, "My son, give me thine heart!" He permits the heart He intends for Himself to be dreadfully broken and bruised by everybody and by everything. Then into that poor, bleeding, bruised heart he pours the wine and oil of His own loving consolations, leading that precious soul to exclaim,

"Here's my heart, Lord, take and seal it,
Seal it from thy courts above."

I must not add any more. Only one word. The literary

world is full of pictures—full of funny tales and terrible stories—full of anything but the testimonies of living souls. Dear friends, I am still alive, still at work, still determined to give you all the CHEERING WORDS I can; but do pray for me: and please to remember that my new publishing office now is 4, Crane Court, Fleet street. Here I shall be glad to hear from you whenever you can send a line to

“THE VILLAGE PREACHER.”

MR. JOHN FOREMAN, AND THE INFIDEL AT CAMBRIDGE.

I HAVE been reading the funeral sermon preached by Mr. John Foreman, for the late Mr. W. Ball, of Wandsworth. I found it quite refreshing. I felt a happy union of soul to the preacher; and consider the sermon likely to be useful to many. In dwelling upon the fact that “we must needs die,” Mr. Foreman said,

We must die: first, because God has said it. “Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.” Whether you like it or not, there is no escaping this fact. When I was at Cambridge I used to talk with an infidel till I made tears come in his eyes: he could not defend himself from it: there would be convictions that he could not shut out; and when they took hold of him he could not extract them. I used to say, “Well, let us look at death.” “Ah!” he said, “that is the worst of you theological gentlemen; as soon as you begin to talk you begin to speak about death.” “Well,” I said, “my good sir, what is the use of talking for everlasting of what only one of us believes? If there is a subject which we both believe, let us talk about that; and we both believe in death: you cannot get off that, sir. I have no objection to believe it, but you have a great deal. However you are forced to believe, whether you like it or not, that you must die: ‘Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return.’ And how does it look beyond, sir? I think I can tell you. It is what we call in Lan-

don not only a red fog but a black fog, and what you have to go through in the next step of that fog you cannot tell. If there is no hereafter at all the Christian loses nothing; he is quite on a level with you; but, by way of argument, I say if there be a future, what is it? It is what the man of God has no need to fear, and what men of your stamp have every reason to dread." This man could never bear to talk about death. It is no use talking till you are stone blind upon what only one of the two believes, but on this subject you are forced to believe. "I know you are no willing believer in it," I said, "but you cannot get off it. I have no objection to believe it myself, for Paul says, 'To live is Christ; to die, gain.'"

In the second place, we must die because it is appointed to be so. It is not only said to be so, but purpose determines it. Paul says to the Hebrews, "It is appointed for men once to die, and after that the judgment," and he puts in a nice little bit for the comfort of believing minds: "So Christ died to bear the sins of many, and unto you that look for Him shall He appear a second time, without sin, unto salvation." That is a nice little addition of the apostle's put to that text: "It is appointed for men once to die, and after that the judgment: so Christ died to bear the sins of many;" and then, "*unto you that look for Him.*" Now, do not mistake that. Some of you think you are not looking, because you do not find. Why, you would not find first, and look afterwards! Looking goes before finding, and finding comes afterwards. Why, you may look a dozen times before you find, but finding is one and once. There is one thing to be said, they that look shall find; and if you look a dozen times to find, and find Him but once, you will never lose Him when you have found Him, and He will never lose you. Well, God has appointed, and who can break up the appointment? However unwilling the man of worldly wealth, with everything that can gratify nature, may be to die, *die he must*. I recollect a noble lord in the country who altered his park and plantations and so on, and set them out in such a way that a few years' growth would make them very beautiful. One day, when going through the park and grounds with another gentleman, he said, "Now in the course of a few

years here is every comfort if it were not for that — death ;” and here he put in an oath which I will not repeat. Oh, what an awful thing ! The man who has never so much must die and leave it, and the man who has nothing to leave only has to die ; but whether he is rich or poor, the Christian man, the God-fearing man, the humble and empty, and stripped and naked, dependent on the Lord Jesus Christ and Him crucified, is the man who will be a gainer by dying.

OLD GOSPEL TIMES IN LONDON :

OR,

A PEEP INTO WHITEFIELD'S DAYS.

WE are pledged to give an illustrated Life and Review of George Whitefield ; and we had hoped to give it entire in *CHEERING WORDS* ; for which purpose we intended to enlarge our pages without enlarging the price. But this we cannot do yet. At great sacrifices this little witness has gone forth for several years : certainly not without acceptance ; still, its diminutive size and unhandsome appearance, has hindered its spreading very wide. We shall not beg, we do not like to ask any favors, but if our readers wish us to succeed, they must individually exert themselves to give us ten times the circulation we now enjoy.

With these few words we will give a short note of Whitefield's times : we may say it is interesting, but comparatively poor when compared with the history of that great and good man's life, it is but a poor sample. Toward the close of Mr. Andrews' book, he gives the words of others, and says : —

“ The following extracts from Wesley's sermon may not be unacceptable. Wesley had known him for forty years. He (Whitefield) had a heart susceptible of the most generous and most tender friendship. I have frequently thought that this, of all others, was the distinguishing part of his character. How few have we known of so kind a temper, of such large and flowing affections ! Was it not principally by this that the hearts of others

were so strangely drawn and knit to him? Can anything but love beget love? This shone in his very countenance, and continually breathed in all his words, whether in public or private.

How suitable to the friendliness of his spirit was the frankness and openness of his conversation! Although it was as far removed from rudeness on the one hand, as from guile and disguise on the other, was not his frankness, at once a proof of his courage and intrepidity? Armed with these, he feared not the faces of men, but used great plainness of speech to persons of every rank and condition, high and low, rich and poor.

Neither was he afraid of labour or pain any more than of what man could do unto him; and this appeared in the steadiness wherewith he pursued whatever he undertook for his Master's sake; witness the orphan-house in Georgia, which he began and perfected in spite of all discouragements. If it be inquired what was the foundation of his integrity, or of his sincerity, courage, patience, and every other valuable and amiable quality, it is easy to give the answer. It was not the excellence of his natural temper, nor the strength of his understanding; it was not the force of education—no, nor the advice of his friends. It was no other than faith in a bleeding Lord—faith of the operation of God. It was a lively hope of an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away. It was the love of God shed abroad in his heart by the Holy Ghost which was given unto him, filling his soul with tender disinterested love to every child of man. From this source arose that torrent of eloquence which frequently bore down all before it; from this that astonishing force of persuasion which the most hardened sinners could not resist. This it was which often made his head as waters, and his eyes a fountain of tears. This it was which enabled him to pour out his soul in prayer in a manner peculiar to himself, with such fulness and ease united together, with such strength and variety both of sentiment and expression.

“What an honour hath God put upon his servant! Have we read or heard of any person, since the apostles, who testified the gospel of the grace of God through so widely extended a space, through so large a part of the habitable world? Have we read or

heard of any person who called so many thousands, so many myriads of sinners to repentance? Above all, have we read or heard of any who has been a blessed instrument in his hands of bringing so many sinners from darkness to light, and from the power of Satan unto God?"

ELIZABETH SAUNDERS,
AND THE NEW GALLERY AT KEDINGTON.

DEAR BROTHER JOHN DILLSTONE,—I wish you and all your family and friends a happy new year; and I cannot help wishing that I may live to come once more to my pretty little Kedington, and that I may then see the new gallery erected,—the chapel enlarged; and all the Lord's people rejoicing in His goodness.

I must tell you, dear John, I am not only a "Village Preacher," but I am a City Preacher as well.

I will give you a few words descriptive of two different scenes I have lately passed through. The first was at the opening of Mount Zion Chapel, in the Barking-road, in the early part of this December month.

Our brother, "William Palmer, of Plaistow," as we call him, is a thorough good Israelite; one of the most transparent kind of men you can meet with. Everybody really loves the man for the grace of God which is in him; God having called him to preach the Gospel at Plaistow, and the chapel there being too small, he has erected a larger and much more convenient place of worship, which was opened the first Sunday in December. On the following Monday, I was appointed to preach in the morning; and a very sweet text was given me for the occasion. "This day shall be unto you for a memorial, and ye shall keep it a feast unto the Lord," were the words. After my Sunday's services were over, I began to think of this Memorial Day, and of the feast wherewith it was to be kept, and large and loving contemplations upon it I had. I arose early on the Monday morning, spent some time in prayer and meditation, and off to my morning's

work I started. When I entered the chapel there was scarcely a soul in the place: a few came in—the service commenced, and I attempted to preach the sermon, and preach I did; but, oh! my poor heart was so grieved, and my spirit so mortified, that how I got through I cannot tell. I felt the chains most heavy indeed. Nevertheless, on the whole, our opening day was cheering and pleasant.

Since then I was much pressed to attend the first anniversary of a large building called "The City Gospel Hall," in the midst of a poor and profligate part of London. When I reached the large Hall, the place looked nearly full of people, and they were all singing heartily and in harmony. The Rev. Jesse Hobson was chairman. Judge Payne, and other gentlemen were on the platform; and very delightfully they all spoke upon the good which was being done in this City Gospel Hall; and I am sure I felt a love to the minister, Reuben May; he appeared to be a self-sacrificing man for the good of souls. I delivered a short address, and was preparing to come away, when a female—lame, deaf, and otherwise afflicted—wished to speak to me. She told me her name was Elizabeth Saunders; she also gave me to understand she felt a great interest in the cause at Kedington; and had been looking out to see how many donations had been received toward the erection of your new gallery for a Sunday school; but she could not learn that anything had been done toward it; and I could not tell her of any one who had commenced.

"Well," she said, "I am but a poor woman, so lame in my hand, and so deaf, that I cannot do anything; but I have brought five shillings to send to Mr. John Dillistons, hoping that then many others would follow, and that the gallery might soon be built."

I received the five shillings, and now, brother John, I do hope that this poor widow's mite will touch the hearts of many of the living saints in our Gospel Jerusalem, and constrain them to come to the help of our lovely Kedington; for until the gallery is erected and the school established, there will be no rest for

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

"POOR HOMELESS MARY!"

SQUIRE HAMPDEN, in his "*Armourer*," says, this Christmas of 1864, is "the last merry Christmas Old England will ever have." That is not a very "CHEERING WORD,"—is it? What Mr. Hampden believes is so rapidly coming upon England I shall not stop here to describe; it is quite enough for me to know that as far as flesh and sense was concerned, *this Christmas* has been anything but a merry one to me. I was unwell; and my soul appeared left in the dark; my children were ill; and my LORD seemed to be quite gone from me. It was the LORD's day too; and I had to preach twice, but neither text, nor sermon, nor good thought could I get. Was this like a merry Christmas? I think not. All looked dark. Presently I was led to Isaiah's eighth chapter, and the words, "and I will look for Him!" were given to me. To my work I went, and was wonderfully helped. In the afternoon I was down again. Not a whisper could I hear; but again, after earnest sighing prayer, that beautiful anthem which the angels sang to the shepherds, was so sweetly opened to me, that if I had had ten thousand tongues, all would have broken forth in praise, and with the angels I would sing—"Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, good-will toward men."

I looked at Bethlehem, and at the singular circumstances which took Joseph and Mary there at that time. [Nature would seem to say, Joseph should have left Mary at home; but no, Jesus was to be born at Bethlehem, and therefore, unto Bethlehem Mary must go, and go at that very time; and there, this highly-favoured saint of God, this instrument through whom the Saviour came, had to wander about in the streets, for "there was no room for them in the inn." Inns were not so numerous then as now; perhaps there was but one, and that one was full. Full of whom was it full? Ah! I do not know, but will not the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ interpose? Will He not open up some way whereby Mary may be safely and comfortably housed? Nay, her time draws near—her hour is come; where

can she retire? What can she do? "Poor, houseless and homeless Mary." I said, "will no angel find her a room? Will no Bethlehemite give her shelter?" No; she must go into the out-house; and when the child Jesus is born, she carefully enfolds him in some swaddling bands, and lays him in a manger. The angels had seen all this; God the Father had seen all this; and He sends the angels—not to the authorities, or great men of Bethlehem; but to the shepherds, who in their fields were keeping watch over their flocks by night.

What lessons of humility! Mary was no great one in this world's esteem. No; a poor woman. Then, to be left in her trouble to lay in a stable, and the angels to make the tidings known to the shepherds, and not to the earthly sovereigns,—all this, and Joseph being compelled to flee for safety, for fear of Herod and his crew—all bespeaks the most self-denying, world-condemning humiliation, which marked our Saviour's progress from his cradle to his cross.

How well those blessed words agree, "Though He was rich, for our sakes became poor, that we, through His poverty, might be made rich."

Bethlehem! sweet name! It means "*the house of bread.*" How fitted was the name to all that there transpired; and how true the word which the God of Bethlehem spake!

I have said, there was no Old Testament type of the Incarnation. There are many prophecies, many promises, many plain sayings—but, I have said, I could find no *type*. Perhaps, in this I am wrong. Looking at Bethlehem, a silent voice said, "there poor Rachel died, there Benjamin was born."

And when, after hard travail, Rachel brought forth her son, she said, as she was dying (for, poor dear soul, that boy's birth was her death), she said, faintly said, "Call him *Benoni*, the son of my sorrow." Jacob stood by. "I think he said to his dear dying Rachel; "What Rachel! what did you say?" And with her dim and death-like eyes, with her faint and trembling voice, she said, "Call him *Benoni*, the son of my sorrow." But Jacob was inspired of God to call him BENJAMIN, "*the son of my right hand.*"

Our Jesus, in all his days on earth, was not a son of sorrow, but a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief. Deep, dark, and dreadful indeed were his sorrows! But, after all, over all, above all, He rises up as our Benjamin, "the Son of God's right hand," and our salvation for ever.

At Bethlehem Ruth found Boaz; and Boaz found Ruth; and even Naomi, with Ruth and her husband, found Bethlehem to be "the house of bread." And when Jesus was born in Bethlehem, as scripture saith, it was the house of living bread. Oh, precious Jesus!—

"Life from the dead is in that name,
Tis immortality."

The angel's song was pleasant to me, and in my thoughts upon it, I found, spiritually, a little merry-making of melodious joy. I add no more now. The Lord prepare us for all our sorrows, and for His great salvation. So prays—

LITTLE CHEERING WORDS.

"NOW ARE WE THE SONS OF GOD;" then ours is the children's home. It is our "Father's house" to which we are hastening, of which we sing—

"We nightly pitch our moving tent,
A day's march nearer home,"

and out of which, when once we reach it, we "go no more for ever." "Thither the Forerunner is for us entered;" there He is even now preparing "mansions," "sure dwellings, quiet resting-places" for us; there not a few whom we have loved and lost, are already in safety with their God, and

"The bright day cannot be far,
When we shall meet them there,"

And yet the glory of that home will be "the Lord himself." "Where I am," runs His promise, "there shall ye be also;" "Father," is His sublime petition, "I will that those whom Thou hast given Me be with Me where I am."

"Our knowledge of that state is small,
The eye of faith is dim,
But 'tis enough that Christ knows all,
And we shall be with Him."

THE LOST SHEEP FOUND.

I KNOW not why it is, but there is, among men, a deal of shyness toward any unhappy sheep which may have either been stolen, or induced for a time to stray away from the fold.

There is in the East end of London a little bit of a shepherd, who is wonderfully proud of himself and of his fine fold some people helped him to build. But many think he is not fit to be a shepherd at all. Be that as it may, one of his young sheep lately strayed away to what they call a kerry-fold, kept by a very enticing shepherd indeed. What did the little shepherd do, but banished his little sheep for ever, and warned it never to come near him again. Naughty shepherd! The Good Shepherd never told him to do so; and if he does not get forgiven, the threatening of heavy chastisement hangs over him.

In that most elegant present book called, "Try and Try Again," published by Mr. Collingridge, good "Old Jonathan" tells a different tale altogether. He says (after many pleasing narratives):—

"It has already been stated, that, by a singular train of circumstances, in which the leading and sustaining hand of God was most marked, Alfred was invited to Ireland. He had been previously introduced to a most zealous and godly Bishop by an old correspondent of the periodical referred to in page 163, and was led on that occasion to express the kind-hearted prelate what had been his prevailing desire for many years with respect to the ministry of the Church of England. The result was an invitation to Ireland. This happening at the close of the year 1846, when the famine was so fearfully raging, opened up at once a wide field of usefulness. As one of the links of divine Providence, so directly connecting present with after circumstances, it may be mentioned that the stepping-stone (so to call it) was this. Within a month of his arrival in Ireland, and entrance upon his work of cottage lecturing, as preparatory to the ministry, Alfred was one day walking out of the town of Temple-

more, where he was located, to a small farmhouse at the foot of the neighbouring mountains. He mused as he walked, upon Christ as the Good Shepherd, intending to make that the subject of his lecture. Upon his arrival at the farm, he found the inmates in great trouble. Their little flock of six sheep which they had been tending with great care, and with the produce of which they had intended to pay their rent, had been stolen the night previously. The poor farmer had left his bed two and three times a-night, to see that they were safe. He had even done so upon the night on which they were taken. This circumstance naturally suggested an illustration in regard to the Shepherd and His sheep. He (the Good Shepherd) never loses one of His sheep; for He says, 'I give unto my sheep eternal life, and they shall never perish; neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand.' At the close of the little service, the troubled family were commended to the care of God; He was asked to sanctify the loss, and, if it were His will, to restore the sheep. It certainly seemed an unreasonable request, inasmuch as in those dreadful times, and in the midst, as that little farm-house was, of the dreaded Tipperary, such a restoration was most unlikely, for both sheep and oxen had been stolen all round the neighbourhood.

"Upon his return to his lodging, Alfred wrote to a dear friend in England, to tell of the loss of the poor farmer, as well as of other most distressing scenes which had come under his notice. The result was a contribution, by return of post, of a cheque for £15, to be distributed to the best of his judgment. Meanwhile (singular to say) the sheep were recovered. Daylight overtook the thief some six miles away, and he, fearing detection, ran off, and left the sheep. It was a most unheard-of circumstance in that part of the country, and in those times, when carts were so constantly stopped on the road, and robbed of their contents, that at length it became necessary for provisions to have an escort of soldiers as a protection. And thus for months were the meal and flour carried through the country.

"Commencing with the sum above-mentioned, Alfred and the curate of the parish went from cabin to cabin, relieving the

various cases with a ticket for half-a-stone of common Indian meal. Inquiries were made into each case: the name, the number of the family, and their means (if any) were noted down, together with any special fact connected with the various cases.

"In proof that small beginnings ought never to be despised, it may be mentioned, that, when this little daily record was commenced, it was not with the least idea of its being published. It was merely written for the satisfaction of the kind friend who had forwarded the money. But, when the said little record was read to a second person, she suggested that it should be printed in the magazine before alluded to. The interest of its readers was thereby so aroused, that a sum amounting to nearly £700 was, in consequence, forwarded to the editor, by which immense relief was afforded to a very large district, and, to use the words of some of the poor Irish themselves, hundreds were rescued from death."

A CONVERTED CATHOLIC'S APPEAL.

AN Irishman being truly converted to God, and being instrumental in his wife's conversion too, was moved to write a book called "The History of a Turncoat;" at the end of which are the following pungent and precious words:—

"Say to this loving Jesus who died for sinners such as you and I—Jesus, you are my only hope, my only refuge, I have none but thee to trust in, I do trust you confidently for immediate salvation; you will not deny me, for you said you would cast none out that came to you—I came a lost sinner without thee, but with thee I fear none evil.

"Dear countrymen, in this awful hour forget all but Jesus—nothing but Jesus, and you stand on the Rock of Ages. Allow neither priest, saint, angel, or your own works to come in the room of Jesus. He is able to do all for you; and better, he is waiting and willing to do it, and even more, claims it His own sole right, if you only come with your whole heart. Let these be your last sentiments, and Heaven is yours.

"Farewell! Farewell! may God, Jesus, and the Holy Ghost be your portion hereafter."

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR! Let wisdom breathe the wish for all mankind, young and old, rich and poor, joyful and sorrowing; and she wishes to those who lived through that New-Year, that they might live unto the Lord: to those who died in that New-Year, that they might die unto the Lord: to those to whom much is given, that they might use the good and precious things of earth, as not abusing them: to those from whom much is taken that they might sorrow, not as without hope; for a happy New-Year is coming; a Year that shall never grow old.

Once! is a magic spell,
To wake a train of thought;
To bid the past survive again,
The present be forgot.
Once! speaks of other days,
Of hopes and fears gone by;
It tells of pleasure's banished rays,
And proves their vanity.
Once! tells us time hath flown,
And much with it hath fled;
Once! speaks of all we've loved or known
The absent, changed, or dead.
Once! whispers we were blest,
But turns that bliss to pain;
Recalls the friends we once possessed,
The hopes we nursed in vain.
Once! bids us to be wise,
And earthly hope subdue;
Since all that here can charm our eyes,
Once charmed, and cheated too.

Now ready, price 2d.; or in stiff covers, interleaved price 4d.

THE BAPTIST ALMANACK FOR 1886.

Post free to any address for thirteen stamps.

A Carte de Visite Portrait of "The Village Preacher."

Robert Banks, 9, Crane court. Fleet street, London.

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Cheering Words.

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THE
DANGER-SIGNAL, AND THE BEACON OF HOPE;
OR,
GEORGE GROVES, AND HIS COTTAGE
AT LYNMOUTH.

A CHRISTIAN friend at Brighton presented us with the following soul-shaking, and wonderful narrative; with permission to use it; and, in presenting it to the readers of **CHEERING WORDS**, we trust it will act as a **DANGER-SIGNAL**, cautioning them not to presume on narrow precipices; and as a **BEACON OF HOPE**, when in stormy and in trying paths they tread.

Lynmouth was the scene of Dr. Bell's labours. We always think of him with gratitude; and the following little Lynmouth narrative will be acceptable we know.

Lynmouth! beautiful Lynmouth! never have I truly enjoyed its rare scenery until this summer, when for awhile I rambled amongst the woods, rocks, and streams of this wonderful place. One very bright morning, such as might almost lead the unreflecting to say, there can be no sorrow under this clear sky, amongst such scenery! my landlady came into my room, to tell me of George Groves, whose petition had been brought to her, that she might obtain assistance for him from the inmates of her house. Much interested in the account, I resolved the next day to visit George. Beautiful indeed is the situation of his cottage; close by, the Lyn rushes over the masses of rock, which, by ob-

ONE HALFPENNY.

structing its peaceful course, cause those falls which form one of the lovely characters of this scenery. I will not attempt description, but in the words of the psalmist say, "All thy works praise thee." George was sitting in his little bedroom, and glad I was to see the Bible open before him. After speaking together of its contents, he gave me an account of the dreadful accident by which he was disabled, and of the kind skill and care of the medical friend who attended him. George was working in a quarry near Waters' Meet, a stone gave way above him, the sharp point of which fell on his instep, and his foot was nearly severed in two. The shock caused by the falling stone almost precipitated George down the side of the quarry; he lay for some time in great agony, before he was discovered; when he was carried home to his poor wife, who told me she had not yet recovered the effects of the shock she felt, when her husband was brought bleeding, and as she thought dying, into their cottage. George told me that every one was surprised his foot has been saved, as amputation is generally the result of such an accident; indeed, he added, "if it had not been for Mr. —, it never could have been preserved; he has spared no trouble, often coming twice in the day to see me." Yet it will be long before George can anticipate being able to use his foot; with returning spring, and not before, he may hope, he is told, again to labour; until then, deeply will his faith and patience be tried. As I turned to go down-stairs, George said to me, "If you will please, Ma'am, to look on the dresser, you will see a glass case, containing a Bible, which if you like to open will tell its own history." This I did, and found three volumes of a handsomely bound Bible. In the first page was written something to this effect: "This book is presented to George Groves as a testimony of the approbation of the undersigned individuals for his noble conduct in rescuing a fellow creature from death at the peril of his own life:" then followed a list of the subscribers' names, concluding the page with the apostle's words, Rom. v. 7, 8.

I asked George's little girl, who had followed me down-stairs, if she thought her father would tell me about this Bible. "Oh yes, Ma'am, I am sure he will," was the answer; and soon I was

with George again, listening to his account of the wonderful rescue of Mr. R., a gentleman from London, who fell over one of the highest points of rock near Lynmouth. I was exceedingly interested in the narrative; and as it occurred to me that the afflicted man's time must pass rather heavily, I asked him if he would write what he had related to me. George seemed much pleased with this request, and the following is his simple statement as nearly as possible in his own language.

"It was on a fair summer evening, and I, with three other men was sitting on the beach at Lynmouth, when we discovered a smack, belonging to Ilfracombe, coming round Countisbury Foreland. Our attention was drawn to her by her being so near the shore; but owing to the flood tides and the lightness of the breeze she soon disappeared from our view. It was not long before we saw her again, and then she had hoisted a flag as a signal for a boat. Accompanied by three other men, I went out to her to see what she wanted. When we came along side of the vessel, the men on board told us that the captain had seen a human being in the foreland cliff, and that they had made some efforts to rescue him, but without effect. When we heard this, we proceeded with the greatest speed to the bottom of the foreland cliff; there nothing was to be seen or heard but the howling sea against the rocks, and now and then a solitary sea gull flying over our heads. My comrades put me on shore, to see if I could get a sight of the object of our search. At length I found a hat and walking stick; from the state of both, I was certain they had come from the top of the rock, and I next expected to find the corpse of their owner. Just as this thought was passing through my mind, I heard a cry from the boat, "We see the man." I answered them, 'Where?' They told me, about half way up the cliff, a distance from the shore on which I stood, of about two hundred feet in height. I beckoned to my companions to take me into the boat, for I knew there was no possibility of my getting him from the shore. When I got into the boat I soon saw where he was; but he looked to me more like a bird floating in the air than a human being. I took the long rope which the captain had given the men, to serve in rescuing the person they had seen in the

rock; we rowed again to the back part of the point, where I was put on shore, one man from the boat came with me; and a difficult job I had to climb the rock, for the rope was heavy, and I soon found my mate had enough to do to take care of himself. I climbed up over the cliff, and came at last to a sheep's track, this I followed; as the day was far spent, and the night was fast approaching: at last I came in sight of the poor unhappy man. I was so overcome that I was like a person just taken from a warm bath; the perspiration fell from my forehead, almost blinding me. As I now came into a more dangerous part of the cliff, I went some twenty or thirty yards further down, for the purpose of speaking to him, not being able to render him any assistance from that place. I went down on my knees, and offered up a short prayer to God to strengthen me, to keep my head steady and my footsteps sure. I then spoke gently to the man, and asked him how he came there. He said, 'I came from the top.' Then I thought to myself, what a merciful God is ours! for to see him in such a situation, most people would have said that he could not have remained there one minute. With the psalmist I could only say, 'Thou knowest my down-sitting and mine uprising, thou understandest my thoughts afar off. Thou compasses my path and my lying down, and art acquainted with all my ways.' I had now to return by the same way which I had gone down, and I reached the place where I had left the rope, and by this time the man who had followed me from the boat was there also. I took up the rope, and we went on together. We had a loose stony path to pass over, which was very dangerous, as the slipping of one stone would have sent us down the cliff. We passed this, and I went on as fast as I could. On looking back for my companion, I saw him without any shoes on his feet, and grasping at every thing he could lay hold of. I said to him, 'John, is your head going round?' he said, 'Yes, it does.' So I helped him down a little lower, on a mound of earth, about the size of a man's hat: there I left him, and went on by myself, until I came to the very edge of the perpendicular part of the cliff; here I again saw the gentleman, who was, I should think, thirty feet to the eastward of me. Without perilling my own life I could not

take another step, as I was on the very edge of the cliff. Here I could look down and see the waves breaking over the beach ; and I think if I had dropped a stone from my hand, it would have fallen down three hundred feet, without touching any thing in its descent. I spoke to the gentleman, and he told me that he could not move, as he had nothing to support himself but the end of his right foot and fingers of his right hand, he could only turn his head a little backwards to look at me, until I had made a slip knot in the rope, and put it on over my own head, to shew him that he must do the same. The most difficult point was how to get the rope to him, as I could not throw it to him with my right hand, there being a large stone projecting over my head ; however, I threw it with my left hand, and in his left hand he caught it. But now the great difficulty was, how to get the rope under his arms, as he could not move his right hand ; but he got in his left arm and his head, then I thought all was right, as even if I were obliged to pull him up as he was I should not break the neck of him ; but thanks be to God, he got in his right arm too, and then I pulled away, quite overjoyed, till he came close to where I stood. Then was the danger to us both, for as I had only one foot, or at most fifteen inches, to stand on, I feared when he came near me, he would grasp me so violently, that we should go over the precipice together.

"I had contrived to fasten the rope securely, where I had left my companion, who could not follow me down, I called to him to hold on the slack of the rope ; he did so, and I regained that point, calling to the gentleman to hold firmly on the rope, and in a few minutes he was at my side, for I pulled him firmly after me. As I expected, he caught violently by the collar of my waistcoat. I called to the two men whom I had left in the boat, to go back to Lynmouth for help, as I saw he was in such a state that he could not walk, and I should have to carry him on my back.

"While I was left with the gentleman, I took a view of the place where he had gone over. He had been walking along the foreland, looking at a land slip, and being on the brink of the height, part of it had given way ; he had evidently gone down

some distance with force, on his hands and face, until he had come within four or five feet of the perpendicular part of the cliff; but then a stone, about two feet high and eighteen inches square, stopped his fall,—or rather it was the hand of God, or he must have gone over.

"After resting here for a little time, with the help of the rope, and crawling on our hands and knees, we gained the top of the cliff. I then put him on my shoulder, as he was not in a state to walk. His clothing was nearly torn from him, his waistcoat cut to pieces, and the blood trickling from various parts of his body. Being very much exhausted, I was again obliged to rest; and I then asked him what his thoughts and feelings were whilst he was in his perilous situation. He told me that he had prayed to God all the time. I do not know what the gentleman's prayer was, but I think the best for him would have been 'Hear me when I call, O God of my righteousness.' (Psalm iv. 1.) I again took the gentleman on my shoulder, as the evening was closing in; the sun was setting, the lengthened shadows of the cliffs, and the hills towering again far above them, cast a dark, but not displeasing shadow over the waters of the bay. Further on, the rays of the setting sun still maintained their splendour, shining brightly on the sails of some distant ships, which appeared almost like white spots in the dark horizon and seemed to claim a passing prayer, 'God speed you in your journey.' When I got near Lynmouth, I met several who would have eased me of my burden; but no, my poor sufferer would not let go his first hold of me on the cliff. My arm felt almost broken, but I had strength to carry him to his bedroom, where I laid him on his bed. He was examined, and it was found that the injuries he had sustained were only a few wounds of little consequence. The next morning I went to see him; as soon as I entered his room he clasped me with both his hands, and called me his deliverer."

"The very hairs of our head are numbered." How fully is the truth of our Saviour's words manifested in the foregoing narrative. I will retrace the circumstances connected with Mr. R.'s wonderful rescue from a dreadful death, to show that they

were indeed verified in his case, and that the providential care of our God was manifest in his deliverance.

George told me that the point round which the ship came, when Mr. R. was first seen by the captain, was very seldom traversed by vessels. How came it that George was, on the beach when the signal of distress was hoisted, his cottage was in the valley between the hills, far away? God sent him to the shore. He told me he does not think any one else could have climbed the heights he was obliged to ascend; but that he had been used to them from a boy, and was gifted with superior strength to many others, being, as I could see, an athletic strongly-made man. If the rescue had not been effected at the time it was, the darkness of night would have impeded it, and Mr. R.'s strength must have failed. All was ordered for his wonderful deliverance by that Being who is about our path, and spies out all our ways. The steps of a good man are ordered by Him. How blessed are those who daily walk with God! Such trace his love in all that befalls them, whether it be of joy or sorrow; "the secret of the Lord is with them;" "all things are theirs, for they are Christ's, and Christ is God's." (1 Cor. iii. 23.) Amongst such, I have reason to hope, is my poor afflicted friend George. "I shall think of you during the winter," I said, in my last visit to him, and shall be very glad if I can make a little collection for you amongst my friends; for I believe you have only a small allowance from the parish for yourself, wife, and two children." "It is true, Ma'am," George answered; "yet I do not fear; the Lord will provide; and if he is pleased to give me good potatoes, we shall have enough."

AN "EXCEEDING GREAT AND PRECIOUS PROMISE."
THE CHURCH'S MOTTO FOR 1865.

DEAR BROTHER LINCOLN,—Last Lord's-day, January 1st, 1865, I had the pleasure of conversing with your child on the things which her soul is seeking after; and has been praying for now, I think for eight long years, or more; and I

was more firmly persuaded than ever, that her place should be *inside* the gates of Zion ; mingling with the Lord's people ; walking in the observance of the ordinances ; and both working and watching in the ways of the Lord. She is an heir of God, and a joint-heir with Christ ; she is like Ruth, a determined and decided seeker after salvation in the way the Lord Himself hath appointed. I pray you to encourage, and, plead with God for her ; as I feel assured her place of deliverance will be in the pathway of Gospel obedience ; for there the Lord hath commanded the blessing ;—there, the promises stand in experimental fulfilment, and there the Lord has bound Himself to be merciful, saying, “ Them that honour me I will honour.”

As soon as our conversation ceased last Sunday afternoon, I retired to my study, to seek a message from the Lord, to carry up to the people in the evening ; and the thought ran through my mind to seek for a word which, through the year, *the* people might realize and enjoy, as a Motto for 1865.

I do not know how it was, but I was directed to the sixtieth chapter of Isaiah's prophecy, and the following words were fixed in my soul :—I will put them in lines just as they appeared to come to me :—

“AND THOU SHALT KNOW THAT
I, the Lord,
 AM THY SAVIOUR,
 AND THY REDEEMER,
 THE MIGHTY ONE OF JACOB.”

This was a motto rich indeed. With it I was perfectly satisfied. I believed a *more* glorious Promise was not in all the Bible. It was everything ;—and all I wanted, was the unctuous application of it to my own soul ; faith to fetch it home, and prayer to plead it before the throne of God as long as I live.

I sat down to think upon it. My time was very short. I could not attempt any deliberate analyzation ; but springs of pure

truth flowed forth from the words in their order. To myself, I said,

- I. The highest desire of every living child of God is to know the Lord.
- II. This desire springs from the work of the Spirit in the soul.
- III. This desire leads the soul to go forth into all the means of grace.
- IV. This desire is connected with much sorrow, and apparent desolation.
- V. This promise reaches the highest climax of all goodness.
- VI. In this promise there are four of the Lord's names and titles:—I the Lord, thy Saviour, thy Redeemer, and the Mighty One of Jacob.
- VII. There is secured to the believer in this promise, those experiences which are of the holiest and happiest character.

"Thou shalt know;" &c., &c.

Brother Lincoln, I desire to gather up in CHEERING WORDS, the substance of these several sections of the promise. And I wish to watch and see how far this promise is made a blessing to all the family of Jesus now on earth. You know many despise and condemn me. Can any other spirit, but the SPIRIT of the Living God make such promises as these precious to a soul? Will the SPIRIT of the Living God give these promises to any but the election of grace? I hope to write to you again if the Lord will spare

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

THE OLD FORTUNE-TELLER CONVERTED.

I WAS at a meeting in the little Jireh at Bromley where brethren were requested to speak upon "THE REIGN OF GRACE." It was a very sweet theme indeed. I sat on the platform, closely watching and listening to the good men who spake. Henry Stanley presided; and gave us hymns and words most welcome. Then the pastor, Mr. Took, lifted heart, head, and hands, almost to heaven, while he spake on the law making way for grace; brother Clinch looked solemnly, and spake so too; and after all,

I said a few words on the Reign of Grace; and referred to the following case which is given in that little book called "The Ploughman of Kilmaney," a memoir of the late Alexander Paterson, a man wonderfully useful in his time. The quotation given below contains one of the fruits of his labours. The Ploughman of Kilmaney can be had at Mr. Partridge's, 9, Paternoster-row.

"You're one o' the impudentest fellows I ever met with," said an old woman to him one Monday morning, abruptly seizing him by the arm, as he was going down the Canongate.

"In what respect?"

"In what respect? Such a night as you had last night! You made me out to be the greatest sinner in the Canongate."

"My friend, I don't know you; I don't remember ever seeing you before."

"Never saw me before! Last night you never kept your eye off me a moment. I would have thought nothing of it, had you come and told me by myself; but to do it before all yon folk--- 'twas too bad."

"Where is your house?" said the missionary, "and I'll go and see you;" for by this time a crowd had gathered on the pavement.

"Come away, then," was her immediate reply. And taking him up to the top flat of a neighbouring "land," she ushered him into a dirty hovel, full of smoke.

"This," said she, the moment they entered, to her husband, who was sitting by the fire, "this is the man that gave me such a redding-up last night."

"But is what I said true?" asked Mr. Paterson, mildly, after they had sat down upon two rickety stools, which, with that on which the husband was sitting, composed the chief articles of furniture in the apartment.

"True? it was all true; and if you hadn't been going about among the neighbours, you never could have known what you said."

"Well, what was it I said that's given you so much offence?"

"Said? I'm sure all you said was meant for me."

"How do you think that? I never named you; as I said before, I didn't so much as know you."

"What! you never took your eyes off me all the time you were speaking; so you just meant me."

"But tell me what struck you most."

"You said that I was a liar, and that I would be cast into hell."

"Well, then, are you a liar?"

"Yes, I am."

"What kind of life have you been living?"

"Oh!" she said, with a tone of deepened feeling, "I've been living a bad, bad life; I've for many years been a *fortune-teller*. and I may say I've made my bread by telling fortunes; and that's just telling lies, you know."

"Well, then, you needn't be angry that I said so. But let me tell you, it wasn't my words that I spoke to you—it was God's words, and He knows your every thought, and every word you speak." He read to her Rev. xxi. 8,—“But the fearful and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone, which is the second death.” “If you continue in that sin,” said he, “believe me, you will never enter heaven.” He next read Rev. xxiii. 11,—“He that is unjust, let him be unjust still, and he that is filthy, let him be filthy still. . . . And, behold, I come quickly, and my reward is with me, to give to every man according as his work shall be. For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.” “Now it is the Lord Jesus,” he added, “who says all this, and not I.”

“I see you are right,” replied the woman, in a tone more and more subdued; “I'm no less a sinner than you said I was. But what is to become of me?”

“There's nothing for you but to go to Jesus.”

“But will he take such a wretch as me? Oh! I *am* a great sinner. And oh, Jamie!” she added, turning to her husband, in evident concern, “you're no better than me; I doubt we'll both be cast down into hell.”

"It really doesn't look well," said the husband, shaking his head significantly, as if himself beginning to be alarmed also.

"But, Sir, do you think," asked the woman, "that Jesus would take such sinners?"

"Yes," said the missionary, opening his Bible, "it is written in this book, '*Whosoever confesseth and forsaketh his sins, shall find mercy.*' Have you a Bible in the house?"

"Oh, no! we have none."

"Do you ever go to church?"

"Never; I haven't had my foot within a church-door for sixteen years, till last night that I heard you; but I'll come and hear you again. Have you any other meetings?"

He told her he had four meetings during the week, and where she might find them each night.

From that day the woman gave up her fortune-telling. Along with her husband she attended every meeting. They got a Bible, and read it, and prayed over it. A great change came over their whole life.

The husband lived for some years, giving marked evidence of his interest in Christ. "Oh! had you not come to my house that day with my wife," he used often to say, "and had she not gone to that meeting where she thought you exposed her so much, I'm sure we should both have gone down into hell, for, oh! we lived a sad life of sin: but since that, we have had great peace and comfort, even when we had little to eat, for that little had God's blessing with it." He died in the faith of the Lord Jesus.

"The woman died on 23rd September, 1847," says Mr. Paterson, "a manifest trophy of sovereign grace."

MY OLD FRIEND, "CHARLEY CHAPMAN."

I HAVE once more been to Brighton—I have looked again on the sea as calm as a carpet; I saw the South downs; and that pretty viaduct which helps you over the valley to Lewes; but more than all that, I saw and heard John Grace in his own

tabernacle pulpit ; and from one of his friends I received such kindness, and enjoyed such freedom of soul in converse, as causes me to desire more than ever to be found in my Lord and Master's service, constantly and powerfully influenced by His Spirit, and deeper in love with His thrice holy name.

Last Monday afternoon, I attended the funeral and spoke over the grave of the late "Charley Chapman," as we were wont to call him. He was a sinner saved by grace. He was one of my early seals at Crosby-row ; and for nearly twenty years he travelled on in the thorny path, in the narrow way, and in the Lord found rest. Many a hard fight with Satan, and a long succession of trials and stinging temptations (which he carried very much to himself) at length laid him down to die. Out of that happy hymn—

" Rock of ages, shelter me,
Let me hide myself in thee,"

he had sucked honey and help by the way ; and when the waves of Jordan's dark river rolled over his soul, as they successively broke upon his shattered barque, as they opened up a crevice through which his soul might fly out, as shorter and quicker, he fetched his breath, he said, " I know—I know—I know," until the last breath was drawn, the last " I know " was uttered, and they said " he is gone." That dying, departing " I know," that unfinished sentence, was something like his experience all the way through—" I know " wanted something more added to it ; and so, poor dear soul, if you could have asked him at any time after his conversion if he had had all that his ransomed spirit desired, he would have said, " Oh no." He would have said, " I know Jesus is a Saviour for guilty sinners like me ; but I want more fully to feel the cleansing blood, and shout out confidently and feelingly ' He loved me, and gave Himself for me.' "

I had a pure love for my brother in the Gospel " Charley Chapman ;" and for four things I feel humbly thankful to God. First, because the Lord was pleased to call him under my ministry. At the funeral, his daughter so kindly said, " I am glad you have been to his funeral, for he often said, ' Poor dear Mr. Banks !

he was the means of saving my soul—bless the Lord.” Secondly, I am thankful he was preserved in the faith until the end. Thirdly, I am thankful to write down this additional mercy;—as I lay on my bed early on the Monday morning as I buried him in the afternoon, as I was silently thinking of him, these words came right home to me—“The righteous also shall hold on his way.” Ah! those words confirmed me in the blessed fact that he might truly have sung those amazing words—

“Jesus, thy blood and righteousness
My beauty are—my glorious dress;
Mid flaming worlds, in these arrayed,
With joy shall I lift up my head.”

When I, this day, told his afflicted widowed sister, Mrs. May, of 12, Tidy-street, Brighton, of the words I had for his funeral, she broke out joyfully, saying, “Why, those were the first words my poor sister ever felt to be of use to her, and whom you buried ten or eleven years ago. She came to Crosby-row, poor soul,” said Mrs. May, “and Mr. Packer was reading, and the people were singing—

‘The righteous shall hold on his way.’

That fixed her heart, and she went home to glory.” Thanks to the God of all grace for all these mercies.

I have pencilled this little note as the train has brought me from Brighton. They have taken my ticket, and if all be well, I hope presently to be in my little pulpit. Before it was daylight this morning, I trust I had my text—“But, beloved, we are persuaded better things of you, and things which accompany salvation.”

My kind and condescending reader, art thou near the end of thy journey? Have you comfort in anticipating the finale? I cannot help thee—but Jesus can, if in his hands the Lord hath placed thee, if on His sacrificial and substitutionary work thou art building, by faith. In the Heavenly Home you will at last be found; and if I am not deceived, within those blissful walls will be

THE LITTLE VILLAGE PREACHER.

WHY THE WORST DOES NOT COME.

THERE is often something that looks very bad in my affairs or prospects; yet I observe the worst does not come. Things do not come to extremities. The evil may generally be traced to my own folly or perverseness; yet still the case is the same. Still I am spared, still I am not brought to extremities. And, on looking around me, I make the same observation on all sides. It holds good with respect to others. Danger does not come to its full extent. We are constantly anticipating a crisis, but do not experience it. Thank God we have not yet been brought to extremities. Now, how shall we account for this? Some one, perhaps, will answer, It is Divine Providence. Yes; but let us go a little deeper. I think I see the true reason in the cross of Christ. Matters came to an extremity with our crucified Lord on Calvary. He there endured the utmost; the whole pain, the whole shame. Hence, when "they gave Him to drink wine mingled with myrrh," "He received it not." The wine would have allayed His thirst for the moment; the myrrh might have proved a temporary alleviation of His sharp pains. But He put back the proffered help—"not sullen nor in scorn"—Keble's construction is the true construction—

"Thou wilt feel all, that Thou mayest pity all;
And rather would'st Thou wrestle with strong pain,
Than overcloud Thy soul,
So clear in agony,
Or lose one glimpse of heaven before the time."

Thus we escape. Thus unknown trials, perplexities, calamities, extremities, are ever threatening us—are ever deserved; but do not come.—*Rev. J. C. Boyce's Pastoral Counsels.*

"**MARY AND HER UMBRELLA.**"—A few years ago there was a time of much dryness in a certain part of England, no rain had fallen for several weeks, and it seemed as if the crops would all perish for want of moisture, a few farmers who believed in that text of Scripture, "In everything, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving, let your requests be made known unto God,"

asked their minister to arrange for a prayer meeting, to supplicate the needed blessing of rain. The time was fixed, and the appointed day was as bright and cloudless as those which had preceded it. Among the attendants the minister soon noticed a little Sunday scholar, who carried a large old fashioned umbrella. "Why, Mary," "he exclaimed," what could have induced you to bring an umbrella on such a lovely morning as this?" "I thought sir," answered Mary, "that as we were going to pray for rain, I should be sure to want the umbrella." The minister patted her cheek good-naturedly, and the service commenced. While they prayed the wind arose, clouds gathered; and at length the long desired rain fell in torrents. Mary and the minister went home together under the umbrella, while the rest of the congregation reached their dwellings well drenched. May we thus be able to pray, believing *he does hear, and will send us what we ask*, if it is good for us."

DIVINE SYMPATHY.

BY THE REV. THOMAS DAVIS, M.A.

THERE is no sorrow, Lord, too light
To bring in prayer to Thee;
There is no anxious care too slight
To wake Thy sympathy.

Thou who hast trod the thorny road
Wilt share each small distress;
The love which bore the greater load
Will not refuse the less.

There is no secret sigh we breathe
But meets Thy ear Divine.
And every cross grows light beneath
The shadow, Lord, of thine.

Life's ills without, sin's strife within,
The heart would overflow,
But for that love which died for sin,
That love which wept with woe.

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Cheering Words.

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THE OLD MAN'S HOPE.

PASSING along one of the great thoroughfares in the east of London one Sabbath evening, on my way to public worship, my attention was attracted to a group of individuals who seemed to have all their thoughts intently fixed upon the utterances of one in their midst. There were other congregations assembled upon the same space of ground; but none for me had the same attractions. The composition of THAT congregation drew me irresistibly toward it. Instead of the usual proportion of men, women, and children, which usually comprise the hearers of an out-door preacher, there were here about twenty men, and these not the well-to-do artizan, nor the small tradesman, who, taking their usual Sabbath evening walk, stopped to listen, if perchance they might gain some new thought, or discover some new idea of truth which, if realized, should make them both the happier and wiser; but these men were the hard-handed, rough-skinned, common day labourers, who toil in our docks, upon our wharves, or by the road side; exposed to all changes of the weather, and to whom wet or dry, sunshine and cloud produces about the same effect. To look at their hard skin and weather-beaten countenances, you would scarce think they had a fellow-feeling for the world; no sympathy or love could you see in their rough exterior. In their midst stood an old man; the winters of age had pressed upon his head, and left their snows in white hair. Many a year had passed over him with their allotted portions of care and sorrow, each one as it passed away, leaving their foot-

ONE HALFPENNY.

prints in furrows on his brow. His dark black eye had not yet lost its lustre; with head erect, his eye piercing as it were the blue sky above, he told that listening group of his hope—the only hope he appeared to possess.

"Once," said he, "I had a wife; I loved her as man should love his wife, but death came and she passed away: I felt I was alone—for she who shared my joys, my sorrows, my trials was gone! There were none to console or comfort me in this trying time. While I was searching for consolation, I overlooked that which to me has been all that man could wish. I had a little girl that used to attend a school; this pretty little fair-haired child would come home and sing the hymns and repeat the Scriptures she learned at school, till I have sat and wept, feeling she was more an angel than a child. When in sorrows and cast down she has lifted me up and been the sunshine of my life. But one day—dark to me—sickness overtook her; and she lay waiting for the angels to come and fetch her, and as I sat by her side, she said,

"Do not weep, father, I am only going home first; promise me you will come, too, after me, and I will sit at the gate of heaven, and wait till you come, that I may be the first to lead you to the throne," and sinking back upon her pillow the angels came and carried her home to glory.

"And now," said the old man, "she has seen the throne, and I can see her sitting at the gate—waiting to take me to the throne."

Down the faces of those rough-looking men I saw the tears trickle as the father told the tale. Truly beneath that rough exterior there was the heart that could sympathize, and love, and feel for another's woes; and I thought of the many consolations we have at hand, but which are not prized. Reader, you and I have not far to go for comfort; oftentimes we seek for it when it is near at hand. Remember He who is our consolation is not afar off, but nigh at hand, "a very present help in every time of trouble."

THE GRAVE AND GLORY.

WHAT a difference between those two words! *The Grave!* a deep, dark, lonely, cold, lifeless place, where we lay the body, when the soul is gone out of it, where the body moulders into dust, becomes food for worms, and is from us hidden as for ever. But *Glory* is a word of brilliancy and beauty; and the word expresses THE PERFECTION OF PURITY AND POWER, on the one hand; and the LOVELINESS and HAPPINESS of the HEAVENLY WORLD on the other.

Dr. Bell, in his sweet volume called "Hymns of Truth," says—

"Above the clouds a city stands,
A blessed place, not made with hands,
Where God the Saviour reigns,
'Tis built for sinners, bought with blood,
Redeemed and sanctified to God,
And cleansed from all their stains."

When I was travelling down to Henry Strickett's funeral, I thought much upon death; and to myself I said, there are three great mysteries about death, in some cases. There is the mystery of time, the mystery of separation, and the mystery of eternity. Upon these three great mysteries I may add a short comment another month. Now one word respecting Henry Strickett's death is all I can give. One evening, on sitting down to rest a moment, the following note came to hand:—

"Mr. Banks, Dear sir,—My beloved husband is much worse; he is evidently sinking fast; he wishes very much to see you, and have an interview with you once more on earth. Will you kindly come as soon as you possibly can; if you will come I should feel deeply grateful to you, as he so much wishes to see you. The disease has gained ground with most fatal rapidity during the last fortnight; he is prostrated to a fearful degree, but

"His hopes are fixed on nothing less
Than Jesus' blood and righteousness."

He is calmly, hopefully awaiting the summons, "Come up hither." He desires his kind Christian love to you, hoping to

see you soon. Give me an interest in your prayers, that I may have resignation given me that I may not murmur. I remain yours in the path of the deepest sorrow and affliction,

"SUSANNAH STRICKETT."

I had the honor of assisting at the ordination of this young minister; when he was married I was requested to marry him; and I did so; now, soon after two years, he was drawing near to his grave.

I obeyed the summons conveyed in the note, and was soon at his bedside. Poor dear young man! He did look hard at me; he always was pale and thin, but now—what was there? Little more than the pillars and sinews of the outer man, covered with that thin garment which is so useful in this frail world.

There was deep anxiety in his eyes. He was a young man. His beloved wife, and child, and widowed mother, were looking on with sorrow; the cruse was nearly empty. Well, I had a few words with him; but I knew something was wanting. I hastened away; I mentioned the case; help came in; and when Mrs. Salter—that devoted Deborah in our churches—took it down, she said, "I do believe it helped him to die." Many friends came forward to help a little; and I hope neither his widowed mother, nor his bereaved family will be forgotten nor forsaken. I have given in EARTHEN VESSEL some particulars; but there was one sentence I wish to treasure up; it was almost his last. He had evidently drunk in some sweet drops of the heavenly glory. He had been favoured with visions of his Saviour's face. He had resigned all up into better hands. His wife was weeping. He said, "Do not cry; you will not let me die. I want to go, the sight is so tempting." He turned over, lay down, and fell asleep in perfect peace. "Good bye," I think, were his last words. How soon his earthly race was run! Oh! Lord Jesus, prepare us all to meet thee in that immensity of light where we shall see and serve thee, and never die.

Despair of thine own strength; consider there is no remedy, but either to perish, or else, with the prodigal child, to run home to thy gracious Father.

THE UPPER ROOM.

I HAVE not had much "Village Preaching" lately. But one occasion I may not forget. I was engaged to preach in a Yorkshire village called Masborough, near Rotherham, in the month of January last. One good brother called a little party together to his house to take tea, previous to the preaching, and I was favored to meet with them, and a pleasant Christian company it was. We then walked to the chapel. It was an upper room; there were, at first, but few people in the place; and I sank down so low, that I felt I could not ascend the pulpit. Oh, how empty, weak, and poor I did feel. They began to sing—and sing they did too. About half-a-dozen tenor, counter, alto, and bass voices, with a few female trebles, made the walls to echo again. The congregation increased; a whisper in my soul said, "Read in Solomon's Song." I turned, and commenced, "By night, on my bed, I sought Him whom my soul loveth; I sought Him, but I found Him not." A soft and gentle heavenly dew fell upon my soul. Pleasant liberty, and experimental confidence, like a pair of wings, carried me out in such sacred and holy sympathies with all the people of God, as I had not previously known for some time. I knew the Lord was there. I was not excited. I was not eloquent; nor full of idea and thought; but like a gentle, clear stream, views of spiritual and of Gospel realities flowed into my mind, and out of my mouth, with inward and unctuous power. Sacred upper room at Masbro'! There, the Lord gathers His little flock. There Master Johnson, and some other good brethren, preach the Gospel; and there the glories of the glorious God-MAN sometimes fill that upper room, and the happy souls exclaim, "Master, it is good for us to be here." I have preached in large chapels, and in crowded assemblies, but in these little upper rooms it oftentimes does appear as though special mercies are poured down on the meek and humble disciples who dare to be singular. God bless them. So prays

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

OUR MOTTO FOR 1865.

THE promise is—"Thou shalt know that I, the Lord, am thy Saviour, and thy Redeemer, the mighty One of Jacob." Passing by the first five heads of discourse, as marked out last month, look at the names the Lord gives to Himself, and by which He addresses Himself to His people. The first is, "I, the Lord." "I, Jehovah."

He was Abraham's JEHOVAH-JIREH. Guardianship and provision are two things in this one branch of the name of the Lord. His eyes are set—for ever set—on all the chosen seed, on all the promises, on all the church's foes, and upon all the wants and ways of all His saints. "The Lord will see to it," and He *will provide*. How immense is this field of truth as contained in that one name—"Jehovah-Jireh!" It secures unto all God's Israel the contents of that precious word, "Fear not, Abraham; I am thy shield, and exceeding great reward." Go into that singular bed-chamber in Sturry, where for so many years Samuel Foster has lain on his bed in agony and weakness, and sometimes near to death; ask him, with his sympathizing wife and children all around him, ask him, Has the Lord been Jehovah-Jireh to him? I am sure he could answer in the affirmative with a blessed boldness, most savoury and sure: and this shall be my first business to prove that in multitudes of cases the Lord has to His people ever faithful been. I hardly know of a more striking illustration of recent date than is given this month in the *EARTHEN VESSEL*, written by brother Johnson, of Sheffield, netitled "The Night of the Flood." Read it; and I will try and follow up the opening of this holy, happy name. It is "Jehovah-Jireh" still.

Martin Boos was a character of no mean order, in proof of the signal favours of God's sovereign mercy toward his children. Was he not JEHOVAH-JIREH in the following case?—

Among the students at Dillengen, there had been one too noticeable to be forgotten. Martin Boos had been dropped into the world on a cold night at Christmas. He was the fourteenth child of a small farmer. He was left an orphan at four; and his

eldest sister's thought was how best she could get rid of him. Being a sturdy girl, she set him on her shoulders, and started for Augsburg; but, getting tired, she flung him into a corn-field by the way, where he soon cried himself to sleep. However, in the afternoon she returned, laid him at an uncle's door in the city, and went her way. The lonely child managed to grow up in some fashion in this surly uncle's house, and saved himself by his scholarship from becoming a shoemaker, and went to Dillengen, where, as a brilliant, handsome student, he carried off all the prizes. He quietly subsided into a parish priest, cultivating in thorough Romish fashion a religion of his own, not God's. He says, "I lay for years together upon the cold ground, though my bed stood near me. I scourged myself till the blood came, and clothed my body with a hair shirt. I hungered, and gave my bread to the poor. I spent every leisure moment in the church. I confessed and communicated every week." He gave himself, in fact, immense trouble to become a saint, and was unanimously elected one by the people; but the saint was miserable, and cried out, "Oh, wretch that I am, who shall deliver me?" Going to see a poor old pious woman on her death-bed, he said wistfully, "Ah, you may well die in peace!" "Why," she asked. "Because you have lived such a godly life." "What a miserable comforter you are!" she said, and smiled as she spoke. "If Christ had not died for me, I should have perished for ever with all my good works and piety; trusting in Him, I die in peace." From this time the light was let into his soul, and he began to preach Christ.

"WITH ETERNAL GLORY."

I HAVE lately felt to be getting quite the old man. This severe winter, and so many deep anxieties and labours, have made me feel sad and depressed. I have realized no joy, no willingness to depart, no sweet sense of ripeness for glory; but words have come to me causing me to think and meditate much upon the separate and higher state of service and sanctity. I

have said in "The Earthen Vessel" I would give a few words on the three at the top of this paper. Saturday morning, February 18th, early in the morning, those three words came to me, "With eternal glory." The day passed away in hard toil, and I forgot them; but in the evening when I came to sit down in the study, they recurred to my mind again; and on turning to the passage in 2 Timothy ii. 10, I found them to read thus, "Therefore, I endure all things for the elect's sake, that they also may obtain the salvation which is in Christ Jesus with **ETERNAL GLORY.**" Immediately I had a view of the three-fold blessedness of the people of God. There is

I. The blessing they obtained **BEFORE TIME**—that is, their election of God.

II. The blessing they obtained in time, "the salvation which in Jesus Christ."

III. The blessing they shall obtain after time—" **ETERNAL GLORY.**"

Ill as I felt myself to be, I went the next morning, and spake from those memorable words, "With eternal glory." It was a miry morning without, but there was mercy within. So I was helped.

Ah! and that Sunday evening I ought never to forget. But now one word upon the blessing.

1. Before time God's people obtained their election of God. This was an act of pure mercy; it was the going forth of everlasting love toward the family of God before they actually had a being. In this act of election, it may be said God decreed to give them a four-fold being:

(1.) A being with all the family of Adam; they are said to be the children of wrath, even as others; here they sin and suffer as all the children of Adam do. (2.) But unto the elect God determines to give a gracious being—a true Gospel being. He hath saved and called us, according to his own purpose and grace given us in Christ Jesus before the world began. The Gospel coming to the heart, soul, and conscience of a Christian, with a life-giving power, a heaven-enlightening power, is a blessing known only to the elect of God: "Knowing, brethren beloved, your election of God: for our Gospel came," &c.

Then (3.) a heavenly and distinctly spiritual being: "Absent from the body, present with the Lord." The type of this was seen in Moses and Aaron; they were called up into the Mount; they went up; they saw the God of Israel, and did eat and drink. So Ezekiel was favoured: he says he saw visions of God; then the Spirit lifted him up, and carried him hither and thither. How sweet it must be for the ransomed spirit to be full of nothing else but spiritual light and love—to be quite free from all carnal, and worldly, and Satanic difficulties and temptations, and to be winging and flying away through the unlimited space of the higher and holy heavens! Paul had a taste of this; so did Peter, James, and John on Tabor's Mount; and John in Patmos had large discoveries of the glory of God—"being in the Spirit on the Lord's day." But (4.) God decrees to give unto the whole election of grace a glorified being: "As we have borne the image of the earthly, we shall also bear the image of the heavenly; this mortal shall put on immortality, &c.: then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, O death, where is thy sting!"

I will try and give the second and third next month.

NEARING THE STREAM.

STAY Jesus: stay with me,
Day wanes—the night is near;
And while I yearn for thee
Earth's last rays disappear;
Warm panting to depart,
I see the hour draw nigh,
Which cheers my drooping heart
And bears me to the sky.

The path of pilgrimage,
Trod by my weary feet,
Is where all tempests rage,
Is where all terrors meet:
But thou wert Shield and Sun,
Even when I knew it not:
Teaching me what to shun,
Guarding my lowly lot.

Thou wilt not, Jesus, now,
My Saviour, me forsake,
Thy brow is pity's brow,
'Tis scarred for hearts that break:
Joyous I hear the sound
Of mercy from thy lips,
Thy comforts me surround,
Sublime in Death's eclipse.

Thou with me—where is dread?
Thou with me—where the foe?
Thou with me—where the dead,
And where all things below?
They vanish; thus the way
Of pain is grandly blest,
It brings eternal day,
Brings everlasting rest.
(From the German of Neumeister.)

"TRIUMPHANT."

JOHAN JAMES HARRIS, Esq., who resides at No. 400, in the Mile End Road, has lately lost his beloved wife. Mr. Harris is now 83 years of age; a noble-looking patriarchal saint. He has been a friend to the cause of divine truth for many years. With Stoddart and Cartwright, with Denham and Silver, with little Banks, and many at Zoar, he has worshipped and prayed on earth; and soon expects to meet them around the glory throne above. God has both honoured him, and tried him here below; I feel assured, the Lord will come and comfort him in Heaven. Writing of his departed wife, he says, "I send you a card of my dear wife's death, after being two years deprived of her reason. A few hours before her death the Lord restored her reason, she sweetly exclaimed, 'Triumphant,' and her last words were: She was going to her Heavenly Father, and instantly expired. And at intervals of reason she exclaimed, 'How sweet the visits of Jesus are; but so soon gone.' I have often wondered to hear when a servant read a few lines of a hymn she would sweetly go on with it to the end. This was very often."

The card says:

"In memory of the death, saved by sovereign grace, of Mrs. Elizabeth Harris, wife of John James Harris, who died the first of February, 1865, aged 80 years, at Mile End road.

Now let me give a few of the triumphant sayings of happy saints when departing for heaven. Take a few now. I may give more. Samuel Ward was a beautiful defender of the faith. Once in defiance of infidelity, he said,—

Faith here proclaims her challenge, and bids nature or art out of all their soldiers and scholars produce any one who, having option to live or die, and that upon equal terms, have embraced death. Whereas infinite of hers have been offered life with promotions, and yet would not be delivered, expecting a better resurrection.

Andrew the apostle said: 'Welcome, O Christ! longed and looked for. I am the scholar of him that did hang on thee, long I have coveted to embrace thee, in whom I am that I am.'

Polycarpus to the pro-consul, urging him to deny Christ: 'I

have served him eighty-six years, and he hath not once hurt me ; and shall I now deny him ?

When he should have been tied to the stake, he required to stand untied, saying : ' Let me alone, I pray you ; for he that gave me strength to come to this fire, will also give me patience to abide in the same without your tying.'

Theodosius : ' I thank God more for that I have been a member of Christ, than an emperor of the world.'

Hilarion : ' Soul, get thee out ; thou hast seventy years served Christ, and art thou now loath to die, or afraid of death ?'

Babilas, dying in prison, willed his chains should be buried with him.

' Now,' saith he, ' will God wipe away all tears, and now I shall walk with God in the land of the living.'

Marcus of Arethuse, hung up in a basket, anointed with honey, and so exposed to the stinging of wasps and bees, to his persecutors that stood and beheld him : ' How am I advanced, despising you that are below on earth !'

Fusices to Ananias, an old man trembling at martyrdom : ' Shut thine eyes but a while, and thou shalt see God's light.'

Edward VI., king of England, ' Bring me into thy kingdom ; free this kingdom from Antichrist, and keep thine elect in it.'

Cranmer, Archbishop, thrusting his hand into the fire : ' Thou unworthy hand,' saith he, ' shalt first burn ; I will be revenged of thee for subscribing for fear of death to that damned scroll.'

Latimer, Bishop, to one that tempted him to recant, and would not tell him his name : ' Well,' saith he, ' Christ hath named thee in that saying 'Get thee behind me, Satan.' And being urged to abjure, ' I will,' saith he, ' good people : I once said in a sermon, in King Edward's time, confidently, that Antichrist was for ever expelled England, but God hath shewed me it was but carnal confidence.'

To Bishop Ridley, going before him to the stake : ' Have after as fast as I can follow. We shall light such a candle by God's grace in England this day, as I trust shall never be put out again.

To whom Bishop Ridley, ' Be of good heart brother, for God will either assuage the fury of the flame, or else strengthen us to abide it.'

DISTINGUISHING GRACE!

SOME people tell me pastor C. H. Spurgeon grows deeper, and is become more truthful and faithful than ever he was. We all hope it is so. He has, in his ministry, compassed the four points; at which of them he would take his permanent standing, or, whether he would always continue a sort of travelling preacher, few could tell; but, the following from his "Pulpit" No. 616, is as plainly and as positively for sovereign grace, as any can possibly preach. He is addressing the truly called sinner; and he says:

How gracious that calling must have been since it came to you from God; came to you irresistibly, and came to *you* with such personal demonstration! What grace was here! What *was* there in you to suggest a motive why God should call you? Oh, beloved, we can hardly ask you that question without the tear rising in our own eye.

What was there in us that could merit esteem,

Or give the Creator delight?

'Twas 'Even so, Father!' we ever must sing,

'Because it seemed good in thy sight.' "

Some of you were drunkards, were profane, were injurious. Many of you cared neither for God nor man. How often have you mocked at God's word! How frequently have you despised God's ministers! How constantly has the holy name of the Most High been used in a flippant, if not in a profane manner by you! and yet for all that, he fixed his eye on you and would not withdraw it; and when you spurned the grace that would have saved you, still he followed you, determined to save, till at last, in the appointed time, he got the grasp of you and would not let you go until he had made you his friend, turned your heart to love him, and made your spirit obedient to his grace. I think, throughout eternity, if we had this problem to solve, why did he call me, we should go on making wrong guesses, but we never could arrive at a right conclusion, unless we should say, once for all, I do not know. He did as he willed. He will have mercy on whom he will have mercy. He will have compassion on whom he will have compassion. And here let me say, if these things be so, oh,

should not this calling of ours to-night evoke our most intense gratitude, our most earnest love? Oh, if he had not called thee, where hadst thou been to-night? Thou shalt sit to-night at the Lord's table: where wouldst thou have been but for grace? To repeat the old saying of John Bradford, when he saw a cartful of men going off to Tyburn to be hanged, "There goes John Bradford but for the grace of God." When you see the swearer in the street, or the drunkard rolling home at night, there are you, there am I, but for the grace of God. Who am I—what should I have been if the Lord, in mercy, had not stopped me in my mad career?

I know there are some of us who can remember the old story of Rowland Hill, when a good Scotchman called to see him, and without saying a word, sat still for some five minutes, looking into the good old gentleman's face. At last, Rowland Hill asked him what engaged his attention. Said he, "I was looking at the lines of your face." "Well, what do you make out of 'em?" "Why," said he, "that if the grace of God hadn't been in you, you would have been the biggest rascal living;" and some of us do feel just that, that if it had not been for the grace of God we should have been out-and-out ringleaders in every kind of infamy and sin. I know for myself I can never do things by halves. If I had served Baal I would have built him an altar, and made victims smoke upon it day and night; and if we serve God zealously and earnestly, we have the more reason to be humble and to lie low in the dust; for that very zeal of spirit would have been turned to the very worst account unless grace had been pleased to transform us. Why, there are some people in the world that seem too insipid to do any good or hurt, and they have reason to be thankful if they are converted, but still not that reason that others have, who, if they did mischief, would do it with both hands, and if they do anything for God, must do it with all their might. This was a kind and gracious call, when we consider what we might have been.

Stand up now, believer, and look at this, and remember the grace of this call when thou considerest what thou art. Why man, to-night, what art thou? A pardoned sinner—not a sin

against thee in God's book. What art thou?—A justified person; the righteousness of Christ girds thee; even the eye of God cannot see a spot in thee. Thou art in Christ all fair; there is no spot in thee—justified freely by his grace—roll that under thy tongue as a sweet morsel.

JOY AND SORROW.

Both showers and shade are needed gifts,
As well as sunshine to the rose:
So sometimes hidden sorrow lifts
The soul on high to find repose.

The sun's warm rays enjoyed alone,
Without the keen and bracing wind,
Would ne'er impart a healthy tone,
Or nerve the body or the mind.

So this world's good, so oft abused,
Tends but to canker and decay;
But by God's stewards rightly used,
Sheds sunlight on the pilgrim's way.

And pleasure, (tasted by the lip
That quickly passes from the bowl,
And wisely takes a hasty sip)
Imparts refreshment to the soul.

But when the honeyed draught is laid
Too oft and long before the eye;
A fall is near—enticed, betrayed,
The graces wither, droop, and die.

Then let the sunshine and the storms
Alike descend—they'll health impart:
The sun's bright beams my spirit warms,
The softening showers refresh my heart.

Be mine, dear Lord, this happy state,
Of finding thus my joy in Thee;
Nor need I for this bliss to wait,
I have it, while I live to Thee.

Chesham Bois, Feb. 22, 1865.

E. T. C.

**A MONK MARRYING A NUN;
OR, LUTHER'S MARRIAGE AND HOME.**

IT was bright Midsummer, "the leafy month of June," in the year 1525, when Luther carried home his bride. It was a memorable wedding. A monk marrying a nun! All Europe rang with it. The enemies of Luther made it a fresh occasion of virulent reproach. And some of the more timid friends of the Reformation had painful misgivings as to the effect of this step on the progress of the good cause.

Not so the Reformer himself. He had not been foremost in casting off the fetters of monachism. While a captive in the Wartburg, the Governor brought him Carlstadt's Theses on Celibacy. "Gracious God!" he exclaimed, "our Wittenbergers then will give wives even to the monks!" "Ah! they will not force me at least to take a wife." But the question must be looked at. And here, in this solitary castle, Luther found in this subject another added to the many conflicts he had to endure—a conflict between old prejudices deeply engraved on his heart and the advancing light of the Gospel. Once more the old gave way, and Luther perceived that monachism was not an Institution of God, but a device of man—a device which accorded neither with the law nor the spirit of Christ's kingdom.

But thoughts of marriage were yet very far from Luther's mind—so utterly groundless is the Romish calumny that he became a Reformer that he might take a wife. When, long after this, he was urged by his friends to marry, his reply was,—

"God may change my heart, if it be His pleasure; but now, at least, I have no thought of taking a wife, not that I do not feel any attractions in that estate; I am neither a stock nor a stone, but every day I expect the death and the punishment of the heretic."

By degrees, however, his opinion changed, and he thought it his duty as a Reformer, as well as conducive to his happiness as a man, to give a practical example of the honour in which he held the estate of marriage.

In the meantime, there resided in the family of the burgo-master of Wittenberg, a maiden of noble birth, and fair and

stately presence—now about twenty-four years of age, named, Catherine de Bora. She, with eight other nuns, had made her escape two years before from the Monastery of Nimptsch. There the word of God had reached them. They studied it diligently, and came to the conclusion that “the salvation of their souls would not permit them to remain any longer in a cloister.” On reaching Wittemberg, they were received into the families of Christian friends; and most of them were now married. Catherine, however, still remained. One or two husbands had been proposed for her with Luther’s approval; but in one case it would appear the gentleman did not want Catherine; in the other Catherine did not want the gentleman. When Luther first learned to love her, we are not told; but certain it is that it was not in compliance with any cold arrangement of convenience that he made her his wife. He loved her with all the tenderness of his large, warm heart—loved her truly, but did not forget who bestowed the gift upon him. “Dear friend,” he said to one who was to be married, “Do thou as I did when I would take my Ketha. I prayed to the Lord with all my heart. A good wife is a companion of life, and her husband’s solace and joy; and when a pious man and wife love each other truly, the devil has little power to hurt them.”

(TO BE CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

LEAVING HOME, AND LIVING IN A CONVENT.—I think everybody who has a proper regard for the purity and propriety of the home and the family circle, should, in these times, use all their influence toward preventing the young and thoughtless females of our generation from being destroyed, deceived, and led astray. I have several communications, full of dreadful interest, and calculated to excite the fears of many as regards the future welfare of some branches of their families. I will try and clear some of the narratives of convent life of all unseemly scenes, and then give some of them to warn and to awake the tender and the trifling children of the danger which awaits them.

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Cheering Words.

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"MY POOR SOUL WANTS CHRIST."

SUCH were the almost dying words of Eliza Dasley, as recorded by Mr. Henry Cooper, of Potton, Beds. In his sweetly simple letter he says:—

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—Will you be so kind as to allow me a small space, as I wish to show the gracious goodness of God to us-ward. Our Lord has wonderfully manifested his delivering power.

I was asked to go and visit a young woman, twenty years of age, who was in a declining state of health. Her name was Eliza Dasley, of Sutton, Beds. She had been to hear me a few times when proclaiming the glorious Gospel, but I knew nothing of her. Two months ago, I was asked to visit her. She said, "I do not want the clergy's prayer; they only read;" so, by request, I went, and asked her some serious questions on the point of soul-matters. I prayed with her, and left her, with some doubts, and did not go again for some time, as I knew the churchman was visiting her. She sent for me again. I asked again how matters stood with her? I now had some hope. This being Lord's-day morning I had no text; dark in soul, and my thoughts were, "I wish I was not a preacher."

Not knowing what to do: but she looked up, and said, "Sir, will you pray?" I say to my brethren in the ministry this was a time to my poor soul. My Master's presence was enjoyed; my soul filled with love. I found a sweet text: "Awake, thou that

ONE HALFPENNY.

asleep; and Christ shall give thee light." I was then ready for my work, and I conversed with this poor girl on the plan of salvation.

My next visit was very solemn. I said, "How is it now with your soul?"

She said, "Mr. Cooper, do you think He will pardon me? I am so dark!"

My reply was, "Who is a God like unto thee, pardoning iniquity, passing by the transgressions of the remnant of His heritage; He retaineth not His anger for ever, because He delighteth in mercy." Still she stood doubting; but I could see a work begun.

Before I again visited, the curate was sent to invite her to receive the Supper of the Lord; but she would not, and closed her eyes, and would not converse on that point. She said, "Oh! dear mother, can I not go to heaven without that? Oh! I cannot, I dare not!" She said, "Mother, do you think I shall get safe at last? Oh, that enemy! My poor soul wants Christ!"

My next visit was a scene of great interest. She heard my footsteps. She said, "Ah! Mr. C. is coming." I said, "How now?" "Ah! sir, this is hard work. I am going fast; and all hell seems to be set against me. Oh! what shall I do? If I could get one glimpse of Christ, I could give a thousand worlds if I had them."

I conversed with her to some extent; and previous to this visit her mother and friends said a few words to darken her mind: so she said, "Mr. Cooper, do you think one so vile as me can find mercy?" I answered her; and at last I was led to the poor thief on the cross. The dear child said, "There! hear what Mr. Cooper says." She was revived. I said to her, "If you can raise your hand to say all is well, do;" for I saw she was going fast home.

But another struggle. The rector came to insist on the bread and wine. "Oh," was the reply, "will they go to eternal ruin?" Further, his reverence said, "I will see all your friends, and stop them giving you anything;" he was very severe; he had the dear girl's Bible in his hand, and threw it on the bed on the

poor girl's feet. She calmly said to one of our members, "Take up the Bible;" the same was done, but she looked up to her friends, and said, "I hope to have it new in my Father's kingdom." Then she said, "What a deception! I ONLY WANT CHRIST!"

On December 8th I was sent for, and stayed late, seeing her time was short. She sweetly conversed, but still dark, and in many fears. I was directed to speak on the blood of atonement. I left her. She said, "I do hope He will save my soul from hell!"

On Saturday, December 10th, at five in the morning, I conversed again with her. I said, "Well, how now? is all well?" She said, "Not quite;" but at ten o'clock, she threw out her hands, and said, "OH! I HAVE GAINED THE VICTORY! See, JESUS IS COME! Look, and see my BLESSED JESUS! Do send for Mr. Cooper; the Lord has heard his prayers." I went. She looked at me: "Oh! sir, I have seen Jesus," she said. Thank you, sir. God bless you for your kindness, she said. See, the angels at my feet, and Jesus at my head." I again said, "Can you see?" She said, "My eyes are dim." I said, "Do you know me?" She called me by my name, and then asked me to sing, "Rock of Ages." She sang two verses; and when she came to "Thou must save, and Thou alone," she broke out so wonderfully, and said, "Mr. Cooper! see—here is my blessed Jesus! He is come for me!" She breathed only twice, and no more.

Dear Brother, you see we poor persons in the country have many things to meet with; but the Lord is our consolation:

Oh, blessed Saviour! boundless name—
Who came salvation to proclaim.

AN ACROSTIC.

Eternal God! her soul did bless—
Life from on high she did possess;
In Jesu's arms her soul was found,
Ere for the Lord did then abound:
A mighty love did her surround.

Dear Jesus did her sins forgive;
A mighty friend He made her live.
Saviour to help in her distress:
Ever her naked soul to dress.
Lord, Thou did'st come, and she did fly,
Yielding her soul to God most high.

MR. J. C. PHILPOT'S TESTIMONY.

I NEVER thought, till wrought upon by a divine power, of casting in my lot among the saints of God. Indeed I did not know that there was such a peculiar people; for I was brought up in utter ignorance that there was such a thing as spiritual religion, or that the Lord had saints now upon earth. I had other views, other prospects, other expectations, and should, but for God's constraining grace, have been well satisfied with a portion in this life, with scarcely a thought of eternity. I was not compelled by necessity to leave the world, or abandon my earthly prospects by misconduct, as if turned out of it whether I would or not; but was led, as I hope, by a divine influence to come out of it, when I might, to my great advantage, have continued in it, to cast my lot amongst the poor, despised saints of God. And may I not add that but for that constraining influence calling me out of the world, and fixing my heart and affections on the Lord and his people, you would never have heard my voice in this place?

But the same power which brings us out of the world and unites us with the dear family of God, leads also to all other spiritual and practical obedience. The love of Christ constraining us, we are led to attend to the ordinances of his house; to live godly, uprightly; and consistently before God and man, the church and the world; to minister, according to our means, to the temporal wants of the family of God; to abstain from everything unbecoming the gospel in word and deed; and to live or desire to live to the honour and glory of God.

HOW OFTEN DO YOU PAY YOUR RENT?

By THOMAS ADAMS.

“THIS heart of ours is the best or the worst ground that lies between heaven and earth. The worst, if it be thorny, weedy, miry; but if fair, pleasant, fruitful, it is the best. There be two that lay claim to it; and however the property be God's, for He made it, yet Satan will try his title, and sues to have it. First, let us weed this ground, and that betimes, for old weeds will hardly be destroyed. Sins are weeds, the weeding-hook is repentance; let not a weed appear, but presently by contrition cut it down. God, indeed, said of another field, and in another sense, ‘Let both grow together until the harvest’ (Matt. xiii. 30), but it must not be so here, for then the weeds will eat out the corn. Secondly,—keep it in heart, for if the soul have not her cheerings she will grow faint and barren. The way to keep thy heart in heart is by devout prayers, meditating, hearing the Word, and receiving that which is the food of the soul, the blessed sacrament. Thirdly, look to the expiration of thy farm, and be sure to leave it in good care; that when the great Landlord shall call the tenant out of the tenement, the soul from the body, it may be entertained into his own house, the glorious court of heaven. Fourthly and lastly, be sure to pay thy rent always, and that is thankfulness. For temporal farms we pay our rents by quarters and half-years; but this rent is due every month, week, day, hour. ‘Seven times a day, yea, seven times an hour will I praise thee.’ (Ps. cxix. 164.) We forfeit many of God's favours for not paying the rent of thankfulness. It is an easy rent, it costs us no labour. It is a cheap rent, we are not out of purse for it. It is a ready rent, never to seek. If it be easy, ready, cheap, why do we grudge it? We can do little if we cannot thank God for His goodness.”

LUTHER'S MARRIAGE AND HOME.

FROM "*The Christian Witness*," we gave last month the beginning of Martin Luther's courtship, the story of his lovely Catherine, and the picture of his home. We give now a second section, coming to the 'photo' of his spouse, the writer says—

"And Catherine was worthy of a good man's love, and very fit to be the wife of a man whose life was surrounded with perils. She was brave and courageous, yet withal gentle and good, unselfish and loving. She was not specially distinguished by learning or intellectual gifts of any kind; but she was endowed with a large amount of common sense—she knew how to manage her household well, and conduct her affairs with discretion.

"Luther's friends rejoiced to think of the home he should now have. 'God grant that all may proceed happily,' he writes to Spalatin, 'and that I may celebrate my conjugal union, and publicly commence my entrance on the marriage state; and I do not only expect your presence, but also your advice; and especially hope that, by your attention, we may be in no want of venison.' To Dr. Link he wrote, 'At a time when my thoughts were quite otherwise engaged, God has brought me into a matrimonial union with the amiable and virtuous Catherine de Bora, who was previously a professed nun; and on the Tuesday after Midsummer day, I intend to give an entertainment. But I will not have you, good Dr. Link, load yourself with any expenses; but if you still desire to come to the wedding, I will not have you bring a goblet, or anything of that kind, as a present; but I entreat you to wish me joy, with the blessing of God, and to pray for me.'

"There was no lack of presents, however. The Senate of Wittenberg sent fourteen measures of different sorts of wine as a gift on this occasion, and the Elector John Frederic made a wedding present of 'twelve brewings of beer yearly.'

"Amsdorff and Pomeranus, and the famous painter Lucas Cranach, were amongst the guests. Old John Luther too, and

his pious wife Margaret, had come from Mansfield to be present—the good old father now rejoicing as heartily over his son as he had grieved bitterly when he gave himself up to what he regarded as the useless life of a monk.

“And now the wedding is over. The voices of congratulation have died away. The storm of reproach, too, has somewhat spent its force; and Luther and his Ketha are left alone to order their new lives, and to enter upon the practice of their new duties. How happy they are, Luther’s letters testify. To Stiefel he writes:—‘Catherine, my dear rib, salutes you. She is quite well, thank God; gentle, obedient, and kind in all things, far beyond my hopes. I would not exchange my poverty with her for all the riches of Cæsar without her.’

“And truly the Augustinian convent (which, on the dispersion of the monks, had been given to Luther as a residence) is now a pleasant place to look in upon. The old ascetic gloom has vanished under Ketha’s brightening ways, and the house has the cheerful air of what it really is, a happy, Christian home. There sits the doctor, thin and worn-looking, but with a peaceful gladness in the firm glance of his keen, bright eye. He is busy amongst his papers, endless letters seeking help and advice have to be answered. Or he is rapidly throwing off sheet after sheet of those trumpet-tongued works which ring through the land, stirring hearts everywhere, from the palace to the cottage. And Ketha sits quietly beside with her work—producing his own portrait, it may be embroidery—ready to make a remark when it is needed, or ready to sit simply by and watch with loving eyes the husband who is so dear to her. But now the papers are thrown aside, and they go out to the garden to the fresh air and the shadow of the pear-tree, and while Ketha still plies her needle, Luther waters his melons, or constructs his fountain and his fish-pond; now and again returning to the seat under the pear-tree to talk of the wisdom and love of God, as seen in the birds and the flowers, and the bright sky over their heads. With a beautiful freshness of heart, he has intense enjoyment in all simple pleasures; and with habitual devoutness of spirit he traces a Father’s hand in all. ‘Glory to

God,' he cries, 'who from the dead creation thus raises up life again in the spring time. Behold these branches, how strong, how beautiful they are! Already they teem, and are big with the fruit which they will bring forth. They offer a beautiful image of the resurrection of all men. The winter season represents death; the summer-tide the resurrection. Then all things live again, all is verdant.' It was a great solace to him—this garden. 'When Satan and his servants storm and rage,' he wrote to a friend, 'I laugh at him, and contemplate the garden, where I can enjoy the blessings of my Creator and sing His praise.'"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ALONE IN THE WORLD.

THIS is Saturday night—a wet, dirty, dark, and unpleasant Saturday night. I am just in from the heavy toil of City work, and my lot being cast in a new district where I know no one, I felt as I walked out as though I was alone in the world. Blessed be the name of the Lord for ever—it is not so. I have here a study to myself—some good books—kind children—and not far hence a few real friends. How very thankful I ought to be. Lord! help me to adore, and confide in, and love thine holy name for ever. "ALONE IN THE WORLD!" No—never—if I am one with JESUS—then He is always near me; and when I can retire from all the world—when I can get quietly away from all the people; when I am, as now, shut in ALONE by myself—and can realise the sacred and secret presence of THE GREAT FRIEND of poor sinners, oh! then the moments are sweet; and meditation is better than all the bustle and buzz the world can give.

Sitting down, then, this Saturday night in my study, I took up a little book sent me by the author (the Rev. Frederick H. Knapp, Curate of Patricbourne), having this inscription, "FAITHFUL WOUNDS." It is published at Nisbet's, and is a choice little

manual for thought and for encouragement, where the work of grace is in the heart begun.

The following closing paragraph may be cheering to some poor downcast sinner. God of heaven! make it a blessing, I secretly pray. Mr. Knapp says:—

“Reader! are you lonely in the world? Does it seem a cold, hard hearted place to live in? Are you tired of its excitements and vain pleasures? Are you looking anxiously around for pardon, peace, rest, and true joy? Do you long for sympathy,—pure, deep, and unselfish? Then look to Jesus; He is full of love for sinners; the same human heart, that when on earth loved ‘Martha, and her sister, and Lazarus,’ will love you; yea, does love you, and invites your confidence. He has said, ‘Come unto me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will refresh you.’ May the Holy Spirit, the Giver of Life, so awaken in your heart the throbblings of love to Him who so tenderly attracts you, that in God’s own good time you may find Christ to be all in all to your soul, and may be able to appropriate the words of the hymn:—

‘I heard the voice of Jesus say, Come unto me and rest;
Lay down, thou weary one, lay down thy head upon my breast.
I came to Jesus as I was,—weary, and worn, and sad;
I found in Him a resting-place, and He has made me glad.’

“It may be that some who read these lines, from their hearts can say regarding this heavenly Friend, ‘My beloved is mine, and I am His.’ He is to me chiefest among ten thousand, and altogether lovely. If so, then the name of Jesus is very precious to you, ‘even as ointment poured forth.’ And I would ask, How are you manifesting your regard for His sacred person? Do you love to read of, hear of, talk of, hold communion with, and glorify Him? Is His honour very dear to you? Are you desirous that others should know and value Him? If this be so, let me be a sharer in your grateful joy. As children of God, and objects of His tender mercy, we already love and pray for one another, whatever our name, station, or country; being bound up in the ‘bundle of life,’ and sharers in ‘covenant blessings,’ we shall one day meet, and then, how loudly, purely, and joyfully

shall we sing the praises, excellencies, and glories of our true and heavenly Friend.

“ One there is, above all others,
 Well deserves the name of Friend;
 His is love beyond a brother's,—
 Costly, free, and knows no end;
 They who once His kindness prove,
 Find it everlasting love.
 Which of all our friends, to save us,
 Could, or would, have shed his blood
 But our Jesus died to have us
 Reconciled in Him to God;
 His is boundless love indeed,
 Jesus is a Friend in need.”

THE OLD TYPE—AND THE NEW TEMPLE.

WHEN I left home this morning, I was, in spirit, low in a low place. My family was preparing to leave the little cottage where we have resided for three years; and to remove nearer to our chapel. This removal was not pleasant to me. I felt inwardly rebellious; and very grieved. In the course of the day, “THE EARTHEN VESSEL” for April came into my hands, and looking over the contents of “*The Table of Shewbread*,” I saw these words: “*There remaineth yet very much land to be possessed*,” and although I had no sensational feeling, yet there was a kind of laying these words in my mind—and they revived my spirits a little; and on coming home—on sitting down in my retired chamber—and on turning to my old Concordance I found them in Joshua xiii. 1., “Now Joshua was old, and stricken in years; and the Lord said unto him, Thou art old and stricken in years; and there remaineth yet very much land to be possessed.”

My thoughts flowed directly in a spiritual channel—and if I describe them—or a few of them—it may lead others to think also. Well, I said to myself, “Yes! it is evident that there is very much land yet to be possessed.” This is clear—

First,—from our present imperfect state and condition: for, what are we actually in possession of, as yet? It is true we

have the great map—the Bible ; but how little do we understand it ! We have the Gospel ; but how little do we realise its saving and sanctifying power ! We have (by faith) the Glorious Purchaser and Proprietor of the land ; but how weak the service we render to Him ! In the graces of the HOLY SPIRIT, we have the first fruits of the heavenly country, but too many of us feel these fruits are not so manifest as gracious souls must, at times, desire. In an experimental point of view, there is much land to be possessed. Divide this land, experimentally, into seven portions ; and see how much remains to be possessed. First : there is "*Believing with the heart unto righteousness.*" How grand is the Old Testament record of this—in the days of Jehoshaphat a great multitude came against him. What did he do ? He gathered the people—he set himself to seek the Lord—he proclaimed a fast—he honoured God,—and God's Spirit came upon Jahaziel ; who assured them the Lord would fight for them—and then Jehoshaphat cried out : "Hear me, O Judah, believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established ; believe His prophets, so shall ye prosper."

They went forth singing and praising the Lord ; the Lord set ambushments against all their enemies ; they smote one another, and not one escaped ; but Judah gathered up their riches in great abundance. So in New Testament times, the apostles have gone forth crying to convicted hearts : "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Thousands have believed, and have found happiness in Jesus here, and holiness in heaven with Him for ever.

We possess this part of the land in some measure—but there is very much land yet to be possessed even here.

Secondly,—There is the lot of "*Confession.*" There is a two-fold confession in Scripture. In Daniel ix. you get a good man's confession before the Lord : in Paul's first letter to Timothy you get the Saviour's confession before Pontius Pilate, where he witnessed a good confession. Look over those allotments, and see how far we have possession of them.

Thirdly,—There is a good hope : this part of the land we possess in some degree.

Fourthly, there is Love to God—His ways—and His people, which we have heard and talked about; but, as yet, we hardly seem to possess it.

Fifthly,—there is ASSURANCE: a fine piece of land this! Surely, it was that which Caleb came and asked of Joshua when he was eighty-five years of age. It was *Hebron*, where Sarah died. Hebron, which grew into a kingdom where David reigned. *Hebron*, a formation of a company. So ASSURANCE is the place where the true believer dies—where we enter into good company; and where our spiritual David reigns for ever. How little of this land is yet in possession.

Sixthly,—*Rejoicing land*; and, lastly, the land of ENTIRE DEVOTION, are parts of the spiritual Canaan yet to be possessed by many. May the Lord speedily bring us into them!

The promises of God show you that there is much land yet to be possessed.

There was an old Baptist minister who was forty-six years over one place, and had a congregation of 600 or 700 persons, and was a blessing both to the church and neighbourhood. In that chapel was a member, a blacksmith, who had seven sons, six of whom became ministers; and I remember to have heard Mr. Gadsby say, he believed five of them were God-fearing men. They were settled over churches in Broomsgrove, Bridgenorth, and other large towns. I know that grace is not hereditary, but who shall say that God has not a right to call the children of God-fearing men? Well, this old minister once called on me; he was not very parsonic in his appearance; his hat was not worth more than half-a-crown; still he was not poor, but he lived amongst the poor, and his ministry was adapted to them. We sat together two hours; and I shall never forget all the things he said to me. Amongst other things he said, "Be sure you will be watched and belied; but never go finding and proving; lies go first, but truth follows after; and lifts up a bold front, which makes lies ashamed."

MR. JAMES WELLS ON THE CHRISTIAN'S TRIUMPH AND SATAN'S TEMPTATION.

“PUT these two scriptures together; ‘Thanks be to God for his unspeakable gift;’ that is, for Christ, Jesus Christ is the gift. Then, ‘Thanks be to God, that giveth us the victory by our Lord Jesus Christ. This is our victory, even our faith.’ Oh, then, say some, do you mean to say the Christian has a life in Christ that is spotless? Certainly he has; he has a dominion in Christ that is entire. So ‘he hath made us kings and priests to God; and we shall reign on the earth,’ and reign over the earth; and so we do. I do not know how many years I have known the Lord, hardly, and I have never been conquered yet, and never shall be. I seem to get more daring than ever, and I seem to get bolder than ever,—I hope, in the right sense of the word. My experience makes me bold, I mean bold for the grace of God; for nothing is more clear to me than that my continued standing in the liberty of the truth, in the love of it, and devotedness to God, and a desire to know more of him, is entirely of the grace of God: ‘he that began the good work will continue it until the day of Jesus Christ.’ So then by our faith we are enabled so to reign as to hold fast the truth in the promise of it, in the practice of it, in the order of it, in the advantages of it. Oh, how I enjoyed that chapter, the eighth of Romans, this morning, when I read it over!—‘Who shall separate us from the love of Christ? who shall separate us from the love of God, which is in Christ Jesus our Lord?’ Now the apostle said to the Corinthians, when they were inclined to give way a little, and bring in a few human inventions,—he knew that just in proportion as they did so they would lose their dignity, and therefore he said, ‘I would that ye reigned as kings, that we may reign with you.’ And how can you reign as kings? By faith in Christ. This is what the natural man cannot understand. The natural man must be a king and a priest to God without Christ; the natural man cannot understand how it is that while sin brings a man from time to time

into bondage, how that man can be reigning. Why, by faith in Christ. You are never conquered till you are severed from the love of God. What was it that conquered so many people in the wilderness, and by which they fell? Why, that which never fatally conquered a child of God, and never will. What is that? Unbelief. I have had sharp attacks, not as to the truth of God, not for many years, because the devil hardly ever attacks me upon that; no, I do not recollect for these thirty years having five minutes' temptation to disbelieve God's truth; the devil himself knows it is no use to try to tempt me upon that. He generally comes in this way,—Is the Bible true at all? He says, I know that fellow; no use to go and tell him that his order of things is not true, because he is so well versed in it that I should fail there; he would know at once where it came from; therefore I won't touch him there; but I will say, Is the Bible true at all? Is it not all delusion together? Now I have had these abominable attacks sometimes; these are floods that the serpent casts out of his mouth, and there is plenty of infidelity in my heart to unite with them; but I bless God the temptation has never been powerful enough to sever me from the Bible. So the enemy knows how to attack and where to attack. No, bless the Lord; those that know their own hearts, and know the truth, they well know that they reign entirely by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ."—No. 323. *Surrey Tabernacle Pulpit.*

ANOTHER UPPER ROOM.

I SAID a word last month on "the Church" in the upper room at Masborough, where a holy convocation had been kept. Since then I was invited to the residence of a long-afflicted saint, at No. 2, Wellington Road, near Miss Coutts' Model Houses, in the neighbourhood of Bethnal Green and Hackney Road. I went: was invited up stairs. There, to my astonishment, I found a little model chapel, with pulpit, seats, and all complete. It was filled with a praying company. Their singing and pleading proved to whom they belonged. I very much enjoyed the sacred presence

of the Lord; and was led to speak freely of the preciousness and prevalence of prayer, as I have often realised it. There is a meeting in the same upper room every Friday evening. Some quiet happy Christians there assemble; and they never forget either the Church in Squirries Street, or the

LITTLE VILLAGE PREACHER.

[The last village I laboured in was West End, Chobham;—there Mr. Lambourne, in almost a new and commodious chapel, preaches the Gospel. On the 16th of March, we were highly favoured; and the Name of the Lord was praised. On Easter Monday—if God permit—I shall visit East Bergholt, and preach twice. In faith, and in answer to prayer, Mrs. Baldwin and her friends have there erected a sweet little Bethel. I hope on Easter Monday to see many there. May the heavens smile upon us.]

CHEERING WORDS FOR THE CHRISTIAN MARINER.

THE following stanzas are from Miss "A. E. L.'s" little (6d.) book on "The Miracles of our Lord," now publishing at J. Paul's, near St. Paul's Churchyard. It is entitled

"THE TEMPEST STILLED."

"Peace, peace, be still;" there is a calm;
The waves are hushed to sleep;
They feel the moving of that arm
That rolled them o'er the deep.
Oh! think of this when troubles vex,
And loud and angry cares perplex.

Oh! ye of little faith, be strong,
Although the Master sleep;
He will arise to save ere long,
Fear not the raging deep;
With Christ on board, though waves may swell,
And cover all, it must be well.

Oh! walk not, judge not thus by sense,
 The flesh is coward oft;
 But faith can see the heart, from whence
 Flow streams of pity soft.
 Though ye may marvel, winds shall fly,
 And seas grow calm beneath his eye.

Save us, Lord Jesus, unto Thee
 We lift a trembling prayer;
 We're sailing o'er a troubled sea,
 Wilt Thou our spirits bear?
 For we are human—finite—frail,
 Yet safe if Thou with us wilt sail.

Yea, yea, Thou wilt for Thou hast said,
 I'll never, never leave;
 My children, brethren, never dread
 The powers that vex and grieve.
 I'm with you even to the end,
 Your Omnipresent mighty Friend.

Omnipotence is on our side,
 And we may well be strong,
 And though the waves are cold and wide.
 That drive our ship along,
 They only drive us into rest:
 The haven fair of Canaan blest.

There, more than conquerors* we shall sing,
 And more than conquerors reign
 O'er life, and death, and everything
 That here could give us pain.
 Oh! holy land, we long to be
 At home, where there is "no more sea."†

* Romans viii. 37.

† Revelation xxi. 1.

PROTESTANTS! READ AND CIRCULATE!

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A VERY OLD SOLDIER.

TH**ERE** was an old shoemaker in my uncle's shop, when I was quite a boy, who never seemed fond of me; and he always called me "old ninety-two." I did then, as I have done since, took it all in good part, and never turned angry with the old man; for he soon died, and went to his last account. I know I am an old fashioned subject; and I like an old fashioned Gospel; the artificial and empty shows and shams of many in our day I cannot like. Well, but I suppose I was an old fashioned boy; and, if the Lord is pleased to spare me, I hope to live, if I can be useful in living to a good old fashioned age, and, then, when God, in infinite mercy has turned my captivity, and helped me to make all straight with all people, I do hope to go home and see Him; and at His feet to fall, adoring and praising His ever glorious name. Oh! that will be bliss indeed.

But I am not "the old soldier." I met with the following account of old William Clark, of Dursley, in the *Gospel Magazine*: the writer says:—

William Clarke was born November 4, 1774, at Dursley. He learned the trade of a shoemaker. The following is an account of his life and experience, given by himself in the hearing of the writer, during his visits to him:—

ONE HALFPENNY.

"I enlisted January 17, 1794, in the 52nd Light Infantry. At that time I was about twenty years old. I was away twenty-two years and six months: during that time I was engaged in nearly thirty battles and skirmishes. I got wounded in the leg in the battle of Waterloo. I was convinced of my sins when about twelve years of age. When driving the French out of Spain, I put up a prayer to God, while engaged very warm, that if it was His will, He would defend me in the day of battle, and preserve me from being disabled, as I had two boys to labour for. The Lord answered my prayer word for word. I thought at the time I was a chosen vessel. I had not much concern about my soul before I enlisted. When young I had no instructor. I was like a wild colt in a forest. Although convinced I was a sinner when young, my convictions wore away. When I was in action I had no fear. When going into battle, sometimes my pals would say, 'Thou wilt catch it now, Bill.' I told them I should not, but that I should go home and die in my bed: I had that confidence. Not many in our regiment feared God; it was out of date then. After I came home, I began to feel more concerned about my soul, although for a time I acted very foolishly. I had a good partner; she earned ten or eleven shillings a week. I joined the Church at the Dursley Tabernacle, when the Rev. Mr. Neaton first came there (about forty years ago.) Before I joined this Church, the power of sin worked upon me mightily. I could see I was going the downward road. I was always partial to reading. While under convictions of sin, I took more to reading the Bible than any other book. When I went to bed, I was afraid to go to sleep, lest I should awake up in hell. Some nights it was not quite so bad. My convictions lasted more than two years. One day I was in great distress, and much cast down. I was brought to look to Christ as the Saviour of sinners. I felt, like Paul, that I could glory in the cross—not the wood. I then found relief, but not satisfaction. Near five or six weeks, after as I was standing in the yard by the old house, my convictions came so powerfully upon me that I was afraid to step, lest the ground should open and swallow me up in hell. That was a queer state to be in. I felt as though I was nailed to the ground. At last I crept in-

doors, but did not know what to do. My convictions became heavier towards the last. I could not sleep. One night, after having a bit of a doze, this passage came to my mind, '*Come unto me, all ye that labour,*' &c. It came very powerfully, and was repeated several times. I kept crying out, '*Come unto me.*' I tried to think of other passages, but could not. At this time I had not the notion to come in the right way, although the Spirit of God was leading me. About a fortnight after this text came powerfully to my mind. I was at a meeting. I longed to be in the house of God. When the services were ended on a Sunday, I did vex that there would be no more services till Wednesday evening. While hearing the Rev. G. Neaton preaching from the thirteenth chapter of Jeremiah, and the last clause of the last verse, '*Wilt thou not be made clean? when shall it once be?*' I was brought into the banqueting house, and His banner over me was love. I could not help singing for joy. What a day that was! I had my heart and soul full. When the words, '*When shall it once be?*' were spoken, I cried, '*Now—now—now!*' I was so light. What a glorious time that was. I had such a view of Christ's power to save. I had tight work to pacify myself. After service, I walked home with my wife. She told me not to walk so fast. I told her that I was so light, I could not help it. A short time after this, I said to my wife, '*I am going to establish a new concern in my house; I am going, by God's help, to establish a family altar.*' I did so; and, by the Lord's help, continued it; and I often felt great liberty in speaking to my children upon the word of God."

He was naturally, before as well as after his conversion, of a cheerful temper, and not addicted to swearing. After his discharge from the army, he received his pension every quarter, at which times his practice was to spend a week, and sometimes a fortnight, in drinking; but he would always return home early, and, as his son remarked, "in a good quill"—i. e., a good temper. After his call by grace, this conduct was a grief to him. On one of his drinking bouts, he had a dream which was repeated three nights following. It was to the effect that if he gave up drinking his soul would be saved. This occurred a short time before

his conversion, and it made him feel concerned about his soul. He, however, never ascribed his salvation to anything save the electing love, redeeming blood, and regenerating grace of the Triune Jehovah. This was his creed, and it would puzzle Dr. Colenso or the Pope to find a better.

He was well acquainted with the warfare which is going on in every Christian between the old and new man. The nearer he approached his Father's house above the more sensible was he of the corruption of his nature, and would often speak in condemnatory of terms of the workings of the body of sin and death under which he groaned; hence he would join in with the words of the apostle, "I know that in me (that is, in my flesh) dwelleth no good thing." When the new man of grace was active, and the old man of sin subdued, he would with much emotion quote the following texts: "I know whom I have believed;" and "I will make an everlasting covenant with them," &c.; and he would feelingly and triumphantly say, "He hath made *with me* an everlasting covenant." He frequently, during the last few months of his life, when confined to his bed, expressed his desire to "depart to be with Christ," &c.; and his last words, repeated in the hearing of the writer, were, "I long to depart to be with Christ, which is far better." A short time after uttering these words he fell asleep in Jesus, in the ninetieth year of his age.

ONE WITH JESUS.

O ne with Jesus; oh how precious, are these words my soul to thee,
N ever canst thou in all future separated from Him be,
B 'en with Jesus, wast thou in eternity.

W hat a mystery! one with Jesus, ere the sun began its race,
I n the heart of Jesus ever hast thou an abiding place;
T hough the fall in Adam brought thee, to the very brink of hell,
H e in purpose never lost thee for He loved thee far too well.

J esus! while o'er earth I'm wandering, tracing this life's pathway drear
E ver may I feel Thy presence near at hand my soul to cheer,
S ince Thou hast revealed Thy oneness with this wretched soul of mine,
U pon me in loving kindness, do thou condescend to shine,
S afely guide me, Jesus, to the heavenly clime.

Deptford.

T. G. C. A.

CONVERSION IN A STAGE COACH.

AN authenticated writer in "The Monthly Messenger" gives the following beautiful narrative.

"Does you love God?"

The question came from a sweet pair of lips. Opposite sat a young gentleman of striking exterior. The gentleman and child were travelling in a stage-coach. The latter sat on her mother's knee. Her little face, beautiful beyond description, looked out from a frame of delicate lace-work. For four hours the coach had been toiling on over an unequal road; and the child had been very winning in her little ways,—lispings songs, lifting her bright blue eyes often to her mother's face,—then falling back in a little old-fashioned, contented way, into her mother's arms, saying by the mute action, "I am happy here."

For more than an hour the dear babe, scarce yet having crossed the rosy threshold of her fifth year, had been answering the smiles of the young man who had been pleased with her beauty. He had nodded his head to her little tunes, he had offered her his pearl-handled knife to play with, and, at last, his heart went over to her at every glance. The mild blue eyes, full of the innocence of a holy love and a trusting faith, made pulses leap with a purer joy; and, as the coach rattled on, he began to wish the end of the journey were not so very near.

The child had been sitting for the last fifteen minutes regarding the young man with a glance that seemed almost solemn; neither smiling at his caresses, nor smiling at the dear face that bent above her.

A thoughtfulness seemed to spread over the young brow that had never yet been shadowed by care; and as the coach stopped at the inn door, and the passengers moved uneasily preparatory to leaving, she bent towards the young man, and lisped in her childish voice these words:—

"Does you love God?"

He did not understand, at first, in the confusion, and bent over

nearer ; and the voice asked again, clearly, almost eagerly, " Does you love God ? " the thoughtful, inquiring eyes, meantime, beaming into his own.

The young man drew hastily back, blushing up to the very roots of his hair. He looked in a sort of confused, abrupt way at the child, who, frightened at his manner, had hidden her face in her mother's bosom ; turned to the coach door, gave another look back, as if he longed to see her face, and then left the coach.

He hurried to his hotel ; but the little voice went with him. There seemed an echo in his heart constantly repeating the question of the child :—" Does you love God ? " Several gay young men met him at his hotel. They appeared to have been waiting for him, and welcomed him with mirth that was always boisterous. They had prepared him an elegant supper ; and after he had been to his room, escorted him to the table. The full gleam of the gas fell upon the glittering furniture ; red wines threw shadows of a lustrous crimson hue athwart the snowy linen. There were mirth, wit, faces lighted with pleasure,—everything to charm the eye and please the palate ; but the young man was conscious of a void never experienced before. His heart ached to see the child again, and ever and anon he seemed to hear her words,—

" Does you love God ? "

His name was Gilbert. Only twenty-three years of age, he was a good scholar, and esteemed by his friends a genius. Already he had made his mark as a writer ; but he had never thought as he thought to-night on that solemn import of the simple question,—

" Does you love God ? "

It came to him when he held the red wine to his lips ; it was heard amid the clatter of the billiard-balls, and the shouts of merry laughter that filled the wide room everywhere. Whichever way he turned, he saw the earnest glance of that blue-eyed child, heard the low voice singing, the low voice laughing, the low voice asking thrillingly,—

" Does you love God ? "

It followed him to his bedside. He had tried to drown it in

wine, in song, in careless levity. He strove to sleep it away, but heard it in his dreams.

The next night he met a fashionable friend. He was to take her to some place of pleasure. She was very beautiful in dazzling robes. The gleam of pearls, and the lustrous of silk and lace vied with each other to enhance her loveliness; but even as she came sailing into the room with smiles upon her young red lips, and a welcome in her words, there came, too, floating noiselessly at her side, the presence of that angel-child. The better feelings her innocent presence had awakened were yet warm; and, before he knew it, the young man said quickly and earnestly, "Does you love God?"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed the young girl with a start of surprise.

"I was thinking, as you came in, of a lovely child I saw yesterday," he replied. "As I was in the act of leaving the coach, she suddenly looked up and asked me that question."

"And what, pray, put it into the child's head? What did you answer?"

"I am ashamed to say, I was not prepared with an answer," replied the young man, casting down his eyes.

That night, pleasure had no gratification for him. His feet trod languidly the mazes of the dance; his smiles were forced: and more than once it was said of him, "He does not seem himself." No; he was not like the gay, thoughtless, self, of former years. There was a pool lying in his bosom, the waters of which had never before been disturbed.

Now, a little child had dropped a pebble in, and the vibration was to go on through eternity. * * * *

Dust-soiled and travel-weary, a thoughtful man walked through the principal street of a large western city. As he went on, apparently absorbed in his own meditations, his eye accidentally encountered a face looking down from the window of a handsome house. His whole countenance suddenly changed. He paused an instant, looking eagerly at the window, and in another moment his hand was on the bell-handle. He was ushered into the very room where sat the lady of the house.

"You will pardon my intrusion," he said, "but I could not pass by after seeing you accidentally at the window. I have never forgotten you nor your little girl, who, five years ago, in a stage-coach, put to me the artless question, 'Does you love God?' do you remember?"

"I think I do," said the lady smilingly, "from the circumstance that you seemed so much startled and confused; but my dear child asked almost every person whom we met that or similar questions."

"Her innocent face is engraven on my heart," said the young man with much emotion. "Never, since that day, have I been tempted to do that which my conscience would not sanction, but the earnest, serious gaze with which she regarded me before she asked that question has come to my mind. Would she remember me, do you think? Absurd thought, of course she would not. But I should remember her anywhere, under any circumstances. Can I not see her, Madam? Is she at home with you? I long to take her in my arms, and here once more the voice that God has used to draw my heart to him."

Strange, that in his eagerness he did not notice that paling cheek, the quiver of the mother's lips, the sudden placing of her hand against her heart! Strange also, that he did not mark the absence of patting feet, of little, gentle indications that a child's fingers had been busy in the room about him.

Suddenly, as he ceased speaking, there came over him a startling consciousness. He saw the tear-stained cheek turned towards the window; he noticed the garments of sombre hue; he heard the silence reigning within. "Madam—is—the child—"

"She is in heaven," came low and brokenly from the trembling lips. The young man sank back in his seat, agitated, dumb,—sorrowful that he had so rudely torn open the still bleeding wound in that womanly heart.

"This is sad tidings," he said, after a long pause, and his voice was troubled. "Dear little angel! She is then speaking to me from the grave."

The mother arose, and beckoned him to follow her. Into a

little hallowed chamber she went, where, in a case were the books the child loved; her Bible, her beautiful rewards, her childish toys.

"There," said the mother, now quite broken down, and sobbing as she spoke,—“there is all that is left on earth of precious Nettie.”

“No, madam, that is not all that is left; I am here a monument of God’s mercy, made so through her holy influence. Before she asked me that question on that eventful day, my mind was a chaos of doubt, of bewildering and conflicting errors. I had dared to question the existence of an Almighty Creator. I had defyingly thrown my taunts at Him, who, in great forbearance, has forgiven me. My influence for evil was unlimited, because men looked up to me, and chose me for their leader. I was going the downward path,—groping blindly in a great labyrinth of error, and dragging others with me. Madam, by this time I might have been a debauchee, a libertine, a God-defying wretch, but for her unlooked-for question,—‘Does you love God?’”

“Oh! that voice! that look! that almost infinite sorrow! that divine pity that through her glanced into my soul! Madam, these tears bear witness that your child left more than precious dust and perishing toys.”

Utterly broken down, the strong man wept like a child. All he said was true; for he held the hearts of men in his hands. In genius he was one of the strong ones of the earth, and now that powerful mind was engaged in spreading the tidings of man’s salvation through Jesus Christ.

Reader, in the sweet accents of that babe of heaven, is there not a voice in your heart asking,—“Does you love God?”

’Tis a point of excellent wisdom, to keep the golden bridle of moderation upon all the affections we exercise upon earthly things; and never to slip those reins, unless when they move towards God, in whose love there is no danger of excess.—
FLAVELL.

THE GOOD OLD BARBER AT CHATHAM.

BY JOHN KERSHAW.

MANY years ago, being engaged to supply at Zoar Chapel, Great Alie Street, London, when I arrived at my lodgings I found a letter waiting for me, requesting me to go down to Chatham to preach the word of life, giving me directions to go by the steamer to Gravesend, and from thence to Rochester by an omnibus; and that when I arrived at the inn where it stopped, I was to enquire for old Mr. Taylor, the barber, in College Yard. From these directions, I found the old man's house, it being near at hand. He gave me instructions where I was to make my home during my stay amongst them. From several years' acquaintance with him I found him to be a humble, God-fearing person, well known to the late William Huntington, who would always have him to shave him when he visited Chatham, and each time gave him half-a-crown. The good old man related to me, at different times, several of the Lord's gracious and providential dealings with him, which greatly interested me, proving that "Jehovah Jireh will provide." The following is an instance: That dear and esteemed man of God, the late William Tiptaft like myself, was for several years one of the regular supplies at Zoar Chapel. He also received an invitation to preach the Gospel at Chatham, to go by the packet and omnibus, and call at Mr. Taylor's, College Yard. When it was made known at Chatham that he was coming, a friend of Mr. Tiptaft's, who had lived in Berkshire, but was then residing at Chatham, wrote to invite him to make his house his home when he came. With this request he complied. He left London by the steamer. As they went down the river, the question arose in his mind, "Shall I first go to my friend, with whom I am to stay, and after dinner go to Mr. Taylor's, or shall I go to the latter first?" The conflict and exercise of his mind for some time was so great that he felt certain something of importance would be the result, and he besought the Lord to decide the matter for him. Before he left the steamer he felt his mind settled to call at Mr. Taylor's before proceeding to his friend's.

When he entered the house, he made himself known, and the dear old man, much agitated, said, "I am glad to see you; but sorry you have called at this time. I have been fearing the arrival of the omnibus, as I did not wish you to witness my present distress. These two men you see here are bailiffs, whom my landlord has put into the house for rent. I have lived in the house more than twenty years, and have always been enabled to pay my rent until this year, and what I owe is ten pounds, due six weeks since." Mr. Tiptaft at once saw the reason he was to call at College Yard first, and that the Lord meant him to pay the rent. He inquired if the landlord lived near, and, being informed he lived in the town, he sent one of the bailiffs for him. When he came, Mr. Tiptaft said to him, "You are distressing these old people for rent who have lived in the house more than twenty years, and have paid their rent up until the last year; and as it has only been due six weeks, it appears to me harsh and unfeeling to come upon them so hastily." He replied, "Sir, it may appear so to you; but I have my family to maintain out of my rents, and if my tenants cannot pay me, I must have them out, and get others who can." Mr. Tiptaft requested him to remove the men, promising, on his return to Abingdon, to remit the ten pounds. The landlord replied, "I cannot remove them on the word of a stranger. You may, or you may not send me the money." Mr. Tiptaft then asked him if he knew Mr. —, mentioning his friend from Berkshire. He replied, he did, and considered him highly respectable. He was requested to see him, and state to him the circumstance, and Mr. Tiptaft's promise to remit the money. He did so, and shortly returned, telling Mr. Tiptaft he had seen his friend, who said, "If Mr. Tiptaft fails, you may look to me for the money." "That is enough for me, and I will dismiss the men." (We need not say that the money was sent from Abingdon; but if we remember right, the dear man had to borrow it, for he never could keep such a sum in his pocket.—Ed.) The dear old couple, like Manoah and his wife, looked on with wonder, that the very man whom he was afraid of seeing should be the honoured instrument of his deliverance, and could joyfully sing with the poet:

"God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform."

The first time I went to London after these things had taken place, I received another letter to go to Chatham, and to call at Taylor's in such a street. I was surprised to find he had left the house where he had followed his calling for so long a time, and when I arrived, inquired the reason, and received from him the information above stated. He also told me that before Mr. Tiptaft left Chatham, he had consulted with some of the friends, and they came to the conclusion that Taylor had better leave the house, as, through advanced age, he would be unable to meet the rent, and would be again in the same difficulty; and it would be better to have a smaller place, with less rent: so he removed.

Another year rolled round, when I had to pay my annual visit to the metropolis, and received my usual letter to go to Chatham, requesting me to call at old Taylor's, College Yard. At this I was greatly surprised, wondering how it could be that he was again in the old house. When I got there, I inquired the cause from my poor brother. He replied, "You know all about my having to leave." I replied, "I do." "Well," said he, "the Lord is very good to us. Before we left this place it had got into a very dilapidated state, and you know we could not pay the rent, much more repair it, and the Lord very kindly removed us out of the way to the house you saw us in last year. When we were gone, the landlord gave it a thorough repair, making it as you now see it, which, had it been done while we were in, would have much inconvenienced us with work-people and other things. Several months after it was completed, my late landlord called upon me quite unexpectedly, and inquired if my present house or the house in College Yard was the better for my business. I replied, 'The house in College Yard by far is the better.'" He then told me that after I left his house he had it put into good repair, and put a notice in the window, 'This house to be let,' but never had a person to enquire the rent; so I am come to tell you that if you will go back you shall have it for the same rent as you pay for this; and if you are never able to pay me any rent, I will never send any more bailiffs to trouble you."

As the dear man related these things to me, his countenance shone, while he blessed and praised the Lord for his great goodness to such poor unworthy creatures.

How true it is,

"The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower."

THE JUVENILE MOURNER.

"What occasions that melancholy look?" said I to one of my young favourites, one morning. He turned away his face, to hide a tear that was ready to start from his eye. His brother answered for him: "Mother is very angry with him because he would not say his prayers last night; and he cried all day, because a sparrow died of which he was very fond." The little mourner hastily turned round, and looking at me, exclaimed, "I could not say, Thy will be done, because of my poor bird." I took him by the hand, and pointing to his schoolfellows, "Mark this observation," said I, "from the youngest present, only six years old, for it explains the nature of prayer, of which perhaps some of you are ignorant; many persons repeat words, who never prayed in their lives. My dear boy, I am very glad to find you were afraid to say to God what you could not say truly from your heart; but you may beg of him to give you submission to his will!"

THERE being a great mutiny among the soldiers of Alexander the Great, he first spoke to them in a conciliating manner, but perceiving that such language rather exasperated than allayed their fury, he leaped from his throne and ran his sword through some of the most mutinous, upon which the rest relented, and begging his pardon complied with his commands. When my affections prove mutinous and rebel against grace, there is no arguing the case with them for they gather strength by treaty: the right way is to fly in the face of them by an immediate detestation, there being no expedient in this case like a speedy resolution.

OUR LITTLE "JIREH" AT EAST BERGHOLT.

ON Easter Monday, I saw "Jireh" chapel, in East Bergholt, and a more chaste and perfect little Gospel tabernacle, in the country, I never beheld:

Many of my readers know that Mrs. E. Baldwin has, for years, cried to God to enable her to erect a house for prayer and preaching in that Papistical, but very beautiful village, called East Bergholt. All sorts of opposition assailed her; but still her faith lived, and it laboured too; her heart grew warm with holy fire, and kindled with a pure desire—and give it up she could not. Two or three times I went down there, and preached in the Primitives' chapel; and I preached also in a waggon, in a field; and I preached in a cottage; and several good brethren came to strengthen the hands of our sister. Mr. Poock, of Ipswich, is her pastor, and he and some of his friends came over to Bergholt, to preach and pray, and sing, and talk together; and the late Mr. Matthews, of Hadleigh; and Mr. John Plaw, once of Hadleigh Heath; and that red-hot soldier of the cross, A. Baker, of Tunstall, and many more, gathered round that praying mother in Israel; and now I hope we may say, God has heard her cries, answered her prayers, and has enabled her to build a house to His praise and honour. Dr. Zimpel, who wants to lay down a railway from Jaffa to Jerusalem, to carry Jews and Gentiles home to that land of promise, has just sent me his book, wherein he says, "Any one familiar with history knows how often the greatest consequences have been brought about by trifling circumstances or instruments." So, in this case, a single female, in a large, out-of-the-way village, is laid on a bed of affliction—on that bed her heart is moved to pray unto the Lord to help her to build a sanctuary for the Gospel. She was raised up. The desire never left her. Prayer never ceased. Satan roared—the flesh feared—professors sneered—friends scoffed—all things seemed against it; but God was for it.

Mr. Baldwin had a piece of land, which he allowed his beloved wife to have; and on it this sweet little Jireh is erected.

On Easter Monday, when I sat down for the first time in the platform seat, my mind was led to that spacious and glorious prophecy of Joel, the second chapter—and the words there twice repeated—“My people shall never be ashamed”—were most precious to me—and I believe they were expressly for the dear saints of God at East Bergholt. To them, the cheering words were sent, “Ye shall eat in plenty and be satisfied; and praise the name of the Lord your God, that hath dealt wondrously with you; and my people shall never be ashamed!” Ah! they often fear they shall be ashamed. Of themselves they are ashamed; but, when the Church of God stands in the perfection of the Saviour’s work—when she stands in the beauty of his righteousness—and in the glory of his kingdom; then, oh! then, shall sin, and shame, and sorrow, flee for ever—never to return.

I must plead for the cause at East Bergholt; they have a large sum to make up every month; and they are all poor. I hope the Lord and his people will help them. I most gladly would; but I am only a very little

VILLAGE PREACHER.

THE ancients tell of a certain dry island near to Athens, that the inhabitants bestowed much labour to draw into it a river to water it and make it more fruitful, but when all the passages were opened, and the receptacles prepared, the water came in so plentifully, that it overflowed all, and at the first tide drowned the island and all the people. “They that will be rich,” saith the apostle, “fall into temptation and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition.” It is said of the plain of Sodom that it was well watered everywhere; surely no country ever produced a more rank harvest of sins. Adversity is a blessing in disguise; and prosperity is often a curse in a mask. Lord, thou shalt choose mine inheritance for me.

THE Persians being invaded by the Turks, burnt up all that might be of use to sustain man or beast; that those who could not be overcome by force might be weakened by famine. Not to make provision for the flesh is a great assistance towards abating the strength of lust.

LIVING IN JESUS.

A mind at "perfect peace" with
God:

Oh, what a word is this!
A sinner reconciled through blood,
This, this indeed is peace!
By nature and by practice far,
How very far from God!
Yet now by grace brought nigh to
Him,

Through faith in Jesus' blood,
So nigh, so very nigh to God,
I cannot nearer be;
For in the person of His Son
I am as near as he.
So dear, so very dear to God,
More dear I cannot be;
The love wherewith He loves His
Son,

Such is His love to me.
Why should I ever careful be,
Since such a God is mine?
He watches o'er me night and day,
And tells me "Mine is thine."
I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Come unto me and rest:

Lay down, thou weary one, lay
down

Thy head upon my breast."
I came to Jesus as I was,
Weary and worn, and sad,
I found in him a resting-place,
And he has made me glad.
I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"Behold, I freely give
The living water—thirsty one,
Stoop down & drink, & live!"
I came to Jesus and I drank
Of that life-giving stream,
My thirst was quenched, my soul
revived,

And now I live in him.
I heard the voice of Jesus say,
"I am this dark world's light:
Look unto me, thy morn shall
rise,
And all the day be bright."
I looked to Jesus, and I found
In him my Star, my Sun,
And in that light of life I'll walk
Till trav'ling days are done.

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Cheering Words.

VOL. XV.

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A BEAUTIFUL SIGHT, AND A HEAVENLY SAYING.

THE Sabbath is a mercy great indeed! After toiling all last week, I sat down quietly on Saturday evening, waiting on the LORD, for a message for the people next day. I do enjoy sometimes a thought or two upon the little green spots which even in this desert I have found. Last Monday, after attending to a few things in the city, I set off for Wooburn Green, and for Prestwood Common, to fulfil three engagements I had made, and wherein I appeared, through the Lord's mercy, in my homely character as A VILLAGE PRAACHER. I was honourably attended to the Railway Station by my dear wife, and my eldest son: and pleasant associations, natural affections, and sympathising interchanges of good feeling for one's safety and welfare, are like little coals of fire which warm a poor solitary soul like mine; and make me, for the moment, almost forget the heavy sorrows which only weigh upon my spirits; and which, surely, but for sustaining grace must long since have sunken me either into despair, or mental darkness dreadful to think of. Down the Great Western line, to Wooburn Green, at this time of year, is a short, sweet, and pretty journey, to those who can, while gazing on creation's lovely forms, look through them all to their GREAT AUTHOR, and in the goings forth of faith, exclaim—

Abide with me! fast falls the eventide,
The darkness thickens, Lord, with me abide

ONE HALFPENNY.

When earthly helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, Oh, abide with me!

Not a brief glance I beg—a passing word—
But as Thou dwellest with Thy people, Lord,
Familiar, condescending, patient, free—
Come not to sojourn, but abide with me!

I need Thy presence every passing hour,
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide, my stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Oh, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!

When I reached the station at Woburn Green, last Monday evening, (May 8th,) I saw Mr. Francis, a friend to Zion; and Mr. Griffin, a young minister of the Gospel, who has but recently put on the Gospel harness; they both received me gladly; and soon across the Green we walked to the house of brother Richard Howard, whose heart and hand has for years been open to receive any of the Lord's messengers who, in His message, and with His word, might come that way. Henry Bartholomew, Cornelius Slim, William Wilson, Abraham Howard, and some others, have been the honoured pastors of this little valley; but, now, the house of God looks sadly; and the family of the saints are not so united and so happy as we could wish to see them. Certainly, I was a village preacher that evening; for I stood behind a little table, in a good-sized kitchen; which being filled with attentive listeners, I read that precious Psalm where it is said "a father of the fatherless, and a judge of the widows, is God in His holy habitation," and, in a literal, in a spiritual, and in an evangelical method, I was led a little into that sweet declaration; after this, I preached; and some happy fellowships we had together. There was one poor child of God there in great mental affliction. We all tried to comfort her; but all was in vain. How glad I should be to know of her deliverance and liberty in the Gospel!

PRESTWOOD COMMON ANNIVERSARY

was the next day ; and in the morning, as I was in bed, I prayed for a text, and these words came into my soul, "Therefore, if any man be in CHRIST JESUS, he is a new creature, old things are passed away, behold all things are become new."

How kind, how full of compassion, and how ready to answer my sighs, is the GOOD SPIRIT of our God ! Ah ! many times when I have been travelling and preaching, I have looked to heaven for help, and help has come. I often think within myself, that my loving, precious LORD JESUS, intended me to be a kind of little errand boy in the streets of Jerusalem ; and as an Evangelist, to carry His words to His scattered people, and instrumentally to feed and comfort those little flocks who have no under shepherd. It is marvellous how sweet that work is to my soul ; I sometimes am then like a hind let loose ; but as a settled pastor in London, I often feel deeply humbled ; for while I stand and preach among hundreds of thousands, my success in winning souls appears so little, that I sigh and groan enough to break a soft heart. Poor John Wigmore says,—

Lord ! how the tempter haunts my soul,
And that from day to day ;
He, on me, roaring, falls so foul,
To make my soul his prey.

Lord, hear my soul's lamenting cry,
Lord JESUS, come with speed ;
And with thy fulness me supply,
For help I greatly need.

Brother Griffin and myself set off for Wycombe : there we saw a kind friend who preaches at Prestwood ; and when I thought of that choice young man, S. Evans, who was so recently and suddenly taken away, I sorrowed, yet, said I, how wonderfully God takes away one and raises up another. This good man's name, I think, is Price. He was called under Jesse Gwinnell, when Jesse came to Newland to preach ; and to the soul of our young friend, Jessie Gwinnell is very dear.

On Prestwood common, I met many choice saints. How

blessed a privilege it is to be one with the Lord's chosen and called people. There I saw James Clark, of Stowmarket; he is now quite a good minister, we walked and talked together, I think, in brotherly affection. There, too, I saw that choice servant of Christ, friend "Free," whose name and nature well agree. And there at the head of all the pious and praying people on Prestwood, I once more shook hands with that honest and devout man; brother Mason: and our full-faced and rosy-cheeked brother Cook, while lots of lovers of truth, filled up the chapel, and a happy day we spent. The Lord be praised. May he still bless the cause at Prestwood, and all his little hills, where lambs and sheep together feed, and where His NAME is known.

On the following Saturday evening my mind was led to Zechariah, and that one text, "The Lord shall be seen over them," was beautiful. I saw Him leading them out to Bethany, and then He went up; and a cloud received Him out of their sight. But faith still beholds Him as being "Head over ALL THINGS; unto His church." And, bye and bye, when he comes in the clouds, and all the angels with Him; and when the redeemed on the earth shall hear the trumpet sound, then, on looking upward, they shall realize the prophetic promise to the full, "THE LORD SHALL BE SEEN OVER THEM," inviting and drawing them near to "meet Him in the air," and so shall they ever be with Him. This was to my soul, in vision, a sight most delightful indeed.

After preaching from the word referred to in the morning, I had this word for night, "And I will make a man more precious than fine gold, a man than the golden wedge of Ophir." But I have exceeded the space allowed to

A VILLAGE PREACHER.

"If we receive a mercy, and are given to see ourselves unworthy of it, we receive two mercies in one—for a sense of our unworthiness, is one of the greatest mercies God can bestow."—*Romans.*

HOW YOU MAY KNOW YOUR NAME IS IN THE BOOK OF LIFE.

AS you walk down the Hackney-road you may sometimes see at No. 70, a fine-looking fellow they call "Brother Alsop." He was a Primitive preacher; but, one day he heard James Wells preach a sermon which the Spirit of God so applied to friend Alsop's soul that he now belongs to that section of the Church; and the following note is from his own pen:—

DEAR BROTHER BANKS,—I went to the anniversary of Waltham Abbey, May the 17th. Had the pleasure of hearing Mr. Wells in the morning; he preached from Dan. vii. 9, 10. Had a most beautiful sermon; the blessed truth of God was opened up and explained in a way, that appeared to me there was a portion dealt out to every child of grace, in whatever state of experience he might be passing through. When speaking of the names of every chosen vessel of mercy being written in the Lamb's Book of Life, he said this is a thing that concerns every child of God, and troubles many. Ah, says one, if I only knew that my name was written there then I could be happy. Could you? Then I will just look and see if your name is there. Now, you will please answer to your name if I call it over. First name: "*Blessed are they that mourn for they shall be comforted.*" That's me; that's me, Lord; I have been mourning and groaning and sighing after thee for a long time. Well, then, you may settle yourself down quietly—your name is in the book of life—for you are a mourner. Next name; answer to it: "*Blessed are the meek.*" That's me, Lord, that's me; for I am a poor, sinful, wretched, miserable, lost, undone, broken-hearted sinner, only fit fuel to be burned. Then you are all right; for to that man will I look that is of a broken and contrite heart, and that trembleth at my word. Next name, answer to it: "*Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness.*" That's me, that's me, Lord; for as the hart panteth after the water brook so panteth my soul after thee.

Well, then, you may rest yourself quiet, you are all right; your name is in the book of life, for you are hungry and thirsty, and my God shall supply all your needs both for time and eternity. Next name: "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." That's me, that's me, Lord, for it is mercy I want; no one in the world stands in need of mercy more than I do, for I am the vilest sinner that ever lived; my sins are more than the hairs of my head; I am as a beast before thee; my head is bad, my heart is bad, and I am bad altogether; "God be merciful to me a sinner." Come, poor soul, cheer up; thy sins, which are many, are all forgiven thee. And thus our brother Wells went on describing the experience of God's children in his own quaint way, that made the people's eyes sparkle and their cheeks radiant with smiles all the morning. After the sermon we adjourned to Mr. Webster's barn, where we found the place all beautifully fitted up and decorated with large branches of trees; the tables were ornamented with large bunches of flowers. About 100 sat down to dinner, and were amply supplied with roast veal, ham, beef, mutton, lamb, and salads, &c. At three o'clock Mr Blake, of Artillery chapel, expounded from the 42nd Psalm, and said some good things; after which, Mr. Ballard preached from Heb. v., part of 11th verse. He spake of the sufferings of Christ, of His love, of His brotherhood, and of his being the Shepherd and Bishop of our souls. After the service we went to the barn, where about 150 partook of tea; after which a vote of thanks was given to Mr. Webster for his kindness in lending the barn, and in supplying us with such an abundance of the good things of this life. The vote of thanks was carried unanimously, with a good hearty clap, and with a wish that Mr. Webster may live many years longer, that he may have the opportunity of supplying the people of Waltham Abbey again. I am sure there is great praise due to all for their good management.

Mr. Messer preached in the evening from the 2nd Epistle to the Corinthians, 3rd chapter, 18th verse, "But we all, with open face, beholding as in a glass the glory of the Lord, are changed into the same image from glory to glory, even as by the Spirit of the Lord." He gave us a most glowing character of the apostle

Paul, in his burning zeal, his undaunted courage, his lion-like heart, in braving every storm, surmounting every difficulty, breasting every wave; and although he knew that bonds and imprisonment awaited him, yet, yet he could say, in the face of the block or the gibbet, "None of these things move me; neither count I my life dear unto me so I may win Christ." Yes, this was the apostle's grand work, to point to a precious Christ. Meet him where you may, or when you may, it was the story of the Cross. Calvary! Calvary! The streaming blood, the sin-killing, soul-saving, devil-defeating, hell-conquering blood. This was his constant theme—"God forbid I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ"—"I am determined to know nothing among men save Jesus Christ, and Him crucified." The Lord send us more such men. But is it not to be feared that many of our ministers have departed from the simplicity of the Gospel, and instead of preaching Christ they are pulling each other to pieces; bickering, cavilling, and denouncing every body else that do not see just as they do? There are two ways of preaching the truth—a repulsive way and an attractive way. Some men render the truths of the Gospel in such an awkward way, and throw it out in such a clumsy manner that it becomes repugnant to those who hear it; instead of which, as the great apostle says, "speaking the truth in love." The man that is most successful in the ministry is the one that preaches up the free, unmerited, saving mercy of God to poor broken-hearted sinners; that man that preaches and holds forth man as lost, ruined, undone, entirely hopeless and helpless to do anything to save himself. It is only when God, the Eternal Spirit, opens a man's eyes to see that he has no righteousness of his own, then, and only then, will he accept of the righteousness of another, even of the imputed righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ. And thus, the man that preaches up Jesus and Jesus only, is the one that God will own and bless; and such a preacher is our dear brother Messer.

We had a good congregation; I may say the Lord was with us, and his glory felt amongst us all the day.—Yours in Jesus,

70, Hackney-road.

C. ALSEP.

POOR EBENEZER ALLNUTT.

I was riding with Mr. Green to Ripley to preach for our ministering brother, Charles Z. Turner, on the Queen's birthday, May 24th, 1865, when friend Green asked if I had heard of the painful death of one of Mr. Allnutt's sons. I had not heard of it; but having known Henry Allnutt, and his good wife, and their family, so many years, I felt a sympathising desire to know what had taken poor Ebenezer off; and what hope of his salvation was entertained. We were travelling easily on the road from Weybridge to Ripley, through Squire Buxton's beautiful grounds; and a sweeter morning, I think, I never beheld. The trees, the gardens, the fields, the hills and the valleys, the heaths and the shrubberies, all seemed to rejoice in the delightful smiles and healthy breezes, which the sun in the heavens, and a soft south-western air poured upon the whole face of nature; and while inhaling the ten thousand scents and scenes flowing from such sources of nature's beauty, with Needham, one is constrained to sing—

"Lord, while thy glorious works I view,
Form thou my heart and soul anew;
Here bid thy purest light to shine,
And beauty glow with charms divine."

Henry Allnutt was for many years the pastor of the church at Ripley; and there the Lord honoured him; there many times I preached for him; and surely some holy days in our Master's service we have spent. Something—I know not what—removed brother Allnutt from Ripley to Brockham; where he still preaches CHRIST IN YOU—the hope of glory; and his son in the Gospel, C. Z. Turner, has been raised up to carry on the testimony to God's truth in that calm and contented-looking part of our land, called Ripley-green—a breathing and a resting place for many a weary traveller. Instrumentally, Charles Turner has gathered round him a happy band of sound-hearted believers, who thank the Lord for the use He is pleased to make of His servant among them. Between the services, on the 24th of May, we sat down under the trees on the green; and when they

sang, and as they cheerfully served out the tea, it well prepared a grateful heart to try and sing with all the ransomed—

“Awake, my soul, in joyful lays,
And sing thy great Redeemer’s praise,
He justly claims a song from thee;
His loving kindness, O how free!”

I return to poor Ebenezer Allnutt. That young man set out in life with hope of being happy in Zion; and useful in his day. Clouds gathered round him; and afflicting dispensations seemed to follow him. Not far from his father’s parsonage, the other day, being near some kind of a steam engine, his foot was caught; he was dragged in; and so dreadfully was he crushed, that in a few hours he was laid a lifeless, mutilated corpse. Poor young man; we only grieve over his dreadful rough passage out of time; but as in his dying moments, he said,

“Though painful at present,
’Twill cease before long,”

so we hope, now, in that kingdom where such dreadful scenes are never known, his ransomed and justified spirit is singing,

“How sweet and how pleasant,
The conqueror’s song!”

This has been another severe trial to the dear pastor at Brockham, in Surrey; but we trust, even now, he tries to sing again,

“Our journey lies across the brink of many a threat’ning wave,
The world expects to see us sink, but JESUS LIVES TO SAVE.”

WALKING LONDON STREETS—No. I.*

I WILL tell you of an adventure I had in London some years ago. I was passing a crossing at a busy part of the city, and at a corner I saw a poor boy standing near the boys who were cleaning gentlemen’s shoes.

“I have often seen them, grandfather.”

Well, the poor boy looked a ruin. He was without a shirt, and with such ragged clothing that he was the most con-

* From the “Life of a successful Wesleyan Minister”—price 6d. Stevenson.

spicuous personage of the street. But he seemed not aware of his strangeness; he was habituated to such a costume. He had at his feet an old box to show that he was there to clean shoes, but he had no customers. I was his first customer that morning.

The other shoe-blacks laughed when I put my foot on the strange boy's box, and one said—

"He can't do them, sir—he can't, really; he has no brushes."

"Yes, I have," replied my poor boy. "Ain't I to earn a breakfast as well as you society-boys?"

The society-boys are those who wear red coats; and they are generally well-behaved, and in this case they were not at all rude; they did not further interfere, but they watched the progress of my shoe-black with great interest. The poor little fellow produced from a piece of faded carpet his brushes. The brush for removing the dirt was a worn-out gentleman's nail-brush, the blacking-brush was a rag with which he smeared on the paste, and the polishing-brush was a worn-out blacklead-brush. Never did a poor fellow commence a trade with a poorer stock of tools. He was twenty minutes in cleaning my boots, and I will tell you our conversation.

"Where did you get your brushes?"

"I didn't steal them. Rich people throw lots of things away, and they throw'd these away, and I picked 'em up."

"Why do you not buy proper brushes?"

"I don't earn money enough. Soon as I get a copper mother wants it."

"Have you no father?"

"Yes; but he's no good to me, or to mother either. He sometimes brings a bob home, and a tanner too sometimes, but he eats all hisself."

"What is a 'bob,' grandfather? and what is a 'tanner'?"

Many vulgar people use improper names for many things: a sixpence they call a *tanner*; a shilling they call a *bob*; a sovereign they call a *quid*. They have other silly names for every other piece of money.

"I shall not call my moneys by those names. Grandfather, what more did the poor boy tell you?"

I will tell you his sad tale as nearly as I can in his own words. Remember, he was only seven years old, and had never seen any other kind of life than that he described.

"Father comes home and orders a hot supper: mother gets it for him. It's no use saying 'No,' for he would only beat her and then go and get drunk. So she just does as he says, and she gives it him all. He cuts her off a little bit sometimes, and sometimes he gives me a potato, and sometimes he eats it all himself. . . . I never get no coffee. Sugar is not for the like of me. No; I have had no breakfast yet. I had some supper last night. Mother said, 'Go to Baker's for a half-quartern loaf, and tell him I'll owe him a penny.' I said to mother, 'It's no use trying it on again: he says he won't.' We bought a two-panny loaf, and I had a slice to my supper. I don't know what father does now. He used to take me with him; and he had a big picture of a ship-wreck, and I was dressed as a sailor boy; but father only had me a few times. A chap who was another sailor said, 'Jim, sailors don't have children: it ain't likely.' So father never took me any more. . . . I sleep on the floor; I sleep on this carpet, and mother throws over me two old sacks. I sleep well enough. . . . Yes, I should like better brushes. It's no use trying: I shall never get any. There's mother there watching: she wants some coppers; I have not got any yet."

* * * *

I gave the lad sixpence, and I took his address. That evening I surprised the father with a hot supper, and that well-fed beggar-man was eating it alone. The poor lad was crouching by the fire, and the mother was sitting on a stool. The head of the house was caught in a cowardly, infamous action, and he was ashamed. I arranged to rent to the poor boy a set of shoe-brushes and a suit of clothes. If I had given them to him, he would not have kept them a day. I made the father sign a paper acknowledging the transaction, and I made him understand the consequences of any misappropriation of my property. All moneys earned were to be brought to me, and I guaranteed to the mother seven shillings weekly for the boy's support. My shoe-black paid

his earnings regularly and honestly. I deducted from them the money paid to his mother, and the remainder I put into a savings-bank. When he had saved ten pounds I asked him what trade he would like to learn. He became a sailor, and is now a mate in a fine ship on a voyage to Madras, in India.

(To be continued.)

DESTROY IT NOT, A BLESSING IS IN IT.

DEAR BROTHER BANKS, You will perhaps remember that, on the last occasion of my seeing you, I said that in consequence of the bad attendance at Willis street, I felt I must shortly resign the service there; accordingly, about three weeks since, I gave notice that I should retire after the 14th inst, Sunday last. On last Sunday week, therefore, I spoke from the words, "For I have not shunned to declare all the counsel of God;" and on last Sunday, "And now, brethren, I commend you to God and the word of his grace, &c." I must mention that, during the whole of the winter, a lad, about thirteen or fourteen years of age, has been a constant attendant on my ministry. I have never noticed him particularly, presuming his parents sent him to get him out of the way; however, last Sunday he was there with his mother, who is a hearer of Mr. Davis, and a good woman. Upon my concluding my discourse with the words of the text, "And now, brethren," &c., this poor boy wept bitterly, nor did he cease while he remained in the place; as he was noticed by all I considered it my duty to enquire about him. I found that, up till the time he attended my ministry, he had an aversion to the house of God, but that since then his mother had found him in secret communion with the Lord, and had every reason to believe that a saving work of grace had commenced in his soul. Who knows what the Lord is about to do with this lad? His father has been a Wesleyan preacher, and prayer for him has been offered continually. It appears, the Lord has been pleased to give this young blossom as a seal to my ministry; other testimony I have also had from an aged man, who had back-

slidden from the Lord, who found a manifestation of pardon when I spoke from that text, "Therefore will I allure her and bring her;" &c., and from another, who informed me she had been greatly blessed under a sermon I preached twelve months ago from the words, "Persecuted, not forsaken," &c. Besides these I hear of several other instances of good being effected, which leads me to believe that I have been sent into the work by the Lord.

I have written this to you to show that, although we may think nothing is being done by us, yet a work may be going on; I am willing now to supply churches who have no minister. Hoping you and yours are well, and enjoying the Lord's smile and blessing, I remain yours in Jesus,

H. STANLEY.

A SINNERS'S WANTS.

I want, Lord, the hope of thy blest;
I want Thy salvation to see;
I want Thy sweet promise and rest;
I want grace sufficient for me;
I want fix'd affections above;
I want sin from its throne to be
hurl'd;
I want to rejoice in thy love;
I want to be sav'd from the world.

I want in Thy fountain to dip;
I want to be cleans'd and made
whole;
I want a new heart, life, and lip;
I want THEE to dwell in my soul.
I want Thy dear feet to embrace;
I want might and strength for each
day;
I want the fair means of Thy grace;
I want THEE, the truth, life, and
way.

I want unbelief to reject;
I want Thy sweet mercy each hour;
I want to love more Thine elect;
I want to be kept by Thy power.
I want the still waters of peace;
I want Thy firm staff and Thy rod;
I want from all evil to cease;
I want to be holy, my God.

I want Thy sweet secret within;
I want *self* to be loath'd and ab-
hor'd;
I want Thee to knock and come in;
I want to delight in Thy word;
I want at Thy table a place;
I want on thy breast to recline;
I want the sweet light of Thy face;
I want Thee to say, "Thou art
mine."

H.

"If Christ had left anything for us to do, even to the moving of a hand, we should be lost for ever."

A NEW COMPANION.

WHEN a poor little thing like myself has been travelling for many years in a lonely kind of road, where no one either cares for or smiles upon you, how sweet it is to meet with a loving and sympathising companion! Who, in all the world, cares for little "CHEERING WORDS?" The little thing was born one windy night in March, about fifteen years ago. I was getting to bed, and these words came into my heart, "CHEERING WORDS FOR SEEKING SOULS!" Next morning up I was, and commenced these CHEERING WORDS; and from that day until now these little things have been flying about in nearly all parts of the world. Perhaps a million copies of CHEERING WORDS have been issued; but, for years, many of them were given away. I have some thousands now, which I wish some kind liberal people would purchase and give away, because I cannot afford to do so.

On the 25th of this beautiful month of May, 1865, I received two copies of a new monthly serial, entitled, "GILEAD;" and a most decided and excellent penny monthly magazine I think it will be. It is edited by the Rev. Thomas Huband Gregg, A.B., of Blandford, in Dorsetshire, a Christian brother, who evidently lives in the truth of the Gospel, and desires to be instrumentally useful in leading others into the same sacred and blessed possession. As soon as ever "GILEAD" came along side of me I began to feel a liking to him. He looks so cheerful, so happy, so neat. There is no nonsense about him. Bold and distinctly he says, my name is "GILEAD." I am edited by the Rev. Thomas Huband Gregg, B.A., and am printed in that serene and salubrious watering-place, Weymouth, by that thorough-going printer, T. Sherren; and I am to be sold in London by William Freeman. So you see, says Mr. "Gilead," I have a sound-hearted Christian clergyman for my editor, and an honourable Protestant gentleman to print me, and a liberal and most intelligent Baptist minister and respectable citizen in London for my publisher; and I come to you, little Mr. CHEERING WORDS—as you have been some years on the road—just to ask you whether you think there is "need" for

such a one as myself, and whether the good people of this land will encourage me?"

"Well! well!" said I; "come in, Mr. 'Gilead,' and let me look at your credentials, and examine the inside testimonials of your character, for while I believe, Mr. 'Gilead,'" said I—(but really, being such a small thing myself, and "Gilead" being a noble demy octavo, in a coat of an excellent colour, and every bit of him so very nice, I felt half ashamed of myself—and yet I always am quite as tall as I can be, so I said—)"while I believe an honest Christian always carries his time-piece in his face, that nearly everybody may clearly see what it is o'clock with him, still, as Paul determined to know no man after the flesh, so I have found it quite necessary to look deeper than the skin, and if possible to ascertain whether the soul has passed from death unto life; whether the conscience has been purged from dead works; whether the heart is right in the sight of God; and whether the love of Christ has carried the spirit into a real fellowship with the FATHER, and with His SON JESUS CHRIST. Where these things are we may gladly hail such an one, and most heartily bid him God speed."

"Gilead" smiled quite approvingly; as much as to say, "I am no smuggler, no spy, no mere commercial traveller, as many magazines now are, I come forward simply to tell the true tale of Christ's Gospel; and to endeavour to comfort the election of grace, and thereby to aim at the glory of Him who is essentially the Mount Gilead, the heaps of testimony, and whose word is true."

"Gilead," said I, "I have not a doubt in my mind either of the purity of your motive, or of your success. I will speak well of you, and work for your furtherance, with all the grace and strength my Father will give, Good bye for the present."

Carry your good things to Christ, he will keep them; carry your bad things, he will cure them; whatever your frame be, let nothing separate you from your Beloved.—*Romans.*

LINES.

*On the death of Clara Jane Dennis, who fell asleep, Nov.
16th, 1864, aged 3 years.*

Another little angel now wings its happy way,
Through heaven's bright courts of glory in beautiful array;
Another cherub hovers round our God and Father's throne;
Another little voice is heard, that Father's love to own.

Another lily lifts its head; another precious gem,
Is seen to flash so brightly in the Saviour's diadem;
While choirs of holy angels in sweetest notes proclaim,
The advent of another one, saved through Immanuel's name.

Saved from a life of suffering, saved from a world of sin,
And in the everlasting arms, now safely clasped within;
Who then can wish her back again, to trace life's weary way,
One bitter round of sorrow, and trouble day by day.

No more those little eyes shall drop the big, big tears of grief,
No more her body rack with pain, and none to give relief;
For in that blissful place, all tears by God are wiped away,
There sorrow must give place to joy, and night to endless day.

New Cross. A.

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Cheering Words.

VOL. XV.

JULY, 1865.

No. 165.

MY DREAM AT BRANDON CREEK.

"I was brought low; and He helped me."

"My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, on Life's rough way,
Oh! teach me from my heart, to say—
Thy will be done."

ON Tuesday afternoon, June 6th, 1865, I fled from the busy cares of printing and publishing, to take my journey down to Brandon Creek, in the Norfolk Fens. I had not time to do more than take my travelling box, coat, umbrella, Bible, papers, &c., and throwing myself into the corner of an express train, commenced writing copy to send homeward. We soon reached Cambridge; and my packet of MS. being in directed envelope, I first enquired if I was in the right carriage for Littleport; and on being assured by the ticket-collector I was, I ran to the post-box to post my letter; and when I returned (in less than five minutes), found my carriage, and all things I had, were gone; and nobody knew where. Without stopping another moment I was ordered into a carriage to move on, or I must lose my train altogether. When I sat down in my empty carriage—my clothes gone—Bible gone—overcoat, umbrella, papers, &c., all gone, I felt no small amount of inward misery. Ah! indeed, my soon-desponding soul, could then have said—

"Thy way is dark, and tempted child,
The stars are out of sight;
And every thought with sin defiled,
Dismays thy spirit quite,

ONE HALFPENNY.

Hold up, hold out, tho' weary, wait,
 Christ Jesus knows thy fears;
 Relief will come; it may come late;
 They reap who sow in tears."

"Three times to preach to-morrow," I said to myself, "and not a single clean thing belonging to me! I looked round; I looked out; I tried to look up; but, alas! all was a blank. If I had carried my sermons with me, I should have despaired altogether. But, although I had not so much as a clean handkerchief, nor coat, nor Bible, nor any necessary left, I knew the Lord could enable me to preach, if it were his will.

At Ely, I telegraphed for my things. No use. They were gone. At Littleport, I searched, asked, ran about, and told my tale to all who did in office stand; but none could help.

Poor "Little Village Preacher!" How destitute and desolate thy fate appeared. The day was gone, the clouds of night were gathering, and big and black with rain they looked. What to do I could not tell. But, onward, I felt I must go—

"Pilgrim strangers! onward wend,
 Clinging to our living Friend—
 Though the fig-tree yields no fruit,
 Though no vines, nor olives shoot;
 Yet—(ah!—ah! this seemed hard to reach—)
 Yet—the song of joy we'll raise
 Our salvation's God to praise."

I left the station at Littleport in a very unhappy state of mind; being told it was quite impossible I could have my things; and as I walked out of the station yard, my very kind friends, Mr. John Porter, and his wife, hailed me from their cart; for they were waiting to carry me to their home.

A thousand nervous fears possessed my soul; but I mounted the seat, and soon the rain began to descend. "Wet through," thinks I, I soon shall be, and what then shall I do? Not one of us had an umbrella, or any protection from wet or wind. Bless the Lord! the rain went off, and our horse went on, and soon on Brandon Creek we found the place of rest. That night, however, I did mourn in my soul. Could I feel the Lord mine? No! I tried to be as composed and cheerful as possible; but some-

thing said within—what many have said without—"You are always wrong!" I went to bed; tried to pray; and thanks be unto my good FRIEND I fell asleep, and dreamed somebody whispered to me, "I was brought low, and He helped me." I awoke, and thought—"I hope He will help me." Again I dosed, and dreamed heaven was near to me; and I was crying, and sobbing, and longing to be gone up and home for ever; and then came the words, "I was brought low, and He helped me." Oh, praise the Lord, ye saints of heaven, for He is good; A STRONGHOLD IN TIME OF TROUBLE; and He knoweth them that trust in Him." Poor Mrs. Porter was very ill. The morning looked very threatening, and how I should get through that day I could not tell. Southery chapel lays two miles from Brandon Creek, and in that chapel I was to preach that morning;—I preferred walking. It is a beautiful rustic—varied scenery. The creek on one side, and fens, fields, hills, gardens, and cots, and villas, on the other. As I walked on by myself my thoughts on things divine began to work. The sun shone; the fresh breezes were fragrant; the blessed Saviour's gentle voice was heard; and I was glad. "Lord," I said, "I thank thee for this journey; I thank thee for this lonely walk; I thank thee for this freedom of spirit; and I do desire to magnify thy name this day!" Oh! how I love to be all alone, looking around upon my SAVIOUR'S beautiful works, and pouring out little praises unto His name. Ah! could I walk thus quietly the rest of my days, they would be sweet. That must not be.

I reached the chapel, and was helped through the service. That Southery chapel is a sacred spot to me. I have twice realised much freedom of soul there; and if our JESUS would to those dear sheep an under-shepherd send, I do think a spiritual building might be well built up.

The word I had in the night was quite true—"I was brought low, and He did help me;" not that I preached from those words, but all through the day the Lord did gently lead my soul along, of which I will say more next month if our MASTER spares,

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

THE OLD TYPE--AND THE NEW TEMPLE.

WHEN I left home this morning, I was in spirits low in a low place. My family was preparing to leave the little cottage where we have resided for three years; and to remove nearer to our chapel. This removal was not pleasant to me. I felt inwardly rebellious; and very grieved. In the course of the day, **THE EARTHEN VESSEL** for April came into my hands, and looking over the contents of "The Table of Shewbread," I saw these words, "there remaineth yet very much land to be possessed;" and although I had no sensation feelings, yet, there was a kind of laying these words in my mind, and they revived my spirits a little; and on coming home, on setting down in my retired chamber, and on turning to my old concordance I found them in Joshua xiii. 1. "Now Joshua was old, and stricken in years; and the Lord said unto him, thou art old and stricken in years; and there remaineth yet very much land to be possessed."

My thoughts followed directly in a spiritual channel, and if I describe them, or a few of them, it may lead others to think also. Well, I said to myself, "Yes! it is evident that there is very much land yet to be possessed. This is clear."

First, from our present imperfect state and condition: for, what are we actually in possession of, as yet? It is true, we have the great map, the Bible; but how little do we understand it. We have the Gospel; but how little do we realize its saving and sanctifying power. We have, (by faith,) the glorious purchaser and proprietor of the land; but how weak the service we render to Him. In the graces of the **HOLY SPIRIT**, we have the first-fruits of the heavenly country, but too many of us feel these fruits are not so manifest as gracious souls must, at times, desire. In an experimental point of view, there is much land to be possessed. Divide this land, experimentally, into seven portions; and see how much remains to be possessed. First, there is "Believing with the heart unto righteousness. How grand is the old Testament record of this, in the days of Jehoshaphat a

great multitude came against him. What did he do? He gathered the people, he set himself to seek the Lord, he proclaimed a fast, he honoured God, and God's spirit came upon Jehazriel; who assured them that the Lord would fight for them, and their Jehoshaphat cried out, "Hear me, O Judah, believe in the Lord your God, so shall ye be established; believe his prophets, so shall ye prosper."

They went forth singing and praising the Lord; the Lord set ambushments against all the enemies, they smote one another, and not one escaped; but Judah gathered up their riches, in great abundance. So in new Testament times, the Apostles have gone forth crying to convicted hearts, "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." Thousands have believed; and have found happiness in Jesus here; and holiness in heaven with Him for ever.

We possess this part of the land in some measure, but there is very much land yet to be possessed even here. But few enjoy that faith which to the soul gives rest, and lays it safe for heaven and happiness in the one glorious person, the Lord Jesus Christ.

THE SOUL'S FAREWELL TO EARTH.

BISHOP HALL, a goodly writer of many works, shortly before his death, and when hourly anticipating his departure, penned the following soliloquy to his own soul, the perusal of which may be acceptable and profitable to our readers:—

And now, what remains, O my soul, but that thou do humbly and faithfully wait at the gate of heaven, for a happy entrance, at the good pleasure of thy God, into those everlasting mansions?

I confess, should thy merits be weighed in the balance of a rigorous justice, another place, which I cannot mention without horror, were more fit for thee, more due to thee; for, alas, thou

hast been above measure sinful ; and thou knowest the wages of sin—death. But the God of my mercy hath prevented thee, with infinite compassion (Ps. lix. 10) ; and, in the multitude of his tender mercies, hath not only delivered thee from the nethermost hell (Ps. lxxxvi. 13) ; but hath also vouchsafed to translate thee to the kingdom of his dear Son (Col. i. 13). In him, thou hast boldness of access to the throne of grace ; thou, who in thyself art worthy to be a child of wrath, art in him adopted to be a co-heir of glory, and hast the livery, and seizin given the beforehand, of a blessed possession, the full estating wherein I do in all humble awfulness attend. All the days, therefore, of my appointed time, will I wait at the threshold of grace, until my changing come ; with a trembling joy, with a longing patience, with a comfortable hope.

Only, Lord, I know there is something to be done, ere I can enter. I must die ere I can be capable to enjoy that blessed life with thee ; one stroke of thine angel must be endured in my passage into thy paradise. And lo, here am I before thee, ready to embrace the condition ; even when thou pleasest let me bleed once to be ever happy. Thou hast after a weary walk through this roaring wilderness, vouchsafed to call up thy servant to mount Nebo ; and from thence, afar off, to show me the land of promise, a land that flows with milk and honey. Do thou but say ‘ Die thou on this hill,’ with this prospect in mine eye ; and do thou mercifully take my soul from me, who gavest it to me ; and dispose of it where thou wilt, in that region of immortality. Amen, amen. Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly.

Behold, Lord, I have, by thy providence, dwelt in this house of clay more than double the time, wherein thou was pleased to sojourn upon earth ; yet I may well say, with thy holy patriarch, Few and evil have been the days of the years of my pilgrimage—few in number, evil in condition.

Few in themselves, but none at all to thee, with whom a few years are but as one day. But had they been double to the age of Methuselah, could they have been so much as one minute to eternity ? Yea, what are they to me, now that they are past, but as a tale that is told and forgotten ?

neither yet have they been so few as evil. O Lord, what troubles and sorrows hast thou let me see, both my own and mine. What vicissitudes of sickness and health! what ebbs and flows of condition! how many successions and changes of condition, both at home and abroad! what turnings of times! what revolutions of governments! what shiftings and downfalls of favorites! what ruins and desolations of kingdoms! what sackings of cities! what havocs of war! what frenzies of rebellions! what erminings of treachery! what cruelties and barbarisms in ages! what anguish in the oppressed and tormented! what snares in temptations! what pangs in dying! These I have seen, and in these I have suffered! And now, Lord, how willing am I to change time for eternity; the evils of earth for the joys of heaven; misery for happiness; a dying life for immortality! O so, Lord Jesus; take what thou hast bought; receive me to thy mercy, and crown it with thy glory. Amen, amen, amen.

"THIS IS GOOD!"

THE following is a suggestion worthy of note. Could it be practised, no one can measure the benefit which must result. At the last Stratford meeting, Mr. Maycock told us of being sent sea-port town to preach the Gospel. No one knew him; he was no one: he had no place to go to. No chapel; no house; no friend. He went,—I think it was to Newhaven. The Primitive bade him go; and go he did. He took his stand in the square, sang, read, and prayed. There is a woman in that town now convinced of her state under that mission, and she is a Christian. Glory to God for that. In the afternoon, he went by the side of the sea; saw a lot of sailors. He stood up, and sang, read, prayed, and preached. The sailors gathered, listened, and some cried. Brother Maycock kneeled down and prayed, and then went to speak to them. They were all Frenchmen! They could not tell one word he

said ; but they were affected : and who can tell what secret work the Lord might have done ?

Ah ! Mr. Maycock is a good fellow ; and now he is settled at Old Ford, we hope he will be happy. Let all the people in this world only just do what they can to benefit their fellow-man, and we should have a millennium to-morrow. But, oh ! the proud and the covetous professors of the day ! What will JESUS CHRIST say to them in the great day ? I believe it will there go ill with many of them. They are like Tommy Tuntub, the covetous person, whose brother William left him because Tommy was rich in gold ; but was craving to be richer still ; so William left Tommy Tuntub, and now Tommy speaks ill of his brother William ; and yet a better friend than William was, big Tommy never had.

So, of you rich, and greedy, and covetous professors, who, for poor fallen Adam's sons do nought ; if of you it is some day said, JESUS, your kind brother, has left you—what, then, will you do ?—Ah ! what, indeed ! Read the following, and go and do it :—

TO THE EDITOR OF "CHEERING WORDS."

"Dear Brother,—I have read your CHEERING WORDS often, and most often have I got good—that is, God came into my soul, my affections, my understanding, memory, judgment, &c. I say I have most often got good from it when some tribulation has been near me ; or I have fancied it, for that is the too-oft state of my sinful state ; and after reading it I have been surprised, delighted, and grateful to God for such a cheap, easy means of disseminating among human souls, such joys and pleasures and strength to help them to do the battle of life valiantly, by being Christ-helped. I thought, if some fifty or a hundred, not preachers or ministers, but some number of simple-minded church-members, who do as I do—read your book, and feel a delight to buy it, and see my wife and family read it, and often enjoy it too—I thought if a number of such as love it were to stand at the corner of some bye-street, in some humble court or square, or on some waste ground where some ten or a dozen could hear it read out, every night in the week. One hour might be all the time necessary—

aching, no addressing—merely read it all out aloud to any would listen. I do believe it would be a great means of increasing the number of those who in the world have tribulation, who would be led to be of good cheer. And if each brother did so could have a dozen or two of your current or back numbers to give to listeners, still better would it be. If any or less such readers, desired to meet once a month, and send their names and addresses to you, I could provide a of meeting for them; and my halfcrown should be forthcoming towards the attempt.

A WORKER.

1. While I was writing this, vans were passing filled with souls seeking "pleasure." O, my brother, I wished there in each of them a reader of CHERRING WORDS, and a few copies. Those sons of toil—then returning from their toils—their bodies, toils, and pains, to earn the bread that sustains—were just in the very state to have their souls reached, they were seeking "pleasure;" were they but met by other souls seeking pleasure too: is it not certain that the pleasure, good, rest, which is from Christ, has more like loving-like qualities in human souls, which the Comforter in his Imperial potent reign now causes to meet in human souls, and win to His kingdom for the glory of His Christ more often than poor weak unemployed for. His glory comes know anything to. If this suggestion can be used for the glory of our glorious Jesus, I shall rejoice.

I hope this may lead to some real good effort. God knows, is needed.—Ed.]

CHOICE SCRAPS.

VERY COMFORTABLE FOR ALL THEM WHO ARE GRIEVED IN SCIENCE"—Such words are from the motto on the title page of a book printed in 1607—200 years before I was born; it is called "Jacob's Wrestling with God; or, The Triumph of a Christian," by William Cowper. This very precious book con-

tains the hidden and secret life of a real saint in some trouble. I purpose to give it in pieces in **CHEERING WORDS**, and then make it up into a handsome little book. I ask, in faith, the beloved children, who are of the royal and living seed, to help me to give this pure production to the churches in these days. Morsels from this book will, from time to time, appear. "Cowper's" name is at the end of all we give.

Much mercy to-day. Prayed that the sacrament might prove to me a gracious banquet; and that Christ's banner over me might be love. (Cant. ii. 4.) Found at the close of the communion a sort of determined faith. A foolish scruple, notwithstanding, fettered me for many hours after. Prayed for satisfying light, and for strength to sit still.—*Milner*.

Upon every fresh trial, I feel more and more astonished at my own declensions, which make the stroke necessary; and at the patience of God, which will continue to undertake, by mercies and judgments, the preparation of so unmeet a subject for heaven. It is easy to talk about the vanity and folly of earthly attachments and dependencies. But the Christian must be brought to an habitual, practical determination to have no other god but Jehovah.

"R. W."—**CHEERING WORDS** is very thankful to "R. W." for ten shillings sent for the free circulation of back numbers of **CHEERING WORDS**, which the Editor himself will circulate after some of his lectures, which he is delivering in different places, whereby doors are open for him to preach the Gospel (under the name of "lecture"); but, in truth let it be said, "The Village Preacher" cannot lecture; for as soon as ever he tries to be very methodical, and enter into some detail of events, his Gospel wings break loose, expand themselves, and off to the mountain he flies. Nevertheless, either by preaching or lecturing, he proclaims truths, and at these times, he will have **CHEERING WORDS** given to the people, as far as help is afforded.

SOUL IN ITS SILENT AND SECRET WAITING FOR THE SEALING OF THE SPIRIT.

SOMETIMES, for a moment or so, I am led into the discovery of this hidden way of the soul's travail and anguish, when in its dwelling, and yet hungers and thirsts for the full assuage of its interest in CHRIST. Perhaps I cannot write it out; may try, I wrote one line to a tried spirit on this subject. I might forth the following lines:—

My note was as good news from a far country; it's the very I want to hear about, how the soul acts in SECRET SORROW. I hope your mind will be led into the subject, 'tis so important to a few are able, I suppose for want of experience. Now soul-poverty, or breaking, is the Lord's doing, I am sure; He begins by breaking the strong holds of Satan; then no more for that soul in this world. I often sigh and say, what shall I cannot (neither do I wish) to take pleasure in anything on the earth because God is not in it; and everything is empty and mine without Him. I have thought it would be a heaven to sit in a corner alone; and sigh and cry after Him throughout my life rather than to be with those that hate Him. I do see to be the altogether lovely, and the chiefest among ten thousand; but, oh, I have no power to prevail with Him. Then nothing says its because God does not love you, and none can love God first; how to answer this, I know not; oh, that one would be for me. I often wonder why I should admire the Saviour so much, I dare not say love Him. I often think of dear Bilny, when he says "He is come!" will that time come to me? I often envy him as a minister, because there is no want of taste in it. I all besides Jesus Christ, and the Gospel, is insipid, and uninteresting. Dr. Godwin says "the angels have not such work to do as they are present at our congregations to hear Christ preached, they desire to look into the mystery; it was not revealed to them." Then what blessed work to be employed in; I wish there were more of these burning and shining lights, as John was; they burn but do not shine; and some shine, and do not burn;

I wish a burning and shining light may come down here to lighten this dark place ; we are sadly off."

There is one word in the 9th Psalm expresses this secret sighing of the soul, it is this ; "thou that liftest me up from the gates of death ; that I may shew forth all thy praise in the gates of the daughter of Zion." It is that "lifting up : " you must mark the soul is not yet lifted quite up ; neither is it left quite down dead in the pit. No, listen to its voice, "Have mercy upon me, O Lord ; consider my trouble which I suffer of them that hate me ; Thou that liftest me up," &c.

Last Saturday evening I was constrained to go and see my brother and deacon, my curate and friend, John Mumford, of Homerton, or Hackney. I was so sad, my heart felt as though it had no life in it. We talked a little ; and as I returned through Wells street, there was a brute of a man threatening to dash his wife's head through the shutters ; oh ; how horrible he did look ! I felt alarmed, and stood still, thinking of the awful state of sinners in the fall. And as I stood there thinking, sorrowing, and sighing out a prayer, these words came to my soul, "Thou that liftest me up from the gates of death, that I might show forth all thy praise in the gates of the daughter of Zion." There I saw a man in the fall, "Shut up in the gates of death," there I saw a vessel of mercy in grace, standing in the gates of the daughter of Zion. In Gospel-gate, in prayer-gate, in communion-gate, and so on. And my mind was relieved a little ; and I will hope the Lord did through me bless some souls, through the word. But I want to open more of the silent seeking, many I think are there.

The first stages of this secret sorrow are feebly written out in the following narrative, "a poor girl was found kneeling by a grated window. Her cheek had a dangerous-looking flush, and the frequent harsh cough confirmed the idea that struck one forcibly on first looking at her, that she could not be long for this world. Long had she knelt by the window, a sad yearning expression in her upturned eyes ; sometimes her lips moved as if in prayer, and then again she would hide her face in her hands, with a shudder and a sobbing sigh sad to hear. She had been in

sition some time, when the door opened gently and a young girl came in. She said, I "feel, I know, I am dying. I could feel safe! if I could but feel God near me now! I had served Him all my life; but now, when I most need He has withdrawn His face from me. I am afraid to appear Him, so sinful, so unworthy as I am. I feel He has not been to me. My sins are so many, you do not know how many." Her sister told her of the good life she had lived.

The poor girl sighed. "You think too well of me," she said; "but, God knows, I have tried to live so as to please Him. I have tried, and yet, since I have felt my recovery to be hopeless, I have been doubting everything. Surely, surely, if God had accepted my services, He would not forsake me now. No, I feel He has not forgiven me. You do not know me, do not see what He does. Have all my sufferings been in vain? I have endured so much, and I hoped God would see what I endured, and give me His peace. Oh! have I been wrong? I left my father and mother in their old age, I gave them to the care of strangers, to devote myself more entirely to God. Perhaps I ought rather to have stayed with them. I die in this uncertainty?"

Her friend saw she had seen her confessor, but she looked more distressed than ever.

"Did he not comfort you?" Marie asked.

She expected the low answer, "No, he told me I should struggle against these fears as temptations of Satan: but he is only a man being like myself, and he will not be able to answer for me before God. Before Him I must stand alone, and alone be responsible for the sins I have committed. My confessor gave me absolution, but my conscience will not absolve me; and if my conscience will not, how much more will not God, who is more merciful and holier than my conscience? Father H—— said, that God would accept my good works, and grant me salvation because of them; but he does not know my inmost heart as God knows mine. He cannot see the impurity of my every motive. My heart is not pure as I am unholy before God, and I can see no hope."

(More next month.)

"MIND YOUR P's AND Q's."

TO THE EDITOR OF "CHEERING WORDS."

DEAR SIR,—It is possible to turn some of our common proverbs to spiritual profit: that which I have selected, containing one of the first exhortations given to childhood, can never be either forgotten verbally, or mistaken significantly. Some of the subjoined P's are the initials of the precious patrimony of poor penitents; may the Q's, applied by the Spirit of God, quicken the soul in duty, and quiet it under the onslaughts of the "accuser of the brethren!"

I will simply give the double columns of *alliterates*, affixing to each a biblical reference, and leave the subjects to the prayerful meditation of the Christian reader:—

- P's. Predestination—Eph. i. 5, 10.
 Pollution—2 Peter i. 4.
 Penitence—2 Cor. vii. 10.
 Pardon—Micah vii. 18.
 Peace—Matt. xvi. 33.
 Power—2 Cor. xii. 9.
 Praise—Hab. iii. 3.
 Patience—Heb. vi. 12; x. 36.
 Perseverance—Eph. vi. 18.
 Pantings—Ps. xlii. 1.
 Prayers—1 Peter iii. 12.
 Poverty—2 Cor. viii. 2, 9.
 Purity—1 Tim. iv. 12.
 Pilgrimage—Gen. xlvii. 9; Ps. cxix. 54.
 Possessions—2 Cor. iii. 21, 23.
- Q's. Questioning—Rom. viii. 33, 35.
 Quarrelling—Col. iii. 13.
 Quickening—Ps. cxix. 50, 93.
 Quenching—Matt. xii. 28; Eph. vi. 16.
 Quelling—Ps. cvii. 30.
 Quieting—Ps. xxiii. 2.
 Quitting—1 Cor. xvi. 13.

Totteridge Park, June 8, 1865.

ROBT. WILKINSON.

ONE SORROWING ON ACCOUNT OF SIN.

R P—, I told you that I would write to you more fully upon the subject of your last letter. Though I have no you have suffered much pain of mind from the feelings you describe to me, you have no reason to regret this; on the contrary, you have reason to rejoice. "They that sow in hall reap in joy." If your sorrows have arisen, as I judge from your letter, from a deepening sense of your sins, you have the best reason to bless God, because such tears are produced by the work of the Holy Spirit in the heart; and they were intended and calculated to lead you to settled peace. If you had not a Saviour to fly to who is as willing as He is able and as able as He is willing, to pardon you, you might be despairing; but remember, Jesus Christ is an all-sufficient Saviour—"able to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by Him," and who has Himself expressly promised, "him that believeth in me I will in nowise cast out." Remember, P—, there are no sins so many in number, so evil in nature, so great in guilt, or so long continued, but that the blood of Christ is able to cleanse you from them all; therefore, let not your sorrow be accompanied by any, even the slightest doubt of the willingness of the Saviour to pardon and bless you. But I think it probable that your sorrow and fears arise from the fact of having neglected religious opportunities and helps, and probably you regret that you have not duly profited by them. I would not for a moment deny to you that I think your advantages in this respect have been very great; and if you have not duly used them I would not, for any earthly consideration, endeavour to turn you away from thinking of them; but still there is free pardon for this, as for every other sin, and the Lord will pardon you that pardon, if you seek it. My advice to you would be comprehended in these few words, Look to JESUS! look to Him for pardon, peace, righteousness, strength, yea, for every spiritual good; look to Him with the eye of faith, as the poor degraded Israelite did to the brazen serpent to be cured of his bite, and you will find rest and peace to your soul.

May God bless you. Ever yours, B.

THE LOVE OF JESUS.

Oh! fragrant is the mortal love,
That playeth in the air I breathe,
It cheers this solitary grove,
And brings me many a flowery
wreath;

But I can bid it all adieu,
In the dark hour of doubt to view,
The love of Jesus.

For fragrance sweet of mortal love,
Comes not within the vale of
shades;

When in death's atmosphere we
move,

Earth's loveliest wreath of pleas-
ure fades;
While pen of mine can ne'er dis-
close,

The triumph of the soul that knows
The love of Jesus.

Oh that that triumph might be
mine,

My heart grows hopeful as I sing;
The feathered wings of love divine,
Over my soul are fluttering;

And while heaven listens to my
prayer,

Praise shall go too, that now I share
The love of Jesus.

For Jesus loves without one thought,
Of love or loveliness in me;
He took not of the price I brought,
'Twas worthless, and the love was
free;

Thousands who unforgiven die,
Deserve as much and more than I,
The love of Jesus.

My reasoning powers oft ponder
why,

Jesus should love a thing so vile;
He answers with a beaming eye,

Frustrating reason with His smile;
'Tis the eternal will of heaven,
That to the loveless ones be given
The love of Jesus.

Oh God of heaven! with silent
awe,

I gaze upon thy dying Son;
Not angels more than I deplore,

The death of Heaven's Beloved
One,

Yet do I love thee, that to me
Comes, through the wees of Cal-
vary,

The love of Jesus.
M. A. MEARS.

The "Cheering Words" Volume for last year now ready, 8d.

**THOUGHTS ON JESU'S NAME, ENJOYED SUNDAY
MORNING, JUNE 18, 1865,**

BY "THE VILLAGE PREACHER,"

See "The Earthen Vessel" for July, 2d.

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A GLORIOUS PROSPECT.

WHEN once the Lord shall have returned to Mount Zion, he will bring down heaven along with him, upon the earth, and spread the life and motion of celestial things throughout all the recesses of the globe. He will restore the tribes of Israel to their renowned and sacred land—rebuild Jerusalem, as the capital of the world and the joy of the whole earth—raise the temple from its ruins to more than its ancient splendour, and fill its sanctuary with the brightness of his own presence. All the nations of the globe shall be attracted by the fame of his august dominion. They shall tell it out among the heathen, that the Lord is king, and that he shall judge the people righteously : and this report shall bring up all nations to Jerusalem, and there they shall hear his name as a familiar thing ; their ears shall be filled with the history of that wondrous government. They shall walk through the streets frequented by glorified spirits—sit down at hospitable boards, where the common conversation will be of the presence of God, and of the expected visits of his glory. They shall go forth, from day to day, to witness some act of divine power, and to look upon the face of some resurrection saint, or to converse with some man fresh from heaven ; and shall look beyond the limits of the earth, and see above their heads the brightness of the Eternal City. Then, perhaps, at some unexpected moment, the presence of the Lord will be made visible from the sanctuary, and a proclamation shall be heard throughout Jerusalem : ‘ The Lord is in his holy temple ; let all the earth keep silence before

ONE HALFPENNY

him.' And at this proclamation, an awful stillness shall close in upon every heart. And pilgrims of every kindred, garb, and complexion shall ascend together to the sanctuary, to worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness. Thus the deepest spirituality shall be spread throughout the world, for the hopes and interests of mankind will be gathered around the throne of Christ; and the hearts of nations will be purified by the contemplation of this wondrous vision.—PURDON.

A GOOD WORD FOR "CHEERING WORDS."

DEAR SIR,—I was looking over some pamphlets in a bookseller's shop yesterday, when I caught hold of your little book for this month; and thinking that there might be something which would prove a "Cheering Word" to my soul, I purchased it, I thank God now that I did. I was in a cold, and what I now see, an unbelieving frame of mind; my soul's harp of praise seemed to be silent or unstrung, in short, "my soul was cast down within me;" but when reading a portion of "The Soul's Farewell to Earth," by Bishop Hall, a few words were so blessed to my soul that I again praised "Him who had redeemed my life from destruction, and crowned me with loving-kindness, and tender-mercies."

The words were these, "Should thy merits be weighed in the balance of a rigorous justice, another place, which I cannot mention without horror, were more fit for thee, more due to thee; for alas, thou hast been above measure sinful; and thou knowest the wages of sin—death. But the God of mercy hath prevented thee with infinite compassion, and in the multitude of his tender mercies hath not only delivered thee from the nethermost hell: but hath also vouchsafed to translate thee to the kingdom of his dear Son." And I then thought how "love" had plucked me as a brand from the burning when I was fast earning those well deserved wages, eternal death, had given me to another master, who called me friend, and had kept me till now as the apple of his eye; had cleansed me, "clothed me with a garment of broidered

work, put a jewel on my forehead, and a beautiful crown on my head, and had made me perfect through His own comeliness," Ezekiel xvi, and had done all that he could do. Oh, then I said, why art thou cast down, my soul? Canst thou grieve Him who hath done all this, yea, and more than this, (if thy finite powers could reach infinite love, to tell it,) by doubting so any longer? I found then a ready response and my poor feeble soul was dull no longer.

This testimony may possibly be the means of cheering some other doubting soul, who forgets that a holy God hath rescued it from the wages of death, and through a justice-satisfying Saviour hath placed it in the way of life, at the end of which I see daily brighter and brighter inscribed, "Him that overcometh will I make a pillar in the temple of God, and he shall go no more out." Yours in our risen Lord,

Rugby,

S. P.

"HE IS ABLE."

ARE they not "Cheering Words" when sounded in the soul by the Spirit of the living God? They stand in the last verse of the third chapter of Paul's epistle to the Philippians; and the way I was led to them one Lord's day afternoon, is to me on reflection, very singular. Little thoughts began to come into my mind respecting Jesus. I had preached in the morning from Rev. xi, "We give thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty, who art, and wast, and art to come, *because* (these were the words,) THOU HAST TAKEN UNTO THEE THY GREAT POWER AND HAST REIGNED." There are six psalms called ["NEW SONG PSALMS,"] every one of which contain hints of what this "GREAT POWER" is which the Saviour has; which at present appears laid down, but which bye and bye, He will take unto Himself. These New Song Psalms I would like to comment upon a little; but it must be in "THE EASTERN VESSEL" because there is not room here. However, speaking of Jesus led me secretly to the following thoughts. I walked about, and to myself I said, "There are four things I so much desire and need: First, a more confident and comprehensive knowledge of the person of Jesus Christ. The great promise

is, "They shall know that I, the Lord, am their God." Second, A deeper and stronger love and true affection toward Him. Thirdly, Power to extol and honour Him more; and lastly, to see His kingdom growing; His ransomed gathering; and His church rejoicing.

HOW CAN I ATTAIN UNTO THESE THINGS?

When Paul expressed his desires, and confessed his imperfection, he said, "This one thing I do; forgetting those things which are behind, and reaching forth unto those things which are before, I press toward the mark, for the prize of the high calling which is of God in Christ Jesus. For our conversation is in Heaven: from whence also we look for the Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall charge our vile body, that it may be fashioned like unto His glorious body, according to the working, whereby He is able even to subdue all things unto Himself."

These desires after Christ, where they exist, are called by the Church His voice and His knocking.

The Church wonderfully opens up our experience here in the Canticles, by many things. 1. She says, "I sleep, but my heart is awake;" that is it. We appear to be all in sleep; yet the heart waketh with desires. Why is this? Because Christ is in His garden. He has gathered in His harvest, and hath prepared His feast, and comes to invite His friends. He finds them asleep; but He stands waiting, and knocking, and calling. He says, "Open to me, my sister."

Those four names Christ gives her are certainly expressive. He calls her,—

1. My sister—as being of the same God and Father.
2. My love—as being precious to His heart.
3. My dove—as being made gentle and meek by the power of the Spirit.
4. My undefiled—as being cleansed and justified in His blood.

These are all characteristics of the friends. There is between Christ and His people the sweet bond of relationship: there is, also, a holy affection; a dove-like spirit; and a purity of motive, mind, and desire, which only grace can produce. Where these holy ties exist, the soul will desire close communion with Him;

yet, two things, I feel certain of. (1.) I do not seek after it, as I wish to. (2.) I think in this time-state we shall not, for any length of time, reach any very great degree of real fellowship with the great and glorious Elder Brother of the redeemed family. But, then, I know not everything about this high attainment, because I am but a

LITTLE VILLAGE PREACHER.

THE BEST IS YET TO COME.

ARE not Dr. Leask's closing sentences at the end of his book, "Happy years at hand" very good? He is on the Millennium. He says:—

And then, when this new and visible union and communion between heaven and earth shall be effected, will the Saviour's assurance be realized—"Verily, verily, I say unto you, Hereafter ye shall see heaven open, and the angels of God ascending and descending upon the Son of man." (John i. 51.) Such, very briefly, are the grand characteristics, as they appear to us, of the rapidly approaching Millennium, when the glorious kingdom of Christ shall cover the face of the earth. Much more might be added in illustration and confirmation of these views of the future, but we conclude in the fine words of the Author of "The Faithful Promiser:"—

Christ is coming! let creation
Bid her groans and travail cease;
Let the glorious proclamation
Hope restore, and faith increase—
Maranatha!

Come, Thou blessed Prince of
Peace!

Earth can now but tell the story
Of Thy bitter cross and pain;
She shall yet behold Thy glory
When thou comest back to reign—
Maranatha!

Let each heart repeat the strain!
Though once cradled in a manger,
Oft no pillow but the sod;
Here an alien and a stranger,
Mocked of men, disowned of God,

All creation
Yet shall own Thy kingly rod.

Long Thine exiles have been pining
Far from rest, and home, and
Thee;

But, in heavenly vesture shining,
Soon they shall Thy glory see—
Maranatha!

Haste the joyous jubiles!

With that 'blessed hope' before us,
Let no harp remain unstrung;
Let the mighty advent chorus
Onward roll from tongue to
tongue—

Maranatha!
Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come!

THE QUEEN AND THE KING'S SON.

JULY 4th 1665.

I SAW a sight to-day I never saw before. When I reached the Great Western railway station, (on my way to Knowl-hill,) I saw the men busy in putting down the scarlet cloth as Her Majesty, Queen Victoria, was to leave there for Windsor at half-past eleven. My train could not go until the royal saloon had departed, so I took my stand behind the barrier, and saw the Queen walk from her waiting-room into her carriage, plainly drest in black, with a quick step, and kindly bowing to the people, Her Majesty entered her flying parlor, and soon was out of our sight.

Ah ! still she wears the mournful garb ;
And seems to walk alone,
There's nothing that can compensate,
The deed dark Death has done.

Unless by that most painful breach,
A way by grace was made ;
For God into her soul to preach,
JESUS HER LIVING HEAD.

E'en then her loving heart will sigh
O'er Albert's silent grave,
And as she lifts her soul on high,
Fresh succour will she crave.

Not the Queen only, but this country at large, and the Protestant cause especially, in good Prince Albert's death, an almost irreparable shock received.

The Great Western soon carried me to Twyford, where I landed, and rode on that very rural and aristocratic highway, leading from Twyford to Knowl-hill. Here once more I found the chapel, the parsonage, and, in his bed, the venerable parson himself. Yes ! there, almost prostrate, lay the large outer tabernacle of my long-loved brother in Jesus, "good old BENJAMIN MASON." I call him "good" because the grace, ah ! the electing grace of God, and the redeeming grace of Jesus, hath made him so.

There are three scriptures quite applicable in the case of this venerable sire. First, Nehemiah's prayer has been his prayer many times, "Think upon me, O my God, for good." And the

Lord has thought upon him for good ; for, there, in his cottage, in his bed, between his pulpit and his garden, (in both of which he has laboured hard for years,) and in the loving arms of a covenant God, he lies waiting, as Simeon did, not that he may literally take the child Jesus up in his arms, but that the Lord Jesus may send his chariot, and take his ransomed soul up into glory. Ofttimes, in that bed-room do the saints of God gather around the bed, and brother Benjamin preaches to them ; although from the bed he cannot raise himself up.

Another Scripture is well understood by this rural patriarchal sire ; many, many times he has said, " We know all things work together for good to them that love God ; and who are the called according to His purpose." This aged Benjamin Mason is a branch of an immense family in those parts of Buckinghamshire ; he has lived to follow to the grave friends, children, and relatives out of number. The Lord has given to him, and taken from him, precious partners in life, and helpers of his joy. Nearly all are gone ; and there, (nearing his ninety,) waiting for the King of kings and Lord of lords to call him home, lies this mysterious compound of flesh and spirit ; " in a good old age" ere long he will depart. I was so glad to see him looking so rosy-cheeked, so smiling, so happy, and with books, and sermons, and hymns, scattered over his bed, he cheerfully told me, he sometimes slept, and sometimes read ; and so his days and nights passed swiftly on ; while now and then his faith doth pierce the clouds, and almost lost in wonder, love, and blessings never to be described, he sings—

A countless crowd of sinners saved,
Tho' varying much in actual guilt
Yet all in heart and life depraved,
Cleansed by the blood Jehovah spilt,
Studding, like gems, the Saviour's crown
Will weigh His head with glory down.

My spirit faints before the scene ;
Who can behold such sights and live ?
They pierce the veil that spreads between,
And to the soul an outlet give—
The captive eagle sees the day,
Longs to escape and soar away.

Accept, blest Prince, my feeble praise
 For these few lines of humble song,
 They are the gift of Thy fond grace
 From Thee they came, to Thee belong;—
 My soul in adoration sweet,
 Cleaves to the dust beneath Thy feet.

Yes, I am Thine, and Thou art mine,
 Indulgent God of grace and peace—
 Still o'er my path in mercy shine
 'Till death my joyous soul release,—
 Still let us pass blest days and nights,
 In secret—sacred—high delights.

After a few words with my aged brother, I went once more into his chapel, and stood in his pulpit, and preached with much liberty to the friends gathered together; and then of this "King's son" I took my leave, perhaps never more to see him here below. I exceedingly regretted my time with him was so short; but should any Christian friend be travelling on the road between Maidenhead and Twyford, a visit to the cottage of the Knowl-hill pastor will be recognized by the Great Head of the church, and will not fail to receive his blessing.

Farewell, my ancient brother in JESUS! Benjamin's God is thine, thine for ever. Thou hast had many years of toil and conflict. Oftentimes cast down, but not destroyed. May thy last moments be peaceful; and thy closing scenes irradiated with the smiles of HIM who saved thee; and if I live beyond thee, command that this little Timothy be permitted over thy grave to shed a tear; and offer up a prayer that Zion, in those parts, may be again revived.

Oh! sweet Knowl-hill: a sacred spot to many souls thou oft hast been. From thee, the songs and sighs of not a few have fled to heaven. Within thy walls, the Gospel has been preached, Nearly all the valliant in Israel have sounded out Immanuel's praises there. Around the quiet sanctuary sleeps the dust of many who through life's rough road have travelled; and soon, like them, the names of Mason, Webb, and many more, will be forgotten here; but that, another race of VILLAGE PREACHERS shall succeed them is secured by His promise, whose word can never fail.

IN'S AND OUT'S.

THE "In's and out's," the "I will's," and "Beholds" of the Divine word, constitute some of the most precious and profitable themes for Christian contemplation. Last month I gave your readers a short paper, indicating vitally important subjects for serious thought, suggested by two alphabetical letters; and now, proceeding from ciphers to syllables, in the natural order of instruction, I humbly venture to submit for their reflection, some of the "In's and out's" of the sacred Scriptures, which by meditation and prayer, may be by them turned to abundant profit.

In the vast field of Biblical truth, we are apt to act as cattle do when roaming over a spacious prairie, tread down as much as we masticate; it is necessary, therefore, occasionally to concentrate the mind on that limited number of doctrinal texts, which reveal the intimacy and oneness subsisting between Jesus and His people, in conjunction with those negative passages which teach the same glorious doctrine. Divine truth, in its operation on the heart, obeys a law similar to that apparent in nature; it matures Christian graces according to a divinely-constituted process—first, the blade, then the ear, &c. God is not less a God of order in grace than in nature: "All Scripture is given by the inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, and for instruction in righteousness." If we would make progress in the Divine life, we must begin at God's beginning; by overlooking the order of the Spirit's teaching, our spiritual perception becomes clouded, our faith weakened; and we can never hope fully to realize the object of all Christian instruction, which is, "Christ in you the hope of glory."

If we substitute for the inward teaching of the Holy Spirit, the outward forms of man's device, moral growth will be stagnated, peace will be interrupted, and Christian usefulness frustrated. To know Christ is the great privilege to be sought; and to be "complete in Him," the great necessity for salvation. That your readers may "inwardly digest" the momentous doctrines involved in the following quotations, is the earnest prayer of, yours truly,

ROBERT WILKINSON.

IN'S.

"If any man be in Christ Jesus, he is a new creature."—2 Cor. v. 7.

"Abide *in* me and I in you."—John xv. 4.

"Created *in* Christ Jesus unto good works."—Eph. ii. 10.

"He that abideth *in* me, and I *in* him, the same bringeth forth much fruit."—John xv. 5.

"I *in* them, and thou *in* me, that they may be made perfect *in* me."—John xvii. 23.

"Saints *in* Christ Jesus."—Phil. i. 10.

"Ye are all one *in* Christ Jesus."—Gal. iii. 28.

"But now, *in* Christ Jesus, ye who sometimes were afar off, are made nigh by the blood of Christ."—Eph. ii. 13.

"Blessed are the dead which die *in* the Lord."—Rev. xiv. 13.

"God hath made us to sit together *in* heavenly places *in* Christ Jesus."—Eph. ii. 6.

OUT'S.

"I have chosen you *out* of the world."—John xv. 19.

"That they may recover themselves *out* of the snare of the devil."—2 Tim. ii. 26.

"A good man *out* of the good treasure of his heart, bringeth forth good things."—Matt. xii. 35.

"*Out* of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."—Matt. xii. 34.

"*Out* of them all (persecutions, &c.) the Lord delivered me."—2 Tim. iii. 11.

"Be instant in season, *out* of season."—2 Tim. iv. 2.

VILLAGE PREACHING HARD BUT HAPPY
WORK.

I HAVE had some hard brain and body work these few days; have taken my ticket in Exeter for London; hope to preach in my own pulpit this evening; and then, if spared, go on with my home-work as earnest as ever. In coming in an open cart

this morning from Ashill to Tiverton I had a drenching shower; but the horse ran on up hill and down dale, until I was safely set down on Tiverton Junction, then from there to Exeter, and now am homeward bound. The Devonshire fields look a soft and pretty green; the gardens and flowers are in their glory; all Nature tells the double tale of ruin through the First Adam, and of redemption by the Second Adam, The old trees in the orchards are bowing down with age, as many an old pilgrim doth beneath the infirmities and trials of his long-trodden paths; the wild weeds, and some heather-looking deserts tell us the curse still is on the earth; while the reviving, the vegetative, the floral and the more essential and substantial products of creation, declare unto us the coming glories of that day when we shall not merely sing, but *see* with Watts, the truth of those words—

" All o'er those wide-extending plains
Shines one eternal day;
There, God the Son for ever shines,
And scatters night away."

Oh! how I love to luxuriate and rove in the sometimes wild, and, at other times, well-trained developments of nature. This railway-cutting through woods, forests, orchards, villages, corn-fields, lanes, lovely landscapes; and over rivers, valleys, rising hills, farm-yards, under rocks, and beside the chambers and the cemeteries of the dying and the dead—this hasty and hurried, this hot and exciting flying through the land, I never much enjoy. It gives us no time to do as Isaac did, "walk in the fields and meditate;" it leaves you no beautiful opportunity of imitating "Hervey's Meditations." No; we are now pushing alongside that most splendid scene between Honiton and Chard, where Nature throws herself open, and discovers—in the gradually descending and ascending chambers of fertility which lie between her galleries and her glens—the splendid varieties of her treasures; but, while you attempt to read her sweet and spirit-becalming lessons, the fiery engine hurls you into a tunnel, where

All is darkness, dead as night,
And rattling wheels in hurried flight,
Make many trembling souls to say,
Now is the time to try to pray.

All the world seems now in a dreadful hurry, as though she thought the Great Day of Reckoning was coming, and she is not prepared. She feels there is much to be done; she has but a little time left; therefore, by fire and water, by engine-work and iron-work, she is making a tremendous noise, and is sending all her children into a frenzied flit, and forcing them to drive away at a neck-or-nothing random, almost heedless of what the consequences may be. My sympathies are more in harmony with the writer who—walking alone in the silent crannies of creation, when Old Nature was gently going to rest—said—

“How I love this holy stillness,
Where no human discords come;
In such calm and hallowed moments
Awed I stand like statue dumb!
There are lessons for the weary
In these still and dreamy hours;
When the young Night vast and voiceless,
O'er the town and hamlet towers!

“In the distance lies the city.
Mad with pleasure and with pain;
While the labour-stricken perish,
'Mong the wealthy and the vain!
Oft I wish when day has vanished,
That true kindness clasped each man,
Widely as the sun at evening,
Clasps the heavens in one bright span.”

Salisbury Downs and Salisbury Plain are places where you might walk and ruminate to your heart's delight, if grace did sanctify your spirit. As I passed these places to-day they looked full of immensity, elegantly clothed, and promising some precious crops.

Perhaps some readers of “THE VILLAGE PREACHER” would listen for one moment, while I relate a lesson or two I learned in this journey up the Devonshire hills.

IN EXETER,

That old cathedral city of the West—that churchified city where Puseyism grows up into buoyant bigness and fantastical beauty so fast—in Exeter, where there is one “Field” as full of sham

and show as it can hold; in Exeter, where good Henry Tanner once was persecuted by a sorry sort of a wife he had; yet faithfully preached the Gospel; in this Exeter there dwells one good man—there may be thousands, but I know them not; but this one—Zechariah Turner—I do know; I believe he answers to that delightful figure in Revelation where John says—(*after* he had taken the little book out of the angel's hand; and after he had eaten the same; immediately after this he says—) “there was given unto me a reed like unto a rod; and the angel said, Rise, and measure the temple and the altar, and them that worship therein.” This reed like unto a rod, was expressive of the authority and ability of the real Christian minister: and such an one is this ZEPHARIAH TURNER, of Exeter; of whom, and of the ordination services we have just been favoured to witness, and work in, at Ashill, may be spoken of with freedom another day.

Just take a thought or two touching the measuring reed.

1. He was a *reed*; that expresses the minister's weakness and nothingness in himself: a poor reed shaken with the wind.

2. But, it was “like unto a *rod*.” This denotes *straightness* and *strength*. The truth makes a man *straight*; the Holy Ghost makes him *strong*; hence though in himself only a reed, in the Lord he is like unto a rod. With this he is to measure the temple, the altar, and those who worship therein. If ye will bear this, I will try and prove that I have this measuring rod, although but a VILLAGE PREACHER.

MY DREAM AT BRANDON CREEK.

PAUL once wrote, “I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content.” This is a lesson which I have learned in some small measure, and shall continue to learn it, I hope, unto the end. It is a lesson of large meaning, but here I must not describe it; only I may add to all I said last month, that the sweet smile beaming as it did on my soul that morning as I walked from Brandon Creek to Southery, fully reconciled me to the apparent loss of all my little treasures which the night be-

fore had so exercised my mind. I feel thankful for that secret holy pleasure I enjoyed, where "all-by-alone"—(as my pet Katey says) I walked and talked with Jesus. That scripture which nursed and comforted me through the night,—“I was brought low, and he blessed me,” lay deep in my mind until the next Sunday morning. I was engaged to preach for Mr. Williamson, at Notting-hill; and I did not wish to go with any such text there; because I always thought the good pastor and people there, live much more above the conflicts and cares of this life than falls to my lot. There are some of the Lord's people who are favoured with faith more strong and abiding than others. Be that as it may, my text would not depart from me, I resigned myself to its teaching—it led me to the low estate of Jesus; and many sacred and solemn parts of His passion and triumphs, I was favoured to express. That time gives me no opportunity now of retracing.

On my return home I found a letter from a gentleman in Chatteris, at whose house my luggage was lodged. How it came there, and how I received it, next time.

WHO ARE THE PEOPLE THAT WILL DWELL IN THE NEW SURREY TABERNACLE?

A H! that is a question none on earth can answer. We may guess at the kind of people who will enter into it at first. We know right well that the minister of the New Surrey Tabernacle will be, what he always has been, a right Jerusalem blade, a man of God and truth; and we hope he will be spared yet for many, many years, but who will succeed him, God only knows. Almost all truth-loving Christendom is now on the stretch to know when this grand building is to be opened for the public worship of Almighty God. For they consider it an event of immense interest to the cause of truth throughout the whole country.

I happen to be on very good terms—sometimes—with the editor of the GOSPEL GUIDE, and the editor of the EARTHEN

VESSEL, and the other morning being in the publishing office, I saw that faithful and devout servant of the church, Mr. EDWARD BURR, bring in the programme of the opening services. I thought my little readers might wish to know; so I stole a peep, and I found the services are on the 17th, 18th, and 19th of next September. Glorious days to God's dear children, doubtless they will be. But everybody about in the highways and hedges, are asking what kind of people they are who can hear so singular a man as that Mr. James Wells, of whom the Old Dragon and her crew say such curious things?

Nothing I have met with lately, can more truthfully describe both the pastor and the people who will dwell in the New Tabernacle, than doth the following extract from Mr. Wells' sermon, on Sunday, July 23rd. He is on his peculiarly favourite theme, the experiences of the Lord's people, when in he comes with his own testimony. He says:—"I look back over my now, perhaps I may call it, rather long life in these matters, and I have had some tremendous trials in my own soul, and yet amidst it all, the truth has been dear to my soul; cannot part with that. Mr. Huntington in one place says, 'I was so cut up, and cast down, my religion seemed all gone, and I seemed to have got everything ready to sign my recantation, as it were, of God's truth; but when I came to that,' that great man said, 'I felt I could not do that.' If I am lost, I will be lost in the belief of the truth; if I perish, I will perish in the truth; if I am damned, I will be damned in the faith; and if I go to hell, it shall be in decision for God's truth. To be lost in that state is to be lost in a way no man ever was and no man ever will be. So, then, if the Lord God hath not yet caused it to rain upon thy soul, if he has not yet brought the blessing, however much drought thou feelest, there stands the promise that he will pour water upon the dry ground, and floods upon him that is thirsty; and the ground in his estimation is not dry enough yet; you are not tried enough yet, not scorched enough yet, not cut up enough yet, not exercised enough yet. When the ground is as dry as he thinks proper, then will he pour water; when the thirst is as intense as he thinks proper to make it, then will he pour water upon him that is thirsty, and floods upon the dry ground."

THE MARVEL OF ANGELS.

O wonder of wisdom ! O marvel of love ! Infinity's offspring, Eternity's seed ; O depths of compassion which prompted to move, The power to accomplish what mercy decreed, The tallest archangel with pinions of light, Must pause as his flagging wings fail to explore ; His straining eyes quail nor discover the height, Or depths of God's grace, so he bows to adore. The bosom of angels may thrill with the song, In praise of the blessed eshrined on the throne ; But nearer than they stand a starry crown'd throng, Who sing what an angel tongue ne'er can intone.	O wondrous anthem ! O marvellous strain ! O deep even passing the seraphia's ken ; Angels list to the theme, for us he was slain, And add to the praise while they wonder amen. O mighty the power which adorns every star, And wisdom which orders their marches in space ; But deep to an angel mind passing by far, Unsounded, unfathomed, the ocean of grace. Low before the throne in astonishment, low they may fall, O'erwhelmed with the vision of love and delight ; But this is my wonder, the marvel of all, That I should have ever found grace in his sight, THOS. JONES, Ashill, Devon.
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The "Cheering Words" Volume for last year now ready, 8d.

THE REVELATION OF CHRIST THE RESURRECTION OF THE CHURCH.

See "The Earthen Vessel" for August, 2d.

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No. 167.

A WORD FOR ALL PREACHERS; AND FOR ALL THE PEOPLE WHO FEAR THE LORD.

AFTER a week's sharp exercise, I sat down on the Lord's-day morning, and wrote the following few lines. I hope, as the SPIRIT of the LORD did speak the word to me, so He may carry it into many a living sinner's soul, and make it a blessing. I am quite certain THIS WORD (which I give below) is England's only refuge at this fast approaching crisis; it is a special grant from heaven; it is a precious privilege—a powerful command to Zion—when to her the LORD saith, "*Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.*" Yea, it is the new covenant remedy for every aching heart, for every sorrowing soul, for every wounded conscience, for every sighing spirit; be they who, or what, or where, they may.

The giant-Pharisees may look with contempt upon this little note; proud priest-ridden people may flounce past me with the utmost scorn; but, I beseech the way-worn pilgrims to read my little simple tale as truthfully told; and may the LORD His richest blessing give.

JULY 30th, 1865.—Last Monday evening, in this (Squirries-street) chapel, I *think*, the adversary did dreadfully assail me: I was sorely cast down because I saw so little good doing, and because I feared the Lord was not with me. Brother Charles Longley came into the vestry; and I asked him to begin the meeting, and take brother Mumford's place, as he could not come. I came in and sat down full of darkness; but the hymns and

ONE HALFPENNY

prayers helped me; and I do hope I may say this promise was fulfilled—"When the enemy cometh in like a flood, the SPIRIT of the Lord shall lift up a standard against him." So I found it; the enemy came in; but the standard was lifted up; and by it, the Scriptures applied to my soul. First, came, "In the multitude of my thoughts within me, thy comforts delight my soul." Ah! I said to myself, what a contrast between "*my thoughts*" and *THY COMFORTS!*"

I cannot open those deep places now; the second Scripture which came was this, "*Open thy mouth wide, and I will fill it.*" I have thought much of that Scripture this week; and I will tell you three things—1. It wonderfully strengthened my faith: 2. It opened up itself to me in my soul: 3. I have not yet realised a power to carry out the exhortation, nor to fully enjoy the promise.

The words are in one of Asaph's Psalms—the 81st—and in verse 10. That verse is a very beautiful verse; it has four distinct sentences in it.

1. "*I am the LORD THY GOD.*" There the Lord declares His love to, and His interest in, His own people.

2. "*Which brought thee out of the land of Egypt.*" There the Lords shows how His love is manifested: He delivers them—brings them out.

3. "*Open thy mouth wide.*" There the Lord invites and draws them to His throne of grace.

4. "*And I will fill it.*" There He promises them the fullest satisfaction.

The whole Psalm is an exhortation to praise God, because He is the Lord their God; because He hath ordained laws and statutes, and ordinances for them; because when His people are in trouble, He causeth them to cry unto Him, and He delivers them; because there is a fulness of grace and sufficiency in Him; and because He assures them, He will fill their mouth with gladness and joy.

Now let me, in a few words, show how this Scripture spoke to me.

"Open thy mouth wide" in full and entire confession of all

thy state to the Lord. This appears the first thing which flows out of the HOLY SPIRIT'S exercising saving power in the soul; and *whenever* the Lord comes in to visit the soul, after any sad declension or heavy trial. You may see this in Jacob, Moses, David, and all; they opened their mouth in confessing; and this was just how David obtained deliverance:

In that 32nd Psalm David speaks of roaring all the day long; that was to himself, and over his sins, and perhaps roaring to his fellow-men; and his bones waxed old; but when he came to this confession, he found relief. He says, "I acknowledged my sin unto thee, and mine iniquity have I not hid. I said, I will confess my transgressions unto the LORD; and thou forgavest the iniquity of my sins;" and this is the Gospel. John says, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins; and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. If we say we have not sinned, we make him a liar, and his word is not in us." Three things are plain here. If the word of God be in us, we shall know and confess our sins; God has made promise to forgive; and He will both forgive us and cleanse us; so shall we be saved.

If any have guilt or misery on their souls, God will, if He visit them in mercy, lead them to confession; and so shall they obtain healing and life.

"Open thy mouth wide" in strong expressions of faith. Both the thief on the cross, and Saul of Tarsus, may be said to be extreme cases. The moment grace reached them, their mouths were full of faith—"Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." Where can you find more faith than that?

So Saul—"LORD! what wilt thou have me to do?"

The poor leper—"Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst." Oh! I have found, when faith fastens upon His great power, then rest has come.

The whole of salvation, the whole of heaven's glory, comes to thee by this one door of faith in Jesus: "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." "Open thy mouth wide in faith."

"Open thy mouth" in pleading all the promises God hath given thee. Seven things may be said of the promises—

1. They all originate in the heart of God.
2. They are all deposited in the Person of Christ.
3. They are written out in the word.
4. Some of them are applied by the Spirit to poor sinners.
5. Faith takes them in and lays them up in the soul.
6. Prayer presents them at the throne.
7. In heaven, if not before, God will perfectly fulfil them.

There is an Evangelist's and a worshipper's sense in which the words are to be considered.

"Open thy mouth wide" in proclaiming the goodness of God, the greatness of Christ, and the glory of His salvation, and of His kingdom.

Oh! this appeared to be the meaning, "Sit not down fretting—up, and proclaim a full and free salvation to all the people, so shall the Lord's glory appear."

"Open thy mouth wide" in praising God." See how full the Psalm is to this, "Sing aloud."

YOUNG BUTH'S PANTING FOR THE FIELDS OF BOAZ.

STILL my strange wild heart is beating for something in religion it has not yet found. Oh, I feel I am an ungrateful creature to be receiving so much, yet am so hard and cold.

I hear the word in such a happy exultant frame; but the service over and temptation and sorrow commences. Again, others seem happy and thankful for the blessing of salvation, but I am a dreadful ingrate. Oh! I feel the ransom that has been paid for me is great, but I am not satisfied; and this want of satisfaction makes me hate myself; for why should I desire to be what my Father in heaven has not designed me to be? Sweet resignation, beautiful grace! Oh! that the Holy Spirit would put it within me.

I read and hear so much of the dreadful terrible "times," but they seem common enough with the generality of Christians. The watchman on the walls can see farther than we poor groppers in

the night-covered city, no doubt, and often the alarm thrills the souls of some who might adopt the language of the Church, when she says, "I sleep, but my heart waketh." The solemn sounds of warning seem to demand not only attention but action. Oh! that on every hand it was the question, "Men and brethren what shall we do?" If this long-favoured, highly enlightened nation of ours is in danger, such great danger, shall every one care for his own house and so shamefully neglect the house of God? Truly the call of this world is harsh and uncompromising to many who sojourn in it. Like the tyrants of Egypt they try to keep the poor bondsmen from serving their God; but there is a voice agitating, "Let my people go that they may serve me," as though the Lord would not put up with such neglect any longer; as though He would enjoy the more entire service of His people. He seems to be saying, "I have seen, I have seen the affliction of my people."

Yes, He sees how we desire to give our hearts and hands wholly to Him; and He hears our taskmasters ever goading us on in the rough ways of the world. He sees how we labour without profit, how we must even make bricks without straw. And will He not arise? Shall not His enemies be scattered? Oh! I feel the movement commencing in the deep recesses of the soul; and the motion spreads wider, and still wider, over the ocean of souls that compose the Church militant, and I feel certain it is the Lord, and their aspirations shall be satisfied—God will call forth no emotion from the bosom of the Church in vain. Naturally, our desires are for the flesh-pots of Egypt; but when we are desiring to take up our cross and follow Him, some other power is at work. I rejoice in this spirit of fervour; religion was never meant to be a tame lifeless thing; it plays upon every passion and faculty; it thrills the soul with every emotion of which that wondrous spark of immortality is capable; and truly it awakens feelings that never were known in a state of worldly nature.

How glorious it is to live for so grand a cause! How sublime to die on such a noble battle-field! Oh! Christianity, at thy touch the wilderness blossometh as the rose, and the desert is full of refresh-

ing streams. Oh! Christianity, beneath thy sway mankind has been blessed; thy mild teaching has given unto many peace and safety. Yet the world is full of evil inventions, and it shuns thy presence. Haste, O blissful time, when the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea. But ought not we, my dear pastor, to be up and doing, both small and great, to spread this glorious gift of God? Desiring and trembling, yours,
ADA.

THE JOYS OF SALVATION.

By REV. CAPPL MOLYNEUX.

SALVATION is a weighty matter, it is a weighty thing to secure salvation. God knows it, and God does everything too for it. Oh! it should not be trifled with for a single moment—eternal life, everlasting joy and happiness, to enter that glory when our present career closes; to feel that all is safe for us at the moment of death; to know that the moment we depart will be to be with Christ, that death to us will be gain. Oh! that is the point; to get that is worth anything. Pray to God that it may be so; that your knowledge of truth may be experimental and powerful, that it may be deeper and deeper in your hearts every day. God does everything He can in order to give us this. God puts it before us as though he felt it. To the mind that is once awakened, there can be no longer comfort or satisfaction until the things of God are made sure. As long as a man is once unawakened, as long as he does not see the truth of God concerning eternal realities, he can go on his way trifling, apparently at peace; but the moment a man is awakened, and the eye of faith is opened, and he sees what is before him in the everlasting state, there is an end to all peace and tranquillity of mind; unless he can make sure of salvation, all earthly things are positively embittered; there is no relish for them unless the main point is secured; salvation is not one of many things; it is the one thing, and the man who once sees it in that point of view

can never rest, positively speaking, day or night. It is always pressing upon his soul; he feels, "That is the point, if I have not got that, I am not quite safe; there is something wrong, and, if I die, how will it be with me then? There can be no peace till I feel that I know God; till I know that God is mine—that I am God's."

BEAUTIFUL SOUNDS, AND CHEERFUL SCENES.

IF any of our more refined and grave-like people from the South could have looked into the great rooms at Masborough, near Sheffield, on Sunday, August 20th, 1865, they would have heard and seen things not easily forgotten. The immense upper room was filled with people. In near the centre, behind a table, standing on the box, was "The Village Preacher," behind him a gallery full of pretty children, in white and green, and many other colours. On his right and left were musicians and singers from all the churches round. There was a good old gentleman, looking as dignified as a judge, with his "bass viol;" on one side of him was a trombone, on the other side, a double bass, played with exquisite skill and artistic talent by a fine-looking gentleman. Then to the left were violins, clarionets, &c., &c., &c.; in front of all stood the leader, Mr. Maloney, with his wand, and his voice, and his hands uplifted, and his fire-like energy. Oh! me. Never did I altogether see and hear such sounds seraphic, such chords so true, such duets so angel-like, or such choruses so full and entire before. When they were going a-head singing, sometimes like the gentle Zephyrs playing, and then like rolling thunders coming; when, in the midst of all this, I sat, thinks I to myself can a man preach here? The singing did so fill my soul, the sight of these precious pretty little children all singing, not squeaking, no, no; not squalling; nay, in harmony really sublime they sang, and all as easy as honey; and as enchanting as though heaven itself had really come down for a time; I say these things did so fill my spirit, preaching appeared to be out of

character. There was parson Johnson and his brother Bass at my right-hand! Talk of deep-sounds! Oh! they were deep indeed; and all around my head, and through every corner of my my little swelling heart, these "echoes" flew with mighty power beyond all I can ever tell. Oh! those faces! Mr. Roper's anxious eyes when directing the recitations; Maloney's when driving the whole choir into a tremendous chorus; Johnson when he gave a double-deep swell; and the girls when they soared so sweetly above the whole with their native little trebles of a thousand quivers. Oh, the faces and the feelings; it was a time indeed.

Some of our Sunday schools may like to have a few of the stanzas they sang. So here is a small selection.

HYMN I.

Again the kind revolving year
Has brought this happy day,
And we in God's blest house appear,
Again our vows to pay.

CHORUS.

Accept, O Lord, our humble lays,
'Tis babes and sucklings offering
praise.

Our watchful guardians, robed in
light,

Adore the heavenly King;
Ten thousand thousand seraphs
bright,

Incessant praises sing,

CHORUS.—Accept, O Lord, &c.

If aught can there enhance their
bliss
Or raise their rapture higher,
New joys in heaven at sights like
this,
New anthems fill the choir.

CHORUS.—Accept, O Lord, &c.

With what resembling care and
love
Both worlds for us appear,
Our friendly guardians, those above,
Our benefactors here.

CHORUS.—Accept, O Lord, &c.

HYMN II.

The Bible! the Bible! more precious than gold,
The hopes and the glories its pages unfold,
It speaks of a Saviour, and tells of his love,
And shows us the way to the mansions above.

CHORUS.

We'll sing of its triumphs, and tell of its worth,
And send its glad tidings afar o'er the earth.

The Bible! the Bible! blest volume of truth,
How sweetly it smiles on the season of youth;
It bids us seek early the pearl of great price
Ere the heart is enslaved in the bondage of vice.

CHORUS.—We'll sing, &c.

The Bible! the Bible! we hail it with joy,
Its truths and its glories our tongues shall employ,
We'll sing of its triumphs, we'll tell of its worth,
And send its glad tidings afar o'er the earth.

CHORUS.—We'll sing, &c.

The Bible! the Bible! the valleys shall ring
And hill tops re-echo the notes that we sing,
Our banners, inscribed with its precepts and rules,
Shall long wave in triumph the joy of our schools.

CHORUS.—We'll sing, &c.

THE TWO SENTINELS.

PASSING the Adelphi Chapel, in Hackney road, the other morning, I saw there many fine carriages, and groups of spectators. Some people asked the meaning of this multitude. "The minister is to be married," was the reply. Since then, the walls have been placarded with bills on which is printed in large letters, "Precious Blood;" a sermon by Rev. A. A. Ramsey." I gave a penny for one of these sermons; and it must be acknowledged that some blessed things are contained therein; and I do not know there is any contradiction or error in the whole discourse. The exordium is interesting; and I give it here:—

"Burdened with a load of guilt so grievous and intolerable as to render him entirely oblivious of the heavy armour with which he was equipped; shrouded in a moral gloom more dense and dismal than those sombre shades of nightfall which enveloped the rock beneath which he stood, and the scene by which he was surrounded, a lonely sentinel at Gibraltar paced his appointed beat with unusually solemn step, and kept his silent vigil with a sorrowful heart.

Under deep conviction of sin, his solitude was congenial with

his state of mind, and in an agony of intense solicitude he mused despairingly over his spiritual depravity.

Suddenly a mysterious sound broke the stillness of the midnight air, and startled the sentinel from his mournful reverie. "The voice of words" rung distinctly upon his ear; and, like as if some stray note from seraph's harp, stealing away from the loud songs of the redeemed, had come wandering down to earth to float its rapturous music into his penitent soul, the listening soldier heard with wonder, and received with welcome its "glad tidings of great joy" which, although coming so strangely, he knew not from whence—were, to him in that hour and may be to us in this, words of eternal life—"The precious blood of Christ."

Singular, but providential, was the coincidence which resulted in the conversion of this man. He had been placed on guard at the inner extremity of that long avenue-like passage which leads from Gibraltar to the Spanish dominions; whilst at the far distant outer end there had been stationed another sentinel, who, unlike his desponding comrade, was rejoicing in possession of a newly-found Saviour. Late at night, an officer, returning to garrison, challenged this outer sentry for the watchword; and the man, wrapped in devout meditation, filled with holy gratitude and joy—forgetting for the moment every other theme but that which absorbed the affections of his new born soul—replied to the challenge in these solemn words, "The precious blood of Christ!" Soon self-possession was recovered, and the proper answer returned. But borne on the midnight breeze along the narrow passage to where the penitent soldier stood, this sacred watchword rung its mysterious echo on his attentive ear and brought salvation to his troubled heart.

In the army of the living God—"the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven," there ever has been, and is still, a universal watchword. Soldiers of the King of Kings are divided into various ranks, called by diverse names, possessed of dissimilar gifts: there are differences of administrations, diversities of operations, varieties of organisations; yet, however Christians differ in the expressions of their

common faith and hope, and vary in external forms of devotion to their one Lord and Master—in the essential elements of Christianity they blessedly agree; here, there is no shadow of turning and must be no uncertain sound. The cross is our rallying point—the ATONEMENT our glory, This is the seal of our fellowship, the standard under which we fight. Clinging to the blood-besprinkled banner of Calvary, and confronting in bold phalanx a malignant host of Jesuit foes—to every Socinian heresy, rationalist's philosophy and sceptic's sneer we return, as our watchword, this unequivocal and triumphal response, "The precious blood of Christ!"

BEAUTIFUL SUNDAY SCHOOL SINGING AT BILSTON.

I WAS sitting in Mr. Lodge's pulpit, in that neat and new Baptist chapel, in Bilston, in Staffordshire, on Sunday morning, July 9, 1865, rather weary and depressed, for I had been lecturing in Bristol, and had travelled the previous day from Bristol to Birmingham in a Parliamentary train—and some of the company were very rough—and having travelled that morning from Birmingham to Bilston. I was exceedingly depressed; but Benjamin Attwood and his wife are kind Christian souls, and they received me tenderly. To chapel we went, the service commenced, and down in the pulpit I sat feelingly hard, and faint in the way, with the announcement before me that I was to preach three sermons that day on behalf of the Sunday Schools.

The organ struck a cheerful note; the Sunday school girls—all beautifully attired in white—took their seats in a descending gallery running from the pulpit to the floor; the people were filling the pews, when Benjamin Attwood announced the first hymn. He read it with a fulness of expression, and with an evident feeling of soul, which touched my heart. It was that strong and savoury hymn of Watts's—

Proclaim, "salvation from the Lord,
For wretched dying men;"
His hand has writ the sacred word
With an immortal pen.

Engrav'd as in eternal brass
The mighty promise shines;
Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raise
Those everlasting lines.

His very word of grace is strong
As that which built the skies;
The voice that rolls the stars along
Speaks all the promises.

O, might I hear thy heav'nly tongue
But whisper, "Thou art mine!"
Those gentle words should raise my song
To notes almost divine.

A delightful soul-melting spirit entered into me. I sat and wept tears of deep humility. Something whispered "Read Psalm cvii." I opened the Bible, and the first words entered my very soul—

O give thanks unto the Lord,
For He is good;
For His mercy endureth for ever.

I arose and read them aloud. I said, "Everything within, all that the Lord has done, all He is doing in every part of creation, all He is accomplishing in the Church, all His intercession in heaven, and all His gracious works in the Gospel and in the experiences of His saints—all demand a song of praise, all constrain us to cry out, 'O give thanks unto the Lord, for He is Good.'"

But this thought was active in my mind—We have need that one stir up another to give thanks unto God, because we are so prone to forget His mercies and His goodness; so soon do we murmur and repine, and often inwardly rebel. Oh! how inwardly happy I then was IN THE LORD: every word I read was precious; and I spoke with a feeling of liberty but seldom really enjoyed. I could only read six or seven verses, and then to the Throne of Grace we went; and the LORD was present I do believe.

The text which I did desire to enter into that morning was Isaiah xlviii. 21:—

"HE CAUSED THE WATERS TO FLOW OUT OF THE ROCK FOR THEM; He clave THE ROCK also; AND THE WATERS GUSHED OUT."

But the first part of that verse—"They thirsted not when HE LED THEM THROUGH THE DESERTS"—did so take hold of me, and the meditation thereof kept me so long in "the desert," I could scarcely get to the Rock at all. There were three points:—The *Doctrine*, "He led them through the desert;" the *Difficulty*, "they thirsted not;" and the *Declaration*, "the waters gushed out." But I must leave this Bilston history here for the present.

MR. CROWTHERS' COMMENCEMENT IN THE MINISTRY.

JOSEPH ELAM gave me one of William Crowther's published sermons. It was a ministerial charge; and a really good one. In it Mr. Crowther refers to his own immediate call. My readers I know will like it. He says:—"I remember, that in my young days, I was repeatedly asked if I was not willing and did not intend to go to the academy to study for the ministry? and I well recollect that my reply was: "No, I believe I shall never go to an academy or college in this world, and we shall need none in the next—if ever I be a minister, I will be one of God's making, and will know he calls me before I go." Some year or two after this my mind began to be exercised as to the ministry, and the word of God began to burn in me; and for some months it seemed at times as if it must find vent and utterance; but still I kept it to myself, determined to wait God's time, and to be sure the thing was of God, before moving in it. Jeremiah's words, chapter xx., 9th verse, were often on my mind, as expressing exactly my feeling: "I said, I will not make mention of him, nor speak in his name. But his word was in mine heart as a burning fire shut up in my bones, and I was weary with forbearing, and could not stay." Many a time had I to cry like

him, "My bowels, my bowels ! I am pained at my heart ; my heart maketh a noise in me ; I cannot hold my peace." (Jer. iv. 19.) And I was at length brought to the necessity of crying mightily to God, either to take away the feeling, or open a door for me, as the determination to wait till I should know the work to be of God never left me. This feeling of painful anxiety seemed to grow upon me, and became, as it appeared to myself, unbearable ; and relief at last came in this way. On a certain morning I left my business, and retired to a private part of the premises, behind a haystack, to ask the Lord either to relieve me in one way or the other. I said, "Do, Lord, take away the feeling, or open the way for me to speak." This prayer I repeated over and over again, and in the midst of my doing so, I heard my father's voice, calling, "William, you are wanted." I felt sure it was something connected with my prayer, and came from my privacy to see who wanted me. It was an old man of my acquaintance, and the moment I saw him, I felt before I spoke to him that he had come to ask me to preach, and did not feel at all surprised when he delivered his message to this effect : "We are disappointed of a supply for next Lord's day, and nothing would satisfy the friends but my coming to ask you to come and preach for us if you can, but if you cannot preach, still come, as we are satisfied it will do us good if you will. I was like Peter when the messengers came from Cornelius, (Acts 10th, 19th verse,) so I could not say, nay, but went on the following Lord's day, now nearly thirty years ago, and "having obtained help of God, continue unto this day," with as firm a conviction now as then that the matter was of God ; and amidst all the discouragements, temptations, and doubts, and they have been many, I have always found sweet comfort from taking heed to the way in which I was first led to speak in the name of the Lord ; and would always advise a man to know both who his employer and his paymaster is before he commences work in the Lord's vineyard. I remember some years ago I offended a person very much by giving him advice consistent with this experience. He came to me, saying, he wished to have my advice as to what he should do, for he believed the Lord intended him

to begin to preach, what did I think he ought to do? Why, I said, to hold off as long as you can. Never begin till God opens a clear door for you, but pray, and leave it solely in his hands, and that will save you much doubt hereafter; for if he intends you to preach he will both make a way for you, and put it in the hearts of his people to look for a message by you. He soon after began to preach, but whether the Lord opened a door for him, or he opened one for himself, I never was informed, but I hope the former was the case.

Take heed to the peculiar line of things in which you are called to exercise your gift. One of God's servants is a son of thunder, another is a son of consolation; one is a silver trumpet, another a ram's horn; one is especially qualified to instruct babes, another to minister to the sick; some are most at home when exposing hypocrisy, and others in living down scandal; and every one of God's people has his own peculiar calling of God, and a peculiar sphere to move in; and it is of great importance for each of us to know what special position we are called unto.

BE SIMPLE.

IN early days I had conducted a cottage meeting, and on the way home was describing to a friend how I had argued upon a certain doctrine, bringing to bear thereon the remarks of some learned men. I shall never forget the quiet rebuke of my friend, who said, "And do you think the poor things understood it?" Ever since then, when I have felt inclined to soar above their heads, the whisper has come, "Do you think they'll understand it?" and I have lowered my tone to their capacity. I have many a time since been sick at heart at hearing young ministers come out with polished sentences and sentimental ideas to an uneducated congregation, and would have cried out, "Oh, friend, if you know how, be simple—be simple." I once asked an agricultural labourer—a churchman, too—if he understood the sermon he had just heard. His reply was significant: "Not much of it,

sir; ye see, it was above us unlearned folks altogether." We should recollect in teaching the poor that their knowledge is so limited, and their associations are so few, that little help is supplied from their own minds. They want you to help them by being as simple to them as possible.

The beauty of the Bible is seen in its simplicity. It is mostly made up of monosyllables. Notice the beautiful simplicity of our dear Lord's sermon on the Mount, and recollect He was the Preacher of preachers—and try to copy Him.—G. C., in *Old Jonathan*.

THOUGHTS FOR THE WEARY.

CHILD of the wilderness, shrouded in grief, Sin-stricken little one nursing thy fear;	Wearied and faint, yet He leadeth thee on, Sick of thy sin, yet thou never can'st die;
Life's day of sorrow at longest is brief, And heaven is near.	Jesus remembers the still vacant throne That He purchased for thee.
Murmur not, blood has redeemed thee from woe;	He has been tending thee through the lone night;
Jesus the weight of thy sorrow did bear;	He is the sun that hath brightened thy day;
Soon to the home of His loved ones thou'lt go.	Aye, and when thou art too weak for the fight,
And Jesus is there.	He shall bear thee away. M. A. MEARS.

The "Cheering Words" Volume for last year now ready, 8d.

EXTRACTS FROM MEMORY'S PAGE.

By JEPHA.

See "The Earthen Vessel" for September, 2d.

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THE WIDOW'S CONSOLATION FOUND IN THE FULNESS OF CHRIST.

HOW precious is the word of the Lord when it is poured into a dry and thirsty soul by the gentle breathing of the HOLY SPIRIT. Turning away from the busy cares of this life one evening, and sitting down to rest, I saw a little book by the author of "Nothing to Pay," with this title on it, "*The Broken Arm.*" It is published by W. H. Collingridge, and the perusal of it led me to thoughts of some value. But for one little incident, perhaps, *The Broken Arm* tract would have received no attention from me. On passing through the narrow thoroughfare of the Poultry, in the city of London, that evening, just as I was on the little curb, an immensely heavy cart-horse fell with all his force on to the very stones where I was walking; and his fore-foot came splash-dash on the pathway. How I escaped a broken leg, or the instant loss of my life, I cannot tell. The fright flung me almost into a shop door; and when I looked round, and saw the horse's great leg and foot and head on the very spot where I had been walking, I was amazed to find myself unhurt. I did desire to praise the Lord; and that word came presently—"The Lord shall preserve thy going out, and thy coming in from this time, even for evermore." How wonderful it did appear to me that I was permitted to reach my home that evening in soundness and safety; and in preaching from Paul's words respecting Abraham, ("being fully persuaded that what He, the Lord, had promised, he was

ONE HALFPENNY

able also to perform,") I had freedom and happiness most unusually pleasant. The Lord be praised!

Now a word about "The Broken Arm." The writer one day found a poor widow woman in an underground kitchen, on her bed, helpless, with her little children all about her. He asked her how it had come to pass? She said,—

"Friday evening I finished my work in comfortable time, and carried up my last basket of linen from the kitchen to be taken home by my boy. As I got to the street door, I remembered I had not put up a shirt I had just ironed, so I turned hastily to run down stairs for it, when I tripped on the first step, and fell from the top to the bottom, and came with my weight against the jamb of the door, and broke my arm in four places. A six-months' business the doctor says, and likely enough a weak if not a useless right arm all my life."

"And how has it fared with your soul?" I inquired.

"It is well," she replied. "My means of support are entirely taken from me by this fall, and very likely as long as I live I shall never be able to work again; but I have not as yet been tormented with one anxious thought; I feel fully persuaded the Lord will provide, and that love is in this stroke. I think I have been too anxious of late about the bread that perisheth, and God has taken this way to talk to me alone, and show me what He can do."

"You used to be a poor doubting one, full of fears about your soul's interest in Christ," I said.

"They are all gone," she smilingly replied. "The Lord has been most gracious to me; He has made this accident a time of love, and I am enabled at present to commit my soul and body and circumstances to His covenant care. Hitherto I have been wonderfully helped, and faith seems given me to believe He will take care of me to the end."

Another visit the following week drew forth a little of the poor woman's history, which as far as memory serves, is given in the words she used.

"Six months and three weeks after the death of my husband, I was confined of my youngest child, now seven years old, and

during the time of my illness I had some anxious thoughts about my soul. God made use of no human instrument to work upon me. As I lay in my bed, my mind seemed directed to the goodness of God toward me, His mercy in sparing my life and the awful amount of my sins. As soon as I was able to get out, I went to a place of worship, and took every opportunity of hearing something likely to do my soul good, for I felt as ignorant as a beast about religion. I sent my children to a Sunday-school, and I took to reading my Bible every spare moment I had. There was a godly poor woman who lived near to me that I longed to speak to, but I dared not, for not only was I a great sinner in my own eyes, but I felt I must be doubly so to every one else; for I kept a public-house from which I obtained a good income to support my seven fatherless children. It struck into my heart one day that I would pray to God to incline this woman's heart to speak to me, for I knew she could tell me a great deal that would do me good. Months rolled on, and no notice seemed to be taken of my prayer till the Sunday-school treat came round, and I was invited with my children to attend. There I met Mrs. —, and as soon as ever she spied me she came right up and spoke to me, and I saw this was of God. Shortly after she looked in and saw me, but my house was a very disagreeable place for godly people, and I hated my home. As we went to the same chapel, we walked to and fro together; and many a pleasant and profitable talk we have had upon the best things. But my business hung about my neck as a great millstone. I used often to say, were it not for my children I would sooner have returned to an empty house and a dry crust than to all the comforts I had with the devil's company. What I suffered no tongue can tell; those only understand it who are tried in the same way, by having a business into which they cannot put their conscience, and pray God to prosper and smile upon. But I had not faith to give it up; I could not trust the Lord; so I carried my own burdens. I own I got some good from the ministry I attended, but it was not a FULL GOSPEL. Christ and His finished salvation, and the sovereign work of the Spirit in showing the soul the things of Christ, were not preached, but a sort of mixture, a partner-

ship business—Christ was to do His part, and we must do ours. And a poor half mine was, for I just went on in the old rut, troubled enough for sin, but no power to mend—no peace, no liberty.

"A poor man, a shoemaker, called one day to see Mrs. — about a little matter of business, and he said to her, after some conversation with her about her soul, 'I see plain enough where you are. Why, you are under the law. What you want now is to hear a full and finished salvation in Christ; and if the Spirit of God blessed it to your soul, you would then enjoy the liberty and peace of the Gospel.' He directed her where to go, and she asked me to accompany her, for we were both alike—seeking peace and pardon, and power to fight against sin; so we went together the next Sunday. The first hymn given out I shall never forget to my dying day—

"Amazing grace, how sweet the sound,
That saved a wretch like me;
I once was lost, but now am found,
Was blind, but now I see."

I felt great power with that hymn, and it seemed to open my heart to receive the sermon. When the preacher set out God's way of saving a poor sinner by the doing and dying of Christ, and the knowledge of this in the soul by the work of the Spirit, and all coming out of the electing love of God the Father, I felt heaved up out of my place.* I seemed risen up out of a pit I

* I give the exact words used by the speaker.

had long lain in; all that Christ did and suffered seemed made over to me, and my sin made over to Him. Oh! didn't I go out of that place happy! But as I neared my house—my wicked, polluted home—I felt ready to sink. My trade never appeared so odious as now. I felt I must part with it if I starved, or we all went into the Union. From that day Mrs. — and I regularly attended that ministry; and with much profit to both our souls. Not long after the minister called upon me. I said to him, 'Sir, my business lies very heavy upon me, but what can I do with it?' 'The religion that does not cost us something is worth nothing, my friend,' he said; 'and what you give up in faith you will never lose by in the long run.' These words struck into me;

so when he was gone I committed the matter to God, and I went to Mrs. — and told her I was now fixed to have no more to do with this sinful business. 'I'll cast myself upon God,' I said, 'and I believe He will provide.' 'Take me as a lodger,' she said, 'and that will be a little help.' She has been with me six years, and from the day I gave up my business to the present hour, I have never known the want of a penny. I have supported my family by washing, and now I feel fully persuaded God will prove Jehovah Jireh, and will provide for all our needs to the end."

The tidings of a salvation completed in Christ, brought home to the heart by the power of the Spirit of God, is the mighty means whereby souls are led to walk in newness of life. Believers in Jesus are led to desire by grace to adorn the doctrines of God their Saviour in all things; and though because of the power of the flesh there is far more of failure than success, nevertheless the desires of the new creature in Christ are after holiness and conformity to the mind and will of God. The truths of the Gospel received into the heart by divine power work effectually now, as of old, and prove in every case this great fact: "Christ gave Himself that He might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people zealous of good works."

That word "*a full Gospel*" led me to serious reflection, of which I wish to say one word; and then write to the end of this poor woman's story.

THE GLORY THAT EXCELLETH.

THERE is a preciousness in Jesus, that, if we saw it fully, would put out our eyes for discovering glory in external things. We should be unable to distinguish the great from the small, the bright from the dark; the remaining rays of Christ's glory lingering on the eyeballs would extinguish the light of other things, that they would become a general confusion. If Christ, were truly apprehended, we should cease to know what the world calls little or great,—the pursuit of an empire or of a butterfly would be to us alike little.

"PLENTY OF ROOM FOR YOU."

WHEN I read the inscription on the front of the New Chapel, at Kedington, it rather impressed my mind; it stands thus:

**REHOBOTH
BAPTIST CHAPEL,
ERECTED 1860,
RE-BUILT 1866.**

As I stood in the pulpit in the evening the thought, the desire, the prayer rushed through my soul, like this, "Lord! grant that many a poor sinner may come and look on this inscriptions, and be led to ask, *What does Rehoboth mean?* And then I really cried out "Lord! do speak in the inquiring soul and say, "It means, **THERE IS PLENTY OF ROOM FOR YOU.**" So lightning-like was this thought and desire in me, that I do hope God will cause it to be realized in many a sinner's heart; and in the real conversion of many a sinner's soul.

Rehoboth at Kedington, in the threefold corner of Cambs, Suffolk, and Essex, was re-opened on Wednesday Sept. 13th, 1865. We had a sermon the previous evening from "The Village Preacher," in Haverhill Baptist chapel; and on opening the new and much enlarged Rehoboth, at Kedington, on the Wednesday, we realized the promise; and the particulars of which I purpose to write in a letter to Robert Powell, the late Minister; and give it in this next "CHEERING WORDS," or in **EARTHEN VESSEL**, I do not know which. Let me here say, it was a happy time. Having been invited many years since by Mr. John Dillstone to take part in the opening services of their first chapel; having been invited and enabled to attend their anniversary services every year for sixteen annual gatherings; having been always well received, and kindly treated, above all, God having always appeared to sanction and satiate my soul in that place; under all these circumstances, when I saw again that sweet cottage on Woodland Green, where John

Dillostone, his indulgent wife, and his loving children dwell; when I saw the newly-built chapel; when John Dillostone commenced the services; and friends all sang and seemed happy, my heart was so full, I could scarcely tell where or what I was. Hewbeit, Mr. Murking, the pastor, prayed very precious; Mr. Willis, the co-pastor, at Clare, pleaded earnestly. Mr. Wilson, and myself preached warmly; and I may add, Miss Wallis, now over eighty, and the Dillostones and friends supplied the visitors bountifully; and after all, he sang,

"All hail the power of Jesu's name," &c.

SINAI 'AND CALVARY.

I raised mine eyes to Sinai, and there transfixed with awe,
Beheld the majesty of God, as in His holy law;
I saw the lightning's vivid flash, I heard the thunders roll,
And a sense of awful guiltiness, burst in upon my soul.

"Do this and live," I heard Him say, "do not, and thou shalt die;"
"O God I've broken every law," was all that I could cry,
I've trampled under foot Thy word, Thy just commands forgot;"
And on my face to earth I fell, pardon expecting not.

"Lift up thy head, and look once more," I heard a voice proclaim,
And those sweet notes like music seemed to steal across my frame;
I tremblingly obeyed His call, and raised from earth mine eyes,
To gaze upon that wondrous scene with glad yet sad surprise.

I turned to Calvary, and behold my Saviour and my God,
Expiring 'neath the burden of my sin's tremendous load;
I felt how hateful in God's sight was sin, and I was sad,
I saw through Christ my sins forgiven and my poor heart was glad.

I listened to His dying groans, "Tis finished" heard Him cry,
And the sun in all its glory shone forth from the darkened sky;
Mercy and truth together met, and justice satisfied,
Proclaimed forgiveness through the blood of Christ the crucified."

Can it be true? my soul enquires, then breaking forth in praise,
Up to the heavens in grateful hymns, my heart and voice I raise;
While angels catch the gladsome sounds and thro' the courts above,
Re-echo songs of thankfulness for Jesus' matchless love.

Lee, August 27th, 1865.

T. G. C. A.

WONDERFUL FAITH, AND ABUNDANCE OF FRUIT.

A H! Yes—there is a ladder between heaven and earth, between holy, praying souls, and the eternal God; and where the Lord is honoured, where He is really sought unto and believed in, there He doth, in some cases, “open the windows of heaven, and pour down a blessing.”

I know He does. Let me say—and I hope I do not presume—I have prayed down many a deliverance. But our Heavenly Father independently exercises His own Sovereignty as to the how, when, and where, He will bless.

I am reading Mr. George Muller's report of his Orphan Houses, and Mission Work.

There is one page I will give as a modern illustration of the quietness and confidence in God with which Mr. Muller seems to be favoured.

Lord, do bless the reading of this to many. Let it help some to cast all their care upon thyself. Mr. Muller says:—

“I received information that a donor, who for twenty months, month after month, had sent me £100 for the Building Fund, £28 8s. for the printing of tracts, and £28 8s. for the support of thirty-one orphans, had died, and as one of the very last things he did, he kindly had sent me again this donation, which I received on the 8th. The same donor had, also, previous to these last twenty months, sent me for nineteen months, month by month, £28 8s. for the printing of tracts, and £28 8s. for the support of the orphans. And previous again to that he had kindly sent me various donations, amounting to several hundred pounds besides, so that altogether about £5,000, or nearly so, must have been sent to me by him. This dear Christian donor was now removed—suddenly removed. And what, you ask, dear reader, was the effect made upon my mind? The news found me in peace, the news was read in peace, and the news did not for a moment rob me of my peace. I thanked God, for having continued this dear donor to me so long; I thanked God that He had taken His dear servant to Himself in peace. I was no more

disturbed in mind, and no more made anxious by the removal of this donor, who had contributed after the rate of about £1,900 a-year, during the last twenty months, than if some one had been removed who had only given a few shillings or few pounds yearly. Should any one ascribe this to ingratitude, such would be entirely mistaken. I felt the kindness of the dear departed Christian gentleman much. I had for a very long time prayed daily for him and for each member of his dear family; and I have also continued to pray for the bereaved widow and each of the children since; and, as long as life is continued to me, I shall remember the kindness of the dear departed one; but yet I was without the least particle of anxiety. God remained to me. God who had moved the heart of his servant to help me, remained to me; this was my comfort; this kept me from even the smallest degree of anxiety. Many times I have been similarly situated. One donor after another, who contributed much, has been removed; many such have been removed; but God, my never failing friend and helper, has remained to me. One died who had given me thousands of pounds; but God remained, and the work went on. Another died who had given me thousands of pounds, but God remained, and the work went on, and was enlarged still more. Another died who had given me thousands of pounds; but the work went on, and was enlarged far more still. And thus, whatever changes have befallen me as to donors, by death, by their alteration of circumstances, by their alteration of heart toward God, He, the living God, has more and more helped me, and done so more and more manifestly. The reason why I have so particularly dwelt upon this point is to show the blessedness of really knowing God, trusting in Him and in Him alone, being satisfied with Him and with Him alone; this, and this alone, gives real, true, scriptural independence. I would desire to be thankful for twopence, and even to express this thankfulness; but a donation of twenty thousand pounds, or even fifty thousand pounds at once, should not, by the help of God, lead me to trust in the donor, even in any degree, but alone in God. And thus acting, viz., trusting alone in God, when the Irish famine prevailed from 1846 to 1847, we went on more easily

than in any previous year, because we trusted in God, and were helped, though so many charitable contributions were sent to Ireland. The same was the case at the time of the Crimean war, and at the time of the Lancashire distress in the cotton districts, on account of the American war. And, as I said before, thus it has been when one after another of our donors, and not a few such, who had considerably contributed, were removed; because God, who has the hearts of all men in His hands, touched the hearts of others, making them to see the honour and the preciousness of the privilege of contributing to His work; and so it has come, that we have been always helped, and more and more instead of less, because we were only trusting in God and not in donors, though thankful to each of them for their kindness in helping us. In this spirit, by the grace of God, we mean to go on to the end of our course, for the sake of honouring God, and for the sake of proving to the Church and to the world, what may be accomplished simply by prayer and faith; and it were better that we should soon be removed hence, than to depart from this path, which has been happily, satisfyingly, and successfully pursued for thirty-five years, and, we humbly trust, for the spiritual good of not a few of our fellow-disciples."

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according to his deserts? So it is written again, thou deceitful devil, that Christ's righteousness is my righteousness, His works my works, His merits my merits, and His precious blood a full satisfaction for my sins: O but God is a just God (thou sayest) and therefore in justice must needs condemn me: I grant, Satan, that He is a just God, and therefore he cannot in justice punish me for my sins, which he hath already punished in his own Son; it is against the law of justice to punish one fault twice; I was, and am a great debtor unto God the Father, but Jesus Christ hath paid the debt for me, and therefore it stands not with the justice of God to require it again; and therefore avoid, Satan, avoid thou fire-brand of hell, and tempt me no more, for he that is with me is mightier than thou, even the mighty and victorious Lion of the tribe of Judah, who hath bruised thy head, and hath promised to be with His children to the end of the world. Avoid therefore, thou dastard, remove thy siege, and yield the field won, and get thee packing, or I will call upon my grand Captain Jesus Christ, the valiant Michael who beat thee in heaven, and threw thee down to hell, with all thy hellish train, and devilish crew.—She had scarcely pronounced these last words, but she fell suddenly into a sweet smiling laughter, saying, Now he is gone, now he is gone, do you not see him fly like a coward, and run away like a beaten cock? he hath lost the field, and I have won the victory, even the garland and crown of everlasting life, not by my own power and strength, but by the power and might of Jesus Christ.

"GIVE ME JESUS CHRIST."

THERE has been a great lamentation in our Zion of late, arising from some things Mr. James Wells had said, and some engagements his brother John Foreman declined to fulfil, The cause of the dispute is referred to in Mr. Wells's sermon, entitled "A Lover of Good Fruit;" and a few moments' perusal of *THE EARTHEN VESSEL*, for October, will repay the reader. From the same sermon I take the following beautiful words respecting

JESUS CHRIST; and in introducing them I cannot help saying that the very fact that JAMES WILLS has been holden up so many years as a very blessed preacher of JESUS CHRIST, to thousands of poor sinners, should have been sufficient to keep all good men from any effort to injure him, when about to enter his new house of prayer. In the sermon referred to he says:—

“ ‘My soul desired the first-ripe fruit.’ Perhaps no less than four things are meant here. First, the Lord Jesus Christ; he is the first-ripe fruit; he was the first by his obedient life and atoning death that was ripened into perfection; for I think the word *ripen* here will carry the idea of perfection as well as the idea of sweetness. Things are not sweet until they are ripe, you know. The sweetness of Christ is in the perfection of his righteousness, in the perfection of his death. And some of you, that have tasted the sweetness of his perfection, the testimony that declareth his perfection, oh, how indescribably sweet have his words and those seasons been. This is a department I enter upon with very, very much pleasure. Oh, that great scripture upon this subject of Christ being the first-fruits, that great scripture upon this in the 11th of Romans, where the apostle throws a beautiful light upon this doctrine of Christ being the first-fruits— ‘If the first-fruit be holy the lump is holy.’ The idea literally is this, that if the sheaf that was cut down at the beginning of the harvest under the Levitical law were accepted of the Lord, that one sheaf consecrated the whole harvest to the people, so that the harvest itself could not be injured, nor could enemies take it away. But if the sheaf were not accepted, then, if that were not reckoned holy, or accepted as holy, then the lump was not holy. Now, then, there is no doubt about Jesus Christ being accepted, is there—not the slightest whatever? no doubt about his being holy? Jesus Christ is holy; Jesus Christ is accepted entirely, with infinite welcome; accepted, and accepted to all eternity. So that the prophet, in desiring the first-ripe fruit, Christ Jesus, would thus desire acceptance with God. How little the meaning appears in the letter, but how great when you come to the meaning thereof! Is not this our desire—is it not the very end we are seeking, namely, whether we sleep or.

whether we wake, whether we live or whether we die, saith the apostle, that we be accepted of him? And if we are accepted of him, it must be by oneness with him, by faith in him; and by faith in this first-fruit we are exempted from every one of our faults, exempted from all condemnation, exempted from death and hell. And just so sure as the first sheaf, Christ Jesus, is gathered into the heavenly garner, so, if our faith be in him, and we are decided for him, our souls shall be gathered into the same heavenly garner; as he himself saith, 'Where I am, there ye may be also.' Secondly, I think the first-ripe fruit may also mean the promise of God; of course that is in Christ Jesus. It was the first-ripe fruit that Abraham ever knew, when the Lord came to him and said, 'In blessing I will bless thee, and in multiplying I will multiply thee.' It was perfect, it was ripe. Oh, if the Lord were to bring that promise into your soul, what a loss you would be at for language to describe the blessedness of it; because the blessing there means all the blessing that infinite love could think of; it means all the blessing that Christ could embody; it means all the blessing that the great God can bestow—if I may use such a phrase without irreverence; My God shall supply all your needs, according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus.' Well, you say, Lord, give me this ripe promise, this yea and amen promise, this sweet and precious promise, and that will make me happy. Then, thirdly, I think the first-ripe fruit will mean also the fruits of the Spirit; they are called the first-fruits by way of pre-eminence; 'We,' saith the apostle, 'that have the first-fruits of the Spirit.' If that be the meaning, then it will convey this idea; Lord, leave me not to love thee after the mere common order, but make me love thee uncommonly, in the pre eminent sense of the word, as the woman did that sat at the Saviour's feet. Lord, leave me not to pray after a mere common manner, but after a pre-eminent manner, that I may really pray. Lord, leave me not to believe after a mere dead-letter manner, but grant that my faith may be that which is uncommon and unknown to the world. And, Lord, leave me not to stand out for thee in a lukewarm manner, as though it did not matter whether I stood out for thee

warmly or not, but let me stand out for thee like an iron pillar, like a brazen wall, like a defended city. Then, fourthly, I think the first-ripe fruit will mean also the foretaste of heaven.

“ ‘ The hill of Zion yields
A thousand sacred sweets
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.’ ”

“ Give me, then, Jesus Christ in his perfection ; give me the promise in its perfection ; give me the pre-eminent fruits of the Spirit, that I may glorify that God much, that has done so much for me, so much for you, and for all his people, and give me the foretaste of heaven, and that will lessen my desire for the things of earth, and make me thirst more and more to be at the fountain head, and say,—

“ ‘ If such the sweetness of the stream,
What must the fountain be ? ”

“ All that to my soul is more precious than all the books or banks in the world ; and toward such a preacher I feel a love that will not only burn clearly when all things go well, but a love that will, if need be, cover a multitude of sins ; and if our love to Jesus Christ will not cleave to him when we are in the dark as well as when we are in the light—if our love to our brethren will not cause us to stand fast by them in days of trial, as well as in days of prosperity, it is not a love worth having.”

In going into the New Tabernacle may this love to Jesus Christ, and this love to all his saints,

“ Stronger and brighter shine.”

Parmenio objected to Alexander's passing the Granicus so late in the day ; but that bold warrior cried, “ The Hellespont would blush if, after having crossed it, we should be afraid of the Granicus.” Our past deliverances should make us bold in present afflictions. If the Lord has brought us across the Hellespont of sin, we need not fear the Granicus of sorrow.

CAUGHT UP.

1st. THESS. iv. 16, 17.

"Caught up!" caught up! no wing required!
 Caught up to Him, by love inspired,
 To meet Him in the air.
 Spurning the earth with upward bound,
 Nor casting a single glance around,
 "Caught up" in the radiant air.

Fanting with rapture and surprise—
 "Caught up," our fond affections rise,
 Our coming Lord to meet;
 Hearing the trumpet's glorious sound,
 Soaring to join the rising crowd,
 Gazing upon the parted cloud,
 Beneath His pierced feet!

O blessed, O thrice blessed word!
 To "be for ever with the Lord,"
 In heavenly beauty fair!
 Up! up! we long to hear the cry;
 Up! up! our absent Head draws nigh,
 Yes, "in the twinkling of an eye,
 To meet Him in the air!"

L. T.

The "Cheering Words" Volume for last year now ready, 8d.

LETTERS FROM THE HEART.

See "The Earthen Vessel" for October, 2d.

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Cheering Words.

VOL. XV.

NOVEMBER, 1865.

No. 169.

THE GREAT MERCY OF GOD.

THERE was one of old that in riotous living spent all his losables, all his movables, all his perishables—got rid of the whole. What a mercy there were some immovables the poor prodigal could not touch, that there were some imperishables that he could not touch, that there were some unlosables that he could not lose, that were never trusted in his hands. He began to be in want, and he went and joined some false church, and they sent him to feed—you know what, and he fain would have filled his belly with their false doctrines, called husks, but no man gave unto him. What am I to do? Why, “I will arise, and go to my father”—God is my Father in creation, who knows but it may prove bye-and-bye that he is also my Father in salvation? So, “I will arise, and go to my father, and I will say, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight.” Against heaven, against heaven! what, have you been angry with heaven? Yes, I have, I have been angry with religion, I have been angry with the people, I have been angry with the place, and my language has been, “Away with him, away with him!” I have sinned against heaven, and against God himself. I have been an enemy of the whole; “and am no more worthy to be called thy son; make me as one of thy hired servants.” Now comes the joyful acceptance. “His father saw him”—no one understood the case so well as the father, no—“When he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had
ONE HALFPENNY.

compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him," and brought him into the house. So it is now, the Lord takes the soul into this joyful acceptance with him. And he said to his servant, "Bring forth the *best* robe." He is as bad in his own unrighteousness as a man can be, and I will make him as righteous as the best robe can make him, and put the ring of adoption upon his finger, and let him be shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace. "Bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it; and let us eat and be merry." Well, what do you think the reasons are that the father assigns why they should thus be merry? I will try and present the idea to you; it is infinitely delightful. Did he say, "Let us eat, and be merry, for this my son was guilty, but I have pardoned him? This my son has lost all the losables, destroyed all the movables, run through all the perishables, and is the vilest wretch that ever existed, but I have received him? This my son, if he could have made himself at home among swine he would never have come to me: he has come unto me as the very last resource; he would have gone almost anywhere. I have not to thank him for coming; necessity drove him, and then he heard of the provision of my house, and was drawn?" Did the father so speak? If he had every sentence would have conveyed the idea of reproach. Why, the poor prodigal, if the father had named his sin, would have hung his head down; if the father had named his bad conduct, his heart would have sunk within him. Ah, he would have said, My father has not forgotten it then; I was in hopes that he had not only forgiven, but forgotten; I was in hopes his language would have been, "I, even I, am he that blotteth out thy transgressions, and will not remember thy sins." Nor would the father. "This my son was dead;" I am angry, not with him, but with the sin and the devil that killed him: "this my son was lost and is found;" I am angry, not with him, but with that old serpent that led him into the regions of the lost; but he is found to be lost no more; alive, to die no more. Nor could the Pharisaic observation of the elder brother at all move the father: "It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad; for this thy brother was dead, and is alive again; and was lost, and is found." "And," it

says, "they began to be merry;" but heaven knows when they left off; I don't; not a word said about leaving off. That is a beautiful clause, "They began to be merry." Now this was the prodigal; the prodigal was beautified with salvation, the prodigal was joyfully received, the prodigal was joyfully treated; and so our God rejoiceth infinitely in the salvation of sinners, and "this honour," not only the honour of entering in vitally to the song of eternal redemption, but this honour of joyful acceptance with God, "have all his saints."—(*From Mr. James Wells's Sermon.*)

ALL I WANT.

POOOR things! How freely sometimes do Christians open their hearts unto you. I had known M. D. several years, but not the state of her soul. The other morning, out it all came. She had prayed and cried to God, she had sometimes been helped by the word; but there was something to be done which the Lord alone could do. After I reached home, I took up "Jacob's wrestling with God," by old William Couper, a 1600 divine. At the opening of the book one who was helped under Couper's ministry, wrote the following quaint lines. Read them carefully.

Lord, intimate thy love into my heart,
 Persuade my soul, that I am alway thine,
 Give me a blessing, Lord, ere thou depart;
 No more on earth, I crave for to be mine;
 Then, to thy love, O Lord, my heart incline.
 Let me in mercy see a blink of Thee;
 Do what thou wilt unto thy servant, since
 I crave no more, but in thine arms to die.
 Thy wrestling wretch, set, Lord, at liberty,
 And save me from the slavery of my sin,
 My Love! my Life! make Abram's child of me,
 That to my wished Canaan I may win.
 This pithy preacher takes me by the hand,
 And sends me light to lead me to that land.

●

than in any previous year, because we trusted in God; and were helped, though so many charitable contributions were sent to Ireland. The same was the case at the time of the Crimean war, and at the time of the Lancashire distress in the cotton districts, on account of the American war. And, as I said before, thus it has been when one after another of our donors, and not a few such, who had considerably contributed, were removed; because God, who has the hearts of all men in His hands, touched the hearts of others, making them to see the honour and the preciousness of the privilege of contributing to His work; and so it has come, that we have been always helped, and more and more instead of less, because we were only trusting in God and not in donors, though thankful to each of them for their kindness in helping us. In this spirit, by the grace of God, we mean to go on to the end of our course, for the sake of honouring God, and for the sake of proving to the Church and to the world, what may be accomplished simply by prayer and faith; and it were better that we should soon be removed hence, than to depart from this path, which has been happily, satisfyingly, and successfully pursued for thirty-five years, and, we humbly trust, for the spiritual good of not a few of our fellow-disciples."

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her into hell? No, there is no such fiendish passion in the heart of passionless love.

"Why?" Is His grace terminable? Have you got to the end of it? Will He be favourable no more? Has He spent all His favours? Is God's exchequer exhausted? Is He a bankrupt, and unable to meet the demand of those who have claims upon Him—claims in promises—claims in promissory notes—in notes that are yea and amen, and never were dishonoured yet? No, no, no. For He is rich in mercy, and will do *as* He hath said, and *all* that He has promised.

"Why?" Is His mercy forfeitable? Hath He in anger shut up His tender mercies? Is His mercy clean gone for ever? O no! For the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting upon them that fear Him.

"Why?" Will you dare to call in question the unquestionable veracity of God? Will you impiously ask, "Doth His promise fail for evermore?"

"Why?" Is there some defect in Divine power? Is His arm *shortened*? Is He become something less than omnipotent that He cannot save?

"Why?" Is there some failure in the great intellect of God? Is it possible that His memory begins to fail Him? Hath He *forgotten* to be gracious?

"Why?" Hath God *perjured* Himself? Is His oath a false one? What saith He? "I have sworn that I will no more be wroth with thee," &c.

"Why?" Hath God changed the terms of salvation? Is it no longer true that by grace ye are saved? Chosen, redeemed, called, pardoned, justified, sanctified, and preserved? No, my soul, the terms are not changed; thou art saved by grace, adopted by grace, accepted by grace, &c.

"Why?" Must we revise and take from that law of heaven. "All things shall work together for good" &c.; because the universal government of all things is not upon the shoulder of Him who is the Lord of *all* things and God *over* all things? No, no, there is no time when—no place where—nothing over which—no person over whom He doth not rule—"He ruleth over all."

"Why?" Is God no longer God? Is the friend of sinners dead? Is the Holy Spirit no more? Is there no advocate with the Father? Is there no intercessor in the Church? Have the ministering angels lost their pinions?

"Why?" Is there no love in the heart of Jesus—no help in the hand of Jesus—no compassion in the sympathies of Jesus—no salvation in the cross of Jesus—no efficacy in the blood of Jesus—no perfection in the righteousness of Jesus?

"Why?" Is there no charm in the name of Jesus—no clinging to the cross of Jesus—no love to the person of Jesus—no faith in the work of Jesus—no hope in the blood of Jesus—no dependence upon the Spirit of Jesus?

"Why?" Are the consolations of God small with thee—is there no promise upon which to lean—is there no comfort in the Holy Comforter—is there no help to be obtained from Him who helpeth our infirmities?

"Why?" Have we left no Egypt—no place of bondage—have we passed through no seas of danger and difficulty—have we found no manna in the wilderness of want—have we seen no rock of salvation by the way—have we built no Ebenezer to the mercy of God?

"Why?" When we are within a few hours of home and heaven?

THE DYING PILLOW.

SOMETIMES this is a very solemn, yea, an awful place indeed, when *nothing* but death is present, and eternal destruction before the eyes of the dying sinner. How wretched! The soul, driven out of the body, with all its guilt, and shame, and nakedness, to stand before a holy God, to stand before the great white throne without a Daysman, without a Mediator, without an atonement, without a SAVIOUR, without any hope or help.

Oh! my soul, think, gratefully think, joyfully yet humbly, think, how amazing the mercy, *now* to be a believer in Jesus, and then to be clothed in His righteousness, crowned with His

glory, accepted and welcomed into His kingdom for ever and ever.

There will be no cavilling controversies there; there will be no bitter jealousies there; no cruelly contemptuous divisions there. All the saved, ONE IN JESUS—ALL ONE WITH THE LORD; in blissful praises ONE.

The dying pillow of the best of saints is sometimes the scene of much heavy conflict, sorrowful anxiety, and agonising pain. Yes! To some of the saints the river seems so wide, so dark, so deep—

“They fear to launch away!”

Satan is permitted on some to roar most dreadfully. Their pangs are deep, their tears are bitter, their cries are afflicting, and, worse than all, no precious JESUS appears in view; no covenant God is heard to whisper; no HOLY DOVE is felt within. The scene is sad, the night is long, but the morning cometh; and how true I have found that Scripture to be, “Though darkness endure for a night, yet joy cometh in the morning.” And then the scene is changed! Then pale death hides his ghastly form; then faith extends her wings; then JESUS speaks; and to his ransomed one He says, “Be not afraid; It is I!”

Oh! I love to think of these holy scenes. I have been so much mixed up of late with that distressing collision between good and godly men; it has made me more unhappy than words can tell. I would most gladly have written a pleasing record of our Archbishop's Jubilee, but I am denied that favour. I would pray that all good men might feel the deeply sanctified influence arising out of the anticipations of the Dying Pillow, for surely, then, all these clamours would for ever cease, and prayer and praise their tongues employ.

While musing over these lamentable times I received a pretty little book, entitled “Memoir of Mrs. S. Y. Hutchings,” written, I think, by her bereaved husband; and a most precious little book it is.

The Dying Pillow is here seen in all its varied phases, changes, trials, and triumphs. The conflicts which from the

Tempter come, the consolations which from the Saviour flow, and the peaceful *finale* of the warfare, are all depicted in terms so genuine, simple, and pure, that all must be certain she rests in heaven above, and will not sigh again.

My reader, every night when you lay your weary head upon your pillow, think—ah, try and think—and ask thy soul the weighty question,—Am I prepared by grace—am I prepared by a pure and living faith—am I prepared by precious Jesus' blood am I prepared by the sanctifying influences of the Spirit of the living God to lie down to die? May this thought on the Dying Pillow lead thee to close and certain assurance, so prays thy friend.

From the "Memoir of Mrs. Hutchings I trust to give some extracts in December,

THE WORK OF A VILLAGE PREACHER.

NEAR Abbott's Langley, is a pretty Village called Bedmond; and in that village stands a pretty chapel; where, for several years good Henry Hutchinson has preached the Gospel. On the Monday before Mr. Wells's New Tabernacle was opened, I was indulged to preach twice to the Bedmond people; and very happy seasons we had. The next three days I was at the New Surrey Tabernacle; and remarkable seasons they were. On the 8th of October, I preached twice in Birmingham, in the New Chapel in Constitution Hill; and there, in the afternoon, I heard brother Abraham Howard preach; and in the evening, he read, he expounded, and prayed; and then I read my text, "Let us, therefore, come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need." I had just set off with my discourse, when the gas went out; and we were left in darkness. Some ran for candles; some fainted; others ran out for fear of I know not what. Old unbelief he was there; and he jumped up into the pulpit to me; and he said, "Ah! Satan is opposing you, you are done now!" I was much cast down;

but, in a moment something prompted me to begin singing. So I said, "Let us sing,—

"Grace 'tis a charming sound,
Harmonious to the ear," &c.

The singers in the gallery took it up beautifully; and we sang three verses; then candles being obtained, I proceeded with the sermon; and the gas returned to us; and we finished, apparently, very happy; but, an inward gloom covered my spirit; the sudden darkness shook my soul; but I desire to leave all in the hands of a holy God. The next morning, our industrious friend, Mr. Thomas Drew, saw me packed in a railway carriage; and to London I returned in safety. That evening, I was at Exeter Hall, where a testimonial was given to Mr. Samuel Cozens, on his leaving for Australia; and a pleasant, yea, most interesting meeting it was.

On Monday, November the 6th, Mr. Samuel Cozens's final farawell meeting will be holden in the New Surrey Tabernacle, in the Walworth road, when every Christian brother, and every truth-loving sister in Jesus, will meet to bid this hard-working penman and preacher, good-bye.

I hope, on that occasion, we shall have some warm cheering words, and some hot and earnest Christian works, works of sympathy and of gratitude, to help our dear brother and his family on their way.

Their journey is across the brink
Of many a threatening wave;
There are some expect to see them sink,
But, JESUS LIVES TO SAVE.

With all my heart, I pray the Lord to carry them safely o'er the seas; and crown their journey's end.

On Tuesday, the 10th of October, I married two young friends, Mr. Benjamin Stringer and Miss Susannah Lynn, in the Walworth road chapel; and I have a hope that even in that service the Lord was with me. As I walked on to the performance of that ceremony, my small mind was carried out in this one thought, and this one thought led me to myself to say, "This ordinance of matrimony teaches the harmony and fulness of the New Covenant

of grace, as much as any ordinance under heaven. For instance this matrimony must commence in LOVE. At least, where it does not, it is a sinful covenant between two sinning parties. If a man marrieth a woman for money, or from any sordid motive, it is high treason in the sight of heaven; and is a transgression of every law, moral, natural, and social and much worse than all, it is a sin against God's will and word, for "CHRIST loved the church; and gave Himself for it," so ought men to love their wives, and "forsaking all other, cleave only unto them." LOVE, God's LOVE, is the river which floweth down from "the throne of God and the Lamb," and, this high and holy principle, attribute, or essential nature in the Deity, led the Lord God to choose His people, and to predestinate them unto life eternal. Election is a deep and incomprehensible mystery. It shows that God only can put men in the way of salvation. Man has put himself out of the way; but man cannot put himself in the way. "No man can come unto me, except the Father which hath sent me, draw him." This was the Saviour's certain declaration. God's loving election gives a man an inbeing in CHRIST, and makes CHRIST over unto that man for ever, so Paul speaketh, "Who of God is made unto us wisdom, and righteousness, and sanctification, and redemption." "Who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places; according as He hath chosen us in Him." Now, the denial, and the ignoring of this grand old doctrine of election by the generality of men, is cruel and dangerous.

What would you say of the man who should stop all the flowings of the several rivers into this great city? Would not that man be a murderer? And if he said as many mockers say of election, "Yes, it is true; but it must not be publicly declared," so, if a man say, "Water is good; but I must not let you have it," would not this be denounced? Most certainly it would. So I must say of all ministers who see election in the Bible, and know it to be true, yet keep it from their people; they are traitors to God and His cause; for "everything shall live whither the river cometh," and God's everlasting love is "the river of water of life, clear as crystal," and it flows on still. Nothing can stop its

course, no Romanizing Jesuits, no freewill Arminians, no protests, nor pestilential heresies; no powers of man on earth, angels in heaven, nor fiends from beneath, can ever stop the flowing of this river; for it is DEITY ITSELF, it is GOD IN CHRIST, and most emphatically John declares that "God is Love." Love leads to choice, choice to a visible union, union to fruitfulness, and in all the subsequent pathway of the wedded and espoused pair the faithfulness of each is proved.

"Oh! love divine! how sweet thou art,
When shall I find my longing heart
All taken up with thee!"

As soon as the wedding was over; and after spending a little time with the friends, I fled away to the Plaistow Marshes, and entered brother William Palmer's "Mount Zion," when the first anniversary was in celebration. Thomas Stringer was preaching; he was chaunting "Hallelujah!" to the top of his voice; his heart was in his work; and the people said they heard well. "The Gospel" was the theme for the evening meeting and good words were spoken. I thought of the Gospel as powerful in producing a sweet and precious union between the pastor and his people. Of all the unions on the earth, none are more spiritually beneficial than that existing between the devoted pastor and his people. There are *higher* unions in heaven: and there are lower unions on earth, but this central church union in the Gospel, is very pleasant, when in holy peace and in soul-prosperity it dwells. There are

UNIONS IN HEAVEN.

Between the persons in the Godhead, the FATHER, the SON, and the HOLY GHOST, there existeth a union so inexpressibly and so incomprehensibly high, holy, and mysterious, that no finite mind can ever comprehend it; yet, it is most certainly a privilege and an honour pertaining, at least to some of the living saints of God to be sometimes carried up, either in vision, or in meditation, or on the wings of faith and love, even into the holiest of all. and there, before the glorious throne of the great Eternal, the enraptured soul bows down in "the full assurance of the acknowledgment of the mystery of God, and of the FATHER,

and of CHRIST. It is here where the heart is purified, and melted; it is here where the love of God is shed abroad in the heart by the HOLY GHOST; it is where "Christ is all in all;" and it is here where "the earnest of our inheritance" is richly bestowed. Ezekiel was carried up in the visions of God; Peter, James, and John, were taken up into Tabor's transfiguration scene; Paul was caught up, and many beside him; but I must say no more. There is

AN ANGELIC UNION IN HEAVEN.

The angels have an unmixed existence, nothing tempteth them, they have but *one eye*, they have but one thought, that is to obey their great Creator's will with which they ever watch their MAKER's nod; they have but one motive, that motive is not selfish, it is to glorify the mission He giveth to them. Beautiful union is the angelic! Sweet and pleasant to the spirits of the redeemed. Ah! we little think how many kind offices they render unto weary pilgrim's on the earth. I was very tired one Sunday afternoon after preaching; and I fell into a sound sleep. I was awoken by a gentle tapping on my shoulder. I awoke; and as no one was there, I wondered what it was; and while I was thus thinking what it could be; three gentle taps were repeated; and they seemed to say, "It is time you were studying your evening sermons," "Ah!" I said, "that was a kind angel sent to call me to my Master's work." How full of mercy the apostle's query, "Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister unto them who are the heirs of salvation?"

Some sceptics may laugh at this, Some religious theorists may condemn this as presumptuous; be it so; if I get the blessing, I will only desire to thank the Lord for the same.

There are other unions I might dwell upon; but I have no more room at this time. The fearful disunion amongst some ministers in this day is one of the things which indicate the speedy coming of the end of this dispensation. For that great event may the Lord prepare us all.

Readers of CHEERING WORDS, the end of another year draweth on. If any of you have derived spiritual good from this, the least of all monthly messengers, please to scatter the numbers broadcast around you; and so help

THE VILLAGE PREACHER.

"CHEERING WORDS."

Precious little treasures, keeping
Many a languid soul from sleeping;
We have welcomed thee in sadness,
Nor despised thee in our gladness,
"Cheering Words."

Sin our inmost soul had wounded,
Fears had racked us though unfounded
But the precious peace of heaven
Came when unto us were given
"Cheering Words."

Words of love, of sin forgiven,
Through the lovely Son of heaven;
Words about the power that frees
us,
From our vileness, words from
Jesus,
"Cheering Words."

Strengthening words to help the
weary,
Pitying words to reach the dreary,
Or ye seem to whisper only
For the cheerless and the lonely,
"Cheering Words."

Precious things, ye sing so sweetly
Him who saves us to completely;
And ye utter for the dying,
On our risen Christ relying,
"Cheering Words."

Words about the bright revealing,
That upon us all is stealing,
Words that bid us look for glory;
And the end of earth's sad story,
"Cheering Words."

Grief-bound sinners have caressed
thee,
Saints now glorified have blessed
thee;
And where foes would have de-
throned thee,
God the Comforter has owned thee
"Cheering Words."

Precious little things, the Master
Grant that ye may travel faster;
And amid earth's deep commotion,
Scatter over isle and ocean,
"Cheering words."
M. A. MEARS.

THE LIFE AND DEATH OF A GOOD MAN.

See "The Earthen Vessel" for November, 2d.

Will be ready with the December "Cheering Words," price 2d.

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